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# THE SOUL OF MUSIC

A RHAPSODY FOR AMATEURS

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ANCING and Music seem to be the most popular and powerful of the arts. In a thousand barely conscious movements and sounds—the whistle of a street urchin, the croon of a workwoman, the skipping of a school-child, the lilting step of one awakened to fuller life by the promise of joy-these two arts kindle bodies and set minds soaring even in the ashen life of industrial civilization. In deliberate and more permanent forms -the ritual dances of primitive folk, traditional tunes and morrisdances, masses and miracle-plays, poetic dramas and orchestral symphonies, balls and drawing-room music, the art of the variety theatre and the art of the Salvation Army, pageants and choral festivals—these two arts fill so large a place in our lives that most of us are content to accept them without enquiring what their functions really are. Indeed, suffering from past experience, many of us fear to look into them too closely, lest analysis turn their warm currents to the heavy sourness of sentimentalism or the thin whey of pedantry. We have noticed that peering minds have often lost sight of the gleam which vitalises instinctive art, and trying to learn something of its qualities and effects have only succeeded in fixing their attention upon certain local and temporary details; their curiosity has grown into a rigid stare, until weariness and futility or self-consciousness and vanity have robbed them of all the original beauty they set out the more fully to enjoy. But the most pedantic among us will pay lip-homage to the gleam. At worst we remember how once in childhood we saw it. The most exact master of dancing and the rigidest law-giver of music know in their inmost hearts that what they disclose is not the soul of an art but the body of a mummy; the poor mummy is on show merely

that the showman's bread may be coaxed; we are not really required to believe in it. The most jaundiced pedant knows, though for his livelihood he dare not confess it, how the gleam vanished at his first conscious and cold-blooded touch; he knows that art is the memory of a spiritual experience beyond the wilful striving of any man.

Yet, in spite of all this, it is well for us who feel the power and loveliness of song and dance and colour to have more knowledge of them than we come by in the vague pleasures of instinct. The deeper and stranger and more enthralling our experiences the more we need to understand how they come and what they make of us. Every phase of human life which we are glad to think upon has been associated with an increase of those creative faculties which declare themselves in the arts; and though we may never hold and understand the gleam it may be well for us to enquire into those minds and forms and times which have been fired by it to a fuller life.

We have looked on the poor old mummy: Death in Pickle! That is not the thing we need. Let us rather try to understand how once the mummy was a living thing; what it did; why; how; why it was discarded as a useless instrument; and, above all else, what spirits were directing it. We may even find—to the satisfaction of all honest showmen—that, although the gleam may never be held in fee, some quite pleasant store of bread may be earned by teaching a less useless form of art-lore than the evil of consecutive-fifths and the exact number of inches to a dance-step. For although creative genius cannot work in the conscious knowledge of ancient anatomies, it will surely make smoother the absurdly rough way of many generous hearts if we can teach how certain human desires and spiritual aspirations unfold, re-form, and flame out in sound and shape and hue.

One of the reasons why a new force in art meets with such wasteful opposition and resentment is because a kind of vested interest has been organised in the husks of departed souls. Let us then rather concentrate our energies on the nature of the souls which lent life and light to the husks. We may be quite sure that there were spiritual forces at work shaping the minuet and the chord of the dominant seventh; and it should not be beyond our powers to discover what they were. So may we be prepared to understand other forces, not yet at work, which may in the future create new forms for the new life as it unfolds in thought and emotion, desire and achievement. Then we shall not want to martyr a composer for using chords which we cannot name, nor shrink from the comets which flame under the feet of God because they mark a step which

we cannot measure.

#### NATURE-MUSIC

In the apparently ungoverned sounds of unconscious Nature exist all but one of the known elements of music; and perhaps all the unknown ones. In the treble of a running stream, in the bass of the breakers, there are rhythm, melody, and even counterpoint. There is a less defined rhythm but more conspicuous melody in the waves of the wind. And the soul of all sustained sound is that vague vast encircling mood which in musical art we call Atmosphere. The one element of music which seems to be absent in unconscious nature is found at work directly we consider the realm of conscious life: it is the faculty of deliberate imitation—that echo of the influence which the outer world exerts upon the mind of the individual, as when a water-bird gathers into its song the liquid babble of a brook; or a composer into his symphony sounds of

forest-murmur and sea-fury.

The order in which these various elements have been developed in the art of music has been remarkably purposeful; it has coincided in a significant way with the growth of human desires and aspirations. Practically all the elements have been present from the beginning, but they have had no simultaneous, balanced fostering. Students of primitive music are agreed that Rhythm was for a very long time the chief or only declaration of the musical mind; later on, and one by one, Melody, Polyphony or Manymelody, Emotional Expression, Harmony, and the sense of musical Colour, have been made pivots of the art, until the present day when the power of Characterization has reached its climax in the work of Strauss, and the possibilities of a new art felt in the misty and mystic atmospheric values of Debussy and others. And not only has each of these different elements developed its own plexus; they have re-acted and interacted upon one another, and the triumphant vindication of each has been asserted, not in the denial of the others, but in its association with those which preceded it in period of growth. All these details have been latent from the dawn of the art; but their due expansion has depended upon the need of the age focussed by the sympathies and freed by the faculties of genius.

# RHYTHM, THE BACKBONE

Rhythm is a prime need of those savage periods of human history when muscular excitement and relief are good for the common weal. The wild, primitive life with its stress upon

physical activity must have been more successfully organised and improved when arms and legs could expend some of their energy upon drums and dances rather than upon the heads of the enemy. Not only did musical rhythm serve such purpose; it also instilled into savage minds new suggestions of bodily beauty, balance, and communal joy. Since the primitive period rhythm has gone on developing in other and more subtle ways, but these later developments have not altered its first and chief function consequent upon its original association with physical movement; and any very emphatic assertion of the rhythmic principle in modern times will be found to be connected, for good or ill, with a certain reversion to primitive ideals. Thus, in our own time, Cake-walks, Ragtimes, and other violent and vulgar dances have been found perfectly adapted for the expression of a people who are rebelling. consciously or unconsciously, against a too monotonous and specialised life; and what there is of ugliness in this music is due not at all to its assertion of physical passions, but to the repression which makes them coarse and frantic. Fortunately, we have to hand fairer examples of the same trend in music; the modern revival of morris-dance and folk-song, with all its reflections and side-growths in theatre and concert-room, is attracting just those individuals who believe in a return to more primitive conditions of country-life as the best or only way out of the labyrinthine evil of industrialism.

The earliest forms of rhythmic activity were doubtless associated with hints of melody and other elements of musical art; but the sense of rhythm was the prime motor, and so remains throughout the historic period. It can never be dispensed with in the expression of definite musical thought. It becomes liquefied in the vague abstractions of Gregorian music, precious in the subtle ramblings of the later Schumann, sticky in the pudding-philosophy of Brahms' uninspired work, and weak-spined in the lank tortuosities of Max Reger; but just as men put their straightest and fullest verbal thought into metrical proverbs and rippling epigrams, so the clearest and intensest musical thought is pierced with conviction because it is upheld by the backbone of rhythm.

#### MELODY THE IDEAL

Rhythm is the only well-grown musical element in the earlier, fiercer stages of human evolution. Melody develops with the development of a more peaceable spirit. Mr. T. Donovan in his valuable little treatise, From Lyre to Muse, puts forward a very

reasonable hypothesis in regard to the origin of melody. The suggestion is that so long as the savage mind was wholly taken up with music in relation to physical movement the stimulation of rhythm would be enough; but when, in quieter moments, he might be idly toying with his percussion instruments, he would discover that they differed in pitch. A similar theory is proposed by Mr. Hermann Smith in his fascinating book on Music of the Earliest Times. He thinks the bow must have been the ancestor of all stringed instruments, because of the musical sound made by the string when the arrow has been sped; and some primitive harps do look like a bow with several strings. There is probably truth in both of these ideas; music, like most great and wonderful things, is a meeting at the cross-roads where accident and purpose are transfixed.

Whatever the origin, it is clear that Melody is the organisation of those pitch-differences which are to be found in blows upon drums large and little, and in the aerial vibration caused by strings and tubes, long and short. But Melody, as we now know it, is the flower of age-long growth. Any authentic tune testifies to the heats of human emotion. And our Western scale-forms involve a very strict harmonic sense—in fact, just as we guide and govern a wide and shallow river, we have narrowed the channel of melody that it may be deeper, swifter and more direct in the carrying of its message. Many Eastern peoples prefer the results to be obtained from a subtler, minuter, and more varied division of the octave. However, the essential purpose in the use of melody was independent of emotion, harmony, and scale-divisions. It took place when rhythm was already a forcible language, therefore the new element could not have been used to hint feebly at those emotional moods which might so easily be evoked by the older element, and for a long time it had little reference to the harmonic sense. Melody, then, would seem to be just an abstract element, not easily to be related to anything in the physical life, a pure expression of the mystical sense of Beauty-in fact, a musical analogy of that uncertain and awful philosophical idea, the Thing-in-Itself!

In this haze of mind one can only appeal to the authorities. The etymologists hide themselves behind the Greek *melos*, and then go on to the next word; Professor Skeat frankly gives it up. The dictionary-makers blandly assure us that it is a succession of agreeable sounds. So is the dinner gong. The musicians say that it consists of notes in consecutive pitch-relationship. So is a scale, or even the song of the cats on the tiles.

Finding that the authorities are helpless before this word, which so many of them declare to be the chief element in music,

I appealed to Mr. Allen Upward, whose common sense and humanity have led him to carry his philological studies into the unexplored ground which lies beneath our feet. Thanks to such investigations he has been able to show that the birth of all vital words is due to a natural instinct arising out of the desire to refer to the unexpressed feeling, rather than the conscious business of fitting arbitrary labels to thoughts—or even the verbal imitation of sounds called onomatopoeia, though that plays a very important part. Mr. Upward replied that he believes the word (and therefore the idea) of melody was connected with the Greek word for honey. As Tragedy has been shown by Miss Harrison to be the Beer-song, so Melody would be the Honey-song—the oldest intoxicant used in Europe having been fermented honey. The primitive honey or Mead-song would naturally consist of an imitation of the humming of bees.

Certainly the initial letter of Melody, one of the most sustained and musical of consonants, would support this theory; and if the intoxicating qualities of mead could be found to be associated with Phoebus—a more controllable song than the orginatic music of Dionysus—then the case might be held to be established on

circumstantial evidence.

Certain musicians are always lamenting the absence of melody in modern music. Perhaps that fact may help us to understand the nature of this haunting but elusive spirit. The protest of such persons is generally based upon the assumption that Melody is the chief element in music. But we already know that Rhythm is the chief, in the sense of being the original, basic, and inevitable element. We can have music without melody, but not without rhythm. To prove this we have but to follow up Miss Margaret Glyn's suggestion: playing Schubert's Who is Sylvia or any other living tune, first ignoring the rhythm—i. e., in even crotchets and without accents—the effect will soon be an intolerable boredom; then playing the rhythm of the song on a single note, or even on the dining-table, giving fair force to the accents-the result will be a real musical conception; not of a high order, of course, but still something as definite as the tune without rhythm was indefinite.

Such an experiment makes it clear that, if melody is to make any definite effect, it must work through the element of rhythm; any attempt to abstract it will only result in another example of the Thing-in-Itself. Melody can no more be dissociated from Rhythm than the Mind can be dissociated from the Body. When the tune-principle tries to emancipate itself from the time-principle

we get such meaningless activity as ensues when imagination tries to emancipate itself from fact. Indeed, certain backboneless tunes might well be classified as Metaphysical Melody; in which connection one remembers the weak rhythms of most hymn-tunes.

But united with a forceful rhythm Melody adds a divine spirit to a physical shape. Melody is, in fact, the soul which has evolved from the body of Rhythm. It is the call of the Ideal, meaning nothing if separated from the real, but the very voice of God if united with it.

Thus we can understand why working songs are emphatic on the rhythmic side; why rag-time tunes are fast in more senses than one; why tunes which are most exalting in their effect derive their power chiefly from Melody; and why Gregorian chant is so perfectly suited to forms of worship which are entirely spiritual.

Rhythm was the only musical element necessary to savage man. Melody has developed most beautifully during periods of peace and simplicity. Thus, the agricultural lives of the European peasantry have attained the perfection of melodic design. No music of Bach or Schubert or Strauss is melodically superior to the finest folk-music.

#### MANY-MELODY OR POLYPHONY

After a time men got dissatisfied with the sound of a single line of melody, just as they probably got tired of weaving their garments with threads of a single colour; and as they found greater pleasures of sight in seeing two or more colours in contrast so they found greater pleasures of sound in hearing two or more distinct melodies at the same time, or (as in rounds) the same melody sung by a different voice when the first singer was but part-way through. This period carries us through that misty valley (it is not a chasm, as some believe) where music, as the unconscious creative activity, merges into conscious art.

There is a widespread belief that this phase of Many-melody is an unnatural music, fostered only by pedants. The impression is almost entirely due to the methods which obtain in teaching this part of the craft of music-making—methods which are well symbolised by a title not easily understood by the simple person: the majority of Professors of Polyphony start from some unwise treatise of counterpoint based upon the art of Many-melody as it was in some beautiful bygone day. A wiser few teach from the works of Palestrina and Bach. But I have never heard of one who makes it his duty to show the natural growth of Many-melody from its rise among children and other savages, through the earliest

known examples of canon and round, past its triumphs in madrigal and fugue, sonata and symphony—explaining how it gave to Wagner fresh possibilities in music-drama, and to Strauss an Orien-

tal splendour of orchestral effect.

Many-melody is not the sullen labour of gaolers who became musicians by mistake; it is the singing voice of free men who have learned how to enjoy life together; it is the song of delight in that communal sense which has its roots in common sense. Common sense teaches us how to get our work done; and the sense of beauty leads us to get more joy out of it. The communal sense teaches us how to achieve more varied and more lasting work; Many-melody helps to train the mind to this achievement, and sings its most

perfect song.

The same rhythm in different parts is the musical expression of different persons doing the same thing. The same melody in different parts (called Unison by the faculty) is the musical expression of different persons dreaming the same dream; Manymelody is the musical expression of different persons dreaming different dreams, but at the same time contributing various details towards an ideal which passes beyond the powers of individual achievement, and sometimes beyond the possibilities of individual understanding. That great assertion of Thoughtfreedom which we call the Reformation might not, could not have achieved everything of its ideal; whatever it achieved was due as much to the struggles of the Catholics as to those of the Anabaptists, to the pretensions of the Lutherans as to the cupidity of the eighth Henry. So also the Many-melody of Palestrina does not reveal all that he dreamed of heavenly beauty; even that part of the idea which comes whispering through the different strands of his melody can only be guessed by the various voices which contribute to it. To hear it more fully one must stand outside it, and not even the listener will hear all of it.

A complete, free, and self-controlled life away from the fellowship of one's kind has been preferred only by a few men; so also the pure line of unfettered Single-melody counts for little in the sum of musical joy when compared with Many-melody, notwithstanding the individual limitations it imposes. But even as that kind of communal life will be most successful which leaves the individual most free, so, too, will that Many-melody be most acceptable which gives a fair and natural freedom to each individual part; to the sopranos a flying ecstasy, to the contraltos a warm contemplation, to the tenors a trumpet-like challenge, to the basses

a solemn nobility.

Many-melody is often looked upon as the peculiar musical style of the churches. That is a mistake: it originated outside the ecclesiastical influence, and has reached its supreme moments in times of revolt; though the churches may have appeared to accept the musical changes caused by the revolt, such changes have never been really helped, though they have often been hindered by the ecclesiastical powers. True, it has happened that the Catholic music of Palestrina was a much freer form of praise than the Roman faith of his time would seem to approve, and the Protestant music of Bach was (as we shall presently see) full of a spirit intolerable to the rigidity prevailing among the Lutheran clergy; and these, the two outstanding examples of mastery in Many-melody, have given musical lustre to the religious bodies which the musicians happened to serve. But that is the illusion of the afterglow.

At no period of its growth can Many-melody be called a church song. It is essentially a music of the clash in the world of men. Miss Margaret Glyn has collected examples of it from the music of primitive folk; and Mr. William Platt in his *Child-Music* shows us the art in the very moment of its birth. The same merry monk who made *Sumer is icumen in* for the many-melodied mind of the outside world was obliged to sing for the clergy a much

duller tune.

To-day the Roman authorities say that the art of Palestrina is a music quite suited to their needs. It is at last clear to everybody that an art which gives freedom to the individual is a much truer kind of worship than an art which is only possible in the confinement of unison. But in the meantime the stars have moved in their courses, and many other songs been sung; perhaps in the course of a few centuries, when Elgar's music has ceased to have the immediate value necessarily attaching to a current idiom, The Dream of Gerontius may find a place by the side of the Missa Papae Marcellae. For Palestrina's music is now but a voice from the grave, the expression of a religious phase that is dead. In the moment of Palestrina's greatest achievement we find a new idea presenting itself, and if the new ideal was never definitely accepted by him, it was only because the laws of genius are the laws of nature, and the birth of the seed is the death of the flower.

Palestrina's Many-melody is the art of an almost perfect peace, a lovely expression of belief in Utopia. Musicians would call it Concordant Polyphony. But even in Palestrina here and there are to be found sounds of strife between the parts—notes at war, not because the master could not fit them into a concord,

but because he preferred to leave them discordant. Discordant Polyphony, the Many-melody of Blake's mental strife, is a more desirable musical expression for human beings than the Manymelody of Peace, even as the immediate union of bodies and minds in spite of differences and disagreements tends more to human welfare than the hope of a perfection in the far future. vision of a heaven or an evolutional goal where everybody will be good is beautiful and precious for minds that are weary with the inevitable war of worldly life. Palestrina has made for such minds an almost perfect song, in which nearly every discord melts into a concord, and the physical element of rhythm slips through the web of tone as quicksilver through the fingers. But there are minds-and who shall say they are less noble?-which are not content to work for what they believe to be a dream; who recognise. moreover, that humanity is not a collection of casts from the same mould; who believe that because free persons are not in the habit of thinking identical thoughts, even when engaged upon the same work, so they ought not to be asked to sing identical songs or even a music trimmed to the sweet agreements of Palestrina.

A single freely wrought melody will serve in the freedom of isolation; the Many-melody of Peace will serve those who are willing to compromise their individual rights for the sake of the common cause; but for those who need a communal music and yet insist upon preserving the individual rights of each separate part, the only possibility is a Many-melody of Strife, a discordant Polyphony, a vari-voiced song which will tolerate, and even find a

greater joy in, those inevitable differences.

Such was the new spirit which flitted fantomlike through a few passages of Palestrina, increased its strength during the succeeding era, and reached its climax in the work of Bach. A strife of parts which would have horrified Palestrina was made beautiful by the larger and more worldly mind of the German The idea of Palestrina was generally confined to the master. horizons of Heaven; he did not gather the material world into his song. The earth was too wild and passionate for his gentle, cloistered mind. Bach was his equal in the capacity for visionary ecstasy, as witness the Sanctus in the B minor Mass; in melancholy introspection, as the Agnus Dei of the same work shows; and in sweet serenity, as the fugue in E major from the second book of the Forty-eight testifies. But Bach could be peculiarly wilful and undisciplined also, and create an equal spiritual joy from those very qualities. The realism of a hundred themes proves that at times he could assume quite a materialistic attitude. Perhaps that is why his was the greater triumph. Into the web of Many-melody which has been woven by Palestrina to express the divine ideal of perfect agreement among different beings—into that golden web Bach caught up the less radiantly coloured threads of an imperfect humanity. In Bach's work the heavens and the earth sing together, and the angels are swept into the circle of human life. The discordance of much of his detail is made more than tolerable, it adds a greater richness to the glorious onflow of his general conception; while his continual and even fierce assertion of the rhythmic basis of music gives it a feeling of certainty which is altogether lacking in the spiritual elusiveness of Palestrina. The Italian master asserted the monistic as well as the monastic principle; the German master stated the dualistic principle, the paradoxes of which can find solution only in the mind of the fearless individual.

Later composers—Beethoven, Wagner, and Strauss—have handled Many-melody with what artistry they could. Each of these great ones has instinctively felt that in Bach's art lies a great secret, the discovery of which is good and even necessary for the future of music; each at the height of his power has attempted to fuse the Many-melodic method with the peculiar development of his own time. But no one since Bach has been able to lay a stable foundation of clear form and to raise over it a building proclaiming that amazing Gothic joy which found equal expression in the quiet, sky-pointing finger of the spire, the extravagance of intricate tracery, and the grim laughter of the gargoyle.

#### EMOTION IN MUSIC

Emotion has been bound up with music from the beginning. No one will try to deny its presence in those features of the art which have already come under review. The ferocity in the rhythm of Maori war-dances, the plaintive resignation of Russian folk-melody, the devotional calm of Palestrina's polyphony, and the many tides of feeling which dash into splendour because of Bach's northern energy—all these carry with them various kinds and degrees of emotional statement. Songs of life and death are perforce emotional in a world of dream and desire. And yet the day which reached its noon in the work of Beethoven did link the art of music with the heart of man in a way which had not been known before. Having experienced the exultant eagle-cry of the last movement of the C minor Symphony, the mystic fight as between man and god in the first movement of the D minor Sonata for

piano, and the bewildered violence of mood in the late String Quartets as of a caged creature chafing against the bars, none can help feeling that the emotional quality of music came to a climax

in the mind of Beethoven.

The savagest dance-rhythm is a mild thing of itself; the real emotional content is not brought out until we see the dancers working themselves to a fury as the players beat their music to a foam. The mood of a folk-melody is so doubtful that the same notes are used for the varying emotions of the different verses: the words are the essential statement of the emotion. The feeling of devotion is so obviously vague and vast that it is absurd to speak of it in the same connection as the definite human passions to be found in Beethoven's music. In all of the earlier phases emotional desire certainly generated the music, but that the mere music resulting has any considerable power to awake definite emotions no one can believe. Only when we arrive at the many-voiced music of Bach can there be a question of an emotional art: the trumpetlipped triumph of the first chorus in Ein feste Burg and the melancholy tenderness of the Agnus Dei in the B minor Mass are asserted in the music clearly and strongly enough to arouse those emotions in the hearer even without the words or the knowledge of them. But it is clear that a simple declaration of this kind was enough for Bach: he would often introduce a phrase into a single part which bears no apparent relation to the mood then being expressed by the whole; he made no effort to convey that swell and surge of feeling which seems to have borne Beethoven along as a boat upon an endless, fathomless sea. Emotion of a more human kind was inevitably outlined in Discordant Polyphony; but Bach himself generally stands outside his art, like a loom-master who has chosen the subject for his tapestry, selected the few right and restrained tones, and woven them in, concord and discord, warp of heaven-blue and weft of earthen-red-finding his joy in the god's artful power of creation, and also in the god's apparently artless indifference to the fringes of his work.

Beethoven, on the other hand, has launched himself upon the terrible ocean of human sympathy, revolt, and suffering. He is scarcely ever outside his creation, nearly always inside, striving, not as a weaver at the loom, but as a boatman at the rudder. He is swayed and carried to and fro by every tide and gust and gale, becalmed by every lull. He finds his joy in confronting the mighty, awful powers of sea and sky, acknowledging their natural and evil advantages, and defying them in spite of all. The Promethean fire which Beethoven stole for a world of music was the fire of

feeling. Before the time of Beethoven musicians were as gods knowing good and evil, and doing good; Beethoven taught them to do good and evil, because evil, too, has its own beauty and gladness-Beethoven showed them that the greatest joys of art lie, not at that centre-point where perfect balance is preserved, but rather in the whole range of experience from calm and sweetness

to energy and pain.

A music composed merely of rhythm and melody (even in its noblest many-voiced forms) can only prove itself fully in association with word and gesture. Primitive dances and folk-melodies do not exist as separate music in the minds of those who make them. but as integral parts of deeds done or desired, or as an element of divine worship. Melodies convey no meaning to folk-singers without the verses associated wit's them; the words forgotten, the tunes too have vanished; and even if a song-tune they have known should be played to them it is meaningless without the ideas which originated it, or were wedded with it. And I remember reading of a savage who, hearing some new idea expressed in relation to

the deity, replied that he did not dance that dance.

The instrumental works of the polyphonic period have for their Right-to-Be not an emotional statement, but an avowed imitation, a plastic derivation; pieces like the Elizabethan Fancies and the Bach fugues are copies and developments of vocal shapes, while the suites and overtures are obviously made up of dance forms. Even that Sonata-form of which Beethoven was supposed to be the supreme maker, but was really the angry breaker—even that was but the full-grown shell of the dance-form splintered and shredded to disclose the lovelier possibilities of a future emotional art. The shadow-piercing vision of Wagner has shown us what we were too blind to see before, that the pedigree of the symphony is easily traceable from the earliest dance-movements, through the idle, child-like moments of Bach in his suites and of Haydn and Mozart in their sonatas and symphonies, to those full-blooded poems of Beethoven which first record the most intense life of the heart in terms of pure music. Haydn was not only a Hungarian prince's master of music: he was also a sort of ballet-master. He taught people the joy of dancing without legs. His symphonies are just extended dance-rhythms; and, inasmuch as there are certain dances which cannot be danced by human limbs—the leap of the lover's heart, the swing of the swallow and dart of the dragon-fly we may well forgive Haydn some degree of physical crippledom.

Mozart, wasting so much of his life in the mere childish cleverness of twice-two-are-four, did yet foreshadow the depths of Beethoven in the fantasia-Sonata in C minor, and the irony

of Beethoven in the Symphony in G minor.

The path from Palestrina to Beethoven is like a way over the mountains. We pass from the mountain-peak of heaven, where Palestrina, Fra Angelico, and Dante prefer to stay; down into the valley of ecclesiastical pedantry up to the next peak of the world where the sons of God dwell with the sons of men and sing the many-voiced music of Bach, build the many-spired cathedrals of Gothland and take king and clown and philosopher indifferently as in the many-scened drama of Shakespeare; down into the valley of professional pedantry; up to the next peak, which is the Hill of Hell, where the torment of desire and the fury of rebellion find relief and joy in the defiant silence of Prometheus, the proud visions of

Blake, and the mad pæans of Beethoven.

Beethoven carried with him on his journey-for he had traversed the whole distance, unheld by the sweet beauties of heaven or the pleasant varieties of the world-I say, he carried with him the memory of many things. He held to the primitive rhythmic principle with an extraordinary emphasis: his frequent marking of the ordinary accent with an extra sforzando suggests that he was resenting the bloodless languor which so easily overtakes an art penned-in by the practice of professional artists. His fierce primitive stamping upon the first beat of the bar is, as Blake might say, one of the most joyous energies of hell. His memory of divine melody was less certain: at one time, as in the first movement of the C minor Symphony, he would practically ignore it; at another, as in the slow movement of the Pathetic Sonata, he would become almost sentimental. But the many-voiced music which he heard upon the mountain where gods and men commingle vibrates in his memory more and more vividly as he comes to the fullness of his powers: hitherto he has shouted the great glad shout of the Man in Revolt; now at last he opens his mouth for the Many in Revolt; the seething souls of the silent crowd which have had no musical voice since civilization was captured by the cruel and crafty—that multitudinous voice now converges on the lips of this Promethean Singer, and breaks there in a Many-melody so open and childish and uncouth that no man save Wagner has yet felt it aright.

One of the results of this many-tongued thought working upon the brain of Beethoven was to break up the form of the Sonata. Haydn and Mozart had already played with Polyphony as with a clock-work toy, winding up canon and fugue as they had learned in the Bach-school which was inevitably formed to ruin the work of Bach; but Beethoven warmed to the fire which made Bach

polyphonic; and if he crackled and spluttered unduly it was because the flame of Many-melody could not abide the dampness of a sonata-soaked mind. It is plain to see that Beethoven felt Polyphony to be the right and natural expression of that revolutionary spirit which ever burned to a fiercer glow within him; and brought about so much of his greatest work: it enters as the culmination of the Heroic Symphony: it is used again at that moment (so generally misunderstood) in the Choral Symphony where the rebels of the world are called to war; and in all Beethoven's latest work, even in the comparative seclusion of his chamber-music, we feel this great, terrible, turbulent, and irresistible crowd-spirit bursting through custom and tradition as the revolutionaries of his time burst through many a beautiful cloister and ugly prison. So it happens that Beethoven's Many-melody remains a symbol of destructive energy. By its means he broke down the arbitrary sonata-form. work of musical monasticism; but he could not rebuild. The marshy valley can send only misty messages to the hill-top. Beethoven had not only climbed to the crest of his mountain; he had descended some distance on the other side.

#### HARMONY

Up to this moment we have been able to study that part of the course of music's unfolding which lies behind us with some approach to certainty. From this time onward a true perspective becomes increasingly difficult. The chordal basis of the period succeeding Bach has led many to believe that it was the harmonic sense which came to its climax in Beethoven's work. That idea is absurd. Beethoven was more limited than Bach in his range of chords.

Harmonic ideas were first stumbled upon in the use of Manymelody. Two or more voices singing different thoughts, or the same thoughts upon different levels, must also sing a continuous chain of harmonies—effects of combination entirely different from the combined effects of rhythms and tunes. Browning referred to this different music when he said that three notes heard at the same moment made, not a fourth note, but a star!

The stars of harmony are of many degrees of magnitude and many varieties of colour.

Two notes will give a lesser glow. There is the transparence of the octave, the still nebulous shimmer of the fourth and fifth, the aqueous glistening of the third and sixth, and the quick twinkling of the second and seventh. Three different notes combine in a much greater radiance; and four become almost opaque with colour. The greater the number of notes in a chord the wiser must be the star-worker, or he

will mix mud instead of kindling a glory.

Palestrina, Bach and the other Many-Singers struck sparks in a great variety of harmonic forms, but most of their loveliest chords were accidents. They knew the mysterious beauty of the more nebulous chords, and preferred the distinct glow of the third and sixth to the faint light of the fourth and fifth; but Palestrina feared the tingling beams of the unprepared second and seventh. and though Bach feared no dissonance as he piled the pure blue and blazing gold of heaven upon the sullen red and satin green of earth, vet even his multitudinous harmonies are but the chance lights of unforeseen approximations. His steel-shod, flame-winged genius carried him over the surface of solid ground and phantom air, and the chords he struck were as sudden as shooting stars. They were seldom prearranged or dwelt upon, and this indifference to harmonic effect gives to the harmonies of Bach the same rainbowreach of light as to the horses of his father Phoebus when they charge the Night at Dawn and the Day at Sundown.

But this divinely careless driving of two, four, six, and even eight steeds at once—each separate voice-part an individual fire-breather tugging at the reins—discovered a new kind of musical art; and it became the business of the composers who immediately succeeded Bach to nurse these sudden flames to a steady glow: that is why the harmonic principle has so important a place in the music of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Long years before, our English Purcell had seen these same wild stars in the wake of the Elizabethan madrigalians, and he fanned some of them to separate fires; but he lived among a people who were weary of

light and creation.

It is not hard to see how harmony thus born, by accident, sounded the knell of the old divine aloofness of music, and the birth-bell of a greater, humaner power. It is always the chance doings of the gods themselves which bring about their downfall; and we cannot wonder that, as the rich and the religious ramped the skies in their contrapuntal pride, throwing off worlds of harmony as though they were of no account—we cannot wonder, I say, that the Promethean Beethoven was moved to take just this accidental music and fashion it into songs of anger and grief. The insolence of the powerful moving a great soul to vocal indignation and pity has ever sounded the war-cry for an advance against the hosts of heaven. It was no mere coincidence that Beethoven lived in

revolutionary times, sang a song of praise to Napoleon as the saviour of men, and then, when the conqueror assumed imperial postures, erased his name from the musical Book of Heroes.

Harmony once established, the human principle of music is forever sure, for harmony is more emotional than melody, more direct than polyphony, and more soulful than rhythm. A single chord will stir a depth of feeling where melody just ripples along the surface or soars away in the air. The difference between the three-pointed-stars of the major common chord and the minor common chord is slight in point of tonality, but it expresses all the difference between the vibrant peace of sunshine and the cool calm of shadow. Add a minor third above a major common chord and the peace becomes enquiring. Add the same above a minor common chord and shadow grows painful. And the depths of harmony have never yet been sounded. It is a lake deep and unfathomable as the human heart itself. Since Beethoven's time new chords and chord relationships have shown us that his art was not the climax of harmonic development, but rather the climax of human emotion in relation to music. Later composers have given expression to subtler shades of feeling; none, not Wagner himself, has sent music along the main channels of human emotion with such power. Perhaps this power is best realised when we notice how few were the harmonies generally used by him. Bach practically anticipated them all in a single piece—the Chromatic Fantasia—and an infinitely greater number in the chance collisions of his voices. But Bach was playing with fire; Beethoven was using it to forge the endurance of human hearts. The one is as Phoebus who lightens the darkness of the outer world and warms our bodies; the other as Prometheus who lightens the darkness of the inner world and sets fire to our souls. We shall prefer the music of the one or the other according as we prefer to be at peace in the seats of the mighty, or at war on the side of the children of hell.

The great problem with which Beethoven tried to grapple is the same problem with which democratic minds have wrestled in many ages. The varied feelings of different beings can find just utterance only in a music of many voices, but he, the rebel, could by no means bring this about. The polyphony of a free community has not yet been fused with the harmony which expresses the inmost soul of the individual. Can this ever be? Is there need for it? Does not the music of many voices move onward to the horizon of a social ideal, while the roots of harmony strike downward in each separate soul, ever branching in new directions, responsively vibrating to similar chords in the soul of another

individual, but, like the strings of an instrument, needing a certain amount of isolation to vibrate at all? Would not the intertanglement of polyphony and harmony mean the confusion of the general march and the decay of the separate musical life? Perhaps that is why Beethoven failed in his effort to fuse them. To reconcile Bach's communal onflow with Beethoven's defiant individualism one would have to liquefy them till they were neither of much

account; and that is the spirit of Nirvana.

Mr. Allen Upward has shown that it is in the woven antagonism of the Cross that life force shows as matter. Now there is a crucial antagonism between the horizontal movement of many-melody and the columnar principle of harmony; they cannot be fused in the spiritual atmosphere of music. In the work of the decorative artist or in the drama as expressed in the work of Mr. Gordon Craig, the two elements of music may be reconciled, but not in the art of pure tone. And yet they seem to be strangely interdependent. Whenever harmony has developed polyphony has halted, but only in the same way that the march of a crowd must sometimes pause for the sake of some individual units. that the crowd-song has been sung with renewed energy, as though it had gained fresh joy and power in the deepening of individual consciousness. Thus it happened that Beethoven and Wagner at the height of their harmonic power tried to develop new ideas in many-melodic form. Beethoven's effort was tentative. Wagner realised its purpose more completely, and deliberately used it to preserve a sense of freedom in massed effect.

Glancing at the later developments of harmony, we find that Chopin's music offers the best example of its individualistic quality. The whole of his lonely, sensitive personality is concentrated in the increased subtlety of his harmonic sense. The prim, evenly curled harmony of Mendelssohn and the rich and fresh, but slightly tortured harmony of Schumann, are specialised offshoots of Beethoven's art. It is Wagner who stands for the real fullness of harmonic growth up to the present time; Grieg and Debussy are rootlings of his main tap as Schumann and Mendelssohn were of Beethoven's. Chopin used chords intuitively, with a perfect feeling for their intimate and sensuous beauty. Wagner used them with a conscious sense of their fitness in some human relationship. Beethoven's harmony is clear enough in its emotional significance; but it is emotion unapplied, a sort of vague tendency to humanism. Wagner does not probe the soul of harmony much deeper; but by means of it he probes the souls of human beings in certain relationships; and the ebb and flow of his dramatic conceptions bring about a new sense of harmonic values. Beethoven's harmony is an art of vague, generalised single-hearted emotion; Wagner's of specialised emotions rising and riven in the conflict of drama. Hence the later sense of modulation, or chord and key relationship; and it is in that kaleidoscopic beauty of chord-colour rather than in his extension of chord range that Wagner did most to develop the harmonic sense. He has himself explained in so many words the human applications of certain effects of modulation which offended the academic musicians. Such explanations did not satisfy his critics, nor have they increased our joy in the music or feeling for its fitness; but they are of value because they teach us that here, as at every other great moment in the life of the arts, it is living experience rather than the sensual indulgence in art for art's sake which adds to our sense of aesthetic beauty.

However, great as was Wagner's contribution to harmony in what he created of new chord-relationships, it was not in that matter that he summed up an epoch; but in his use of orchestral timbre, which is to music what colour is to pictorial art.

#### COLOUR-HARMONY

Few musicians realize that the sense of musical colour is intimately related to the harmonic sense; that the colour-sense of orchestral art is a development of the same faculty which found its first pleasure in the building of columns and arcades of tone.

The only instrument which gives a nearly pure and perfect musical note is the tuning-fork, and it is almost inaudible. If an aerial vibration is to be strong enough to carry a sound message it must be enforced by a number of lesser vibrations. These last produce what are known as partial tones—extra notes pitched higher than the simple tone we seem to hear, and themselves inaudible except under analysis. Mr. Gordon Craig has likened these unheard tones to the spirits which move unheard, unseen, in great poetic drama. It is an apt simile: for as these invisible spirits shape the cross-currents of will and fate which successful men fondly believe to be their servants, so the inaudible spirits decide whether the note they accompany is to have a round and full, or a thin and piercing quality. These spirit-notes are wellcalled harmonics; for as Mrs. Louise Liebich has shown in her delicate and fascinating study of the music of Debussy, they, and not the harmony professors, nor even the composers, have actually determined the unfolding of our harmonic sense. First they

caused the faint quality of the perfect musical note to become sensible to our grosser hearing; then we were led by them to build up the simpler forms of chordal architecture; and chords, be it well noted, sound loud or soft less in dynamic than in some as yet undiscovered harmonic relationship. A chord of three notes of a certain strength may or may not sound louder than a single note of like force; but a chord sung by a choir of three thousand. other things being equal, does not sound ten times stronger than a choir of three hundred; and certain instruments in combination actually rob each other of power. So it happens that there is a greater warmth of tone in the few instruments needed for Wagner's Siegfried Idyll than in fully scored passages of Schumann's orchestral works. But much more has been effected by the spirit-notes: our very speech depends upon them, for Helmholtz has shown how the vowel-sounds are nothing but combinations of notes in harmonic relationship.

However, the most ethereal gift of the spirits has been the gradual revelation of a colour-sense in music. They bring about those varieties of tone which cause us to hear the difference between the flute and the clarinet, the fiddle and the harp. It is their presence in varying forms which gives scarlet valour to the trumpet, brick-red bravado to the cornet, dull purple languor to the guitar, grey melancholy to the English horn, and an undefinable, discoloured, oxidised, mongrel silver-tone to the piano. These differences of timbre, or colour-quality, have been known from early times: the flute and the lyre, the pipe and the tabor, have been used for contrasted as well as blended effects. During the historic period these blends and contrasts have been slowly organised in what we know as the orchestra; and it was Wagner's greatest musical glory that he set the seal of real achievement upon the

sense of colour-harmony.

He gave to the orchestra a unity and drew from it a variety unknown before his time; he endowed it with an unprecedented power as a means for the expression of human emotion and vindicated what were at first taken for ineptitudes or extravagances by using them as the direct expression of ideas in dramatic form. The silver armour of Lohengrin is as lead beside the cerulean tissue of the orchestral colouring; the visualised waters of the Rhine are mere pantomime-tricks compared with the transparent deeps of blue in his river-prelude; and the cosmetic beauty of the Flower-maidens in Parsifal positively nullifies the seducing power of the beautiful sensual spirits which pervades the rhythm of the dance-movement. But in developing the emotional quality of musical

colour he at the same time exposed the brutal nature of realistic drama; and he has been censured for his stagey materialism by many who would never have realised the spiritual possibilities of modern music but for the delicate, radiant spirits which flit through the Wagnerian orchestra. When we see the promise of the seed peeping through, we do not revile the outworn husk; so it is our business, not to waste our energies in cursing Wagnerian realism, but to foster the seed of that more spiritual drama which gleams in the death-song of Isolda and the Grail-scenes from Parsifal.

#### MUSICAL CHARACTERIZATION

Now we have to consider a musical issue which has been consciously fostered by the will of man. In its crude forms it attempts a kind of musical realism. Kuhnau makes a sonata in which David kills Goliath; Berlioz sends victims to a symphonic guillotine; and Strauss shows Till Eulenspiegel's dying kicks from an orchestral gallows. It is marvellous how death-fond the realistic tendency is!

Musical realists are trying to create a kind of aural sight. One might as well demand speaking statuary of sculptors. Of course we do sometimes refer to speaking likenesses. Visible music is an analogous form of art. But though the more direct attempts at musical realism have proved either feeble or funny, many of the great composers have used a kind of realistic symbolism which as certainly enlarged the joy of the art. To make a musical picture wherein we are supposed to see the writing body and purpling features of violent death can only be loathsome or laughable; but deliberately to suggest, as Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner have done, the presence of death by means of some descending phrase, faltering rhythm, or fading harmony, is another thing altogether: it has relation to the poetic power of analogy rather than to the plastic sense of visible or tangible object. When a poet says that his lady's eyes are like a rim of sky beneath a threatening cloud he wants us to know that he has just had a scolding, not to think of the eyes as slits under monstrous eyebrows; and when a composer would have us hear music in relation to the idea of death it is a gentleness, or a regretfulness, or a glory attending death he would have us feel-not the details of its physical appearance.

It is really important that this difference should be appreciated, for nothing has caused more controversy among worthy one-eyed musicians. On the one hand we have those who see clearly enough that music can by no means become visible; they

have resented the tendency which comes to its climax in Strauss as altogether evil. On the other hand we have those who wish to intensify the abstract qualities of musical art by some kind of association with the definite facts of human life; and they have often tried to swallow musical realism whole—its corpsical folly as well as its spiritual wisdom. In fact, it may have been due to the ravening of these same realists that Strauss has from time to time thrown them some absurd bone: he has seldom attempted to convey the idea of an object in terms of music; but the manyheaded dog has barked for bones, and apparently to save himself from the horrors of foolish discipleship he has sometimes fixed an approximate label to details of his work. That has generally been done with a twinkle in the eye; for Strauss clearly recognizes that while serious art is as little concerned with fact as the Pleiades are with a lover's quarrel, yet the spirit of comedy can make a good deal of the realistic method. The bleating and leaping of the sheep in Don Quixote and the jaunty stride of the Street-urchin in Till Eulenspiegel are made good in a sense of humour. In serious moods Strauss leaves realism far behind him. It is not the deathbed and ticking clock which he fixes at the beginning of Tod und Verklärung, but the palpitating silence of sympathy. It is not the poor devils of musical critics who are pictured in A Hero Life. but their niggling negations and hollow affirmations, their petty snarls and futile reiterations. Associating these moods with definite mental concepts. Strauss has pushed back the frontier of music as a means of dramatic expression.

Wagner's themes are right enough, but he was so much at the mercy of theatrical tradition that he dare not let the outer picture wait for the full revelation of the spiritual idea; and when his creatures stop to argue they hinder the development of the inner dramatic situation. It is when he sweeps the stage out of existence, and raises a tidal wave of music—it is then that the real drama

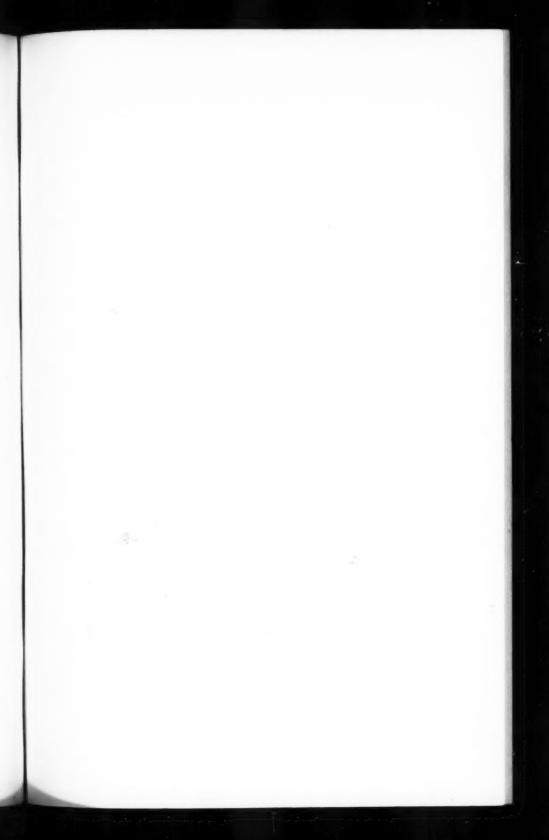
of inmost character is upon us.

Strauss in his symphonic poems, unhampered by rouged sopranos and fat tenors, has been able to use the dramatic values of music in quite a new way; and so his music has a buoyancy of rhythm and dignity of phrase which Wagner only achieved at intervals. The shortness of Wagner's leading themes has been attributed to the concentration of his musical thought; it is due rather to the fact that he relies less upon the spiritual lines of melody, and more upon the human and emotional qualities of harmony in chord and colour. The brevity of his themes and patchwork of his movements are rather like those trivial wall-

papers which send the brain reeling. Shortness of theme does not emphasize the power to express character in music: that may be seen in the fact that when Wagner relies upon melody for the chief outlines of his characterization he is forced to use a more extended The love-sick phrase of four notes which ferments the blood in Tristan and Isolde depends much more upon its feverish harmony than upon the languishing appeal of its melody: Siegfried's hero-theme is a fine example of phraseology akin to the sweeping melodic lines of Bach, but made more purposeful in the service of dramatic characterization. It is in this latter detail that Strauss has really carried on the work of the great line. He is not the supreme master of the orchestra he is generally supposed to be; but he has treated rhythm and melody with a fuller understanding of their dramatic values than Wagner himself. The music for Beckmesser is a poor attempt compared with the Pedant's Looking-glass in A Hero Life; and Wagner conceived no music more beautifully sustained than that which declares the heart of Electra when she recognizes Orestes.

### AFTERWORD

And now once again we are in a state of transition. The new possibilities of music foreshadowed in the works of Wagner are being developed by Strauss, Elgar and Schoenberg in various directions; while Debussy, Ravel, Stravinsky, Bantock and others are undermining the mass of scaffolding and technic which accompanies every great erection of art. A new music is unfolding just as a new religious spirit is unfolding; and it is the mystic quality of this new music which appears to be the essence of its development, though at the same time there is some very real association between that mystic quality and its dramatic powers. Strauss, Elgar, Stravinsky, and Debussy are all intent on music as drama even when they are least concerned with the theatre as we now know it. They seem unconsciously to understand that the mystic powers of music should be made direct and sure by means of dramatic expression, and at the same time to strive against that degree of dramatic materialism which means degradation of the creative faculties of players and onlookers. The sacred dance in Parsifal gives a hint of what the future may have in store. The Russian Ballet has shown that dancing is still powerful to move even outworn opera-goers. Folk-dancing is reviving within the simplest minds that power for expression which passes the barriers of thought and language. Dancing was the first word of outer religious ceremonial as music was the first word of inner religious experience. Perhaps the future of these two most powerful and popular arts depends upon their being once again wedded in a great religious purpose. We are all weary of materialistic science, realistic art, and sceptical ecclesiasticism. We know that the mental life is as real and beautiful and passionate as the carnal life. We are told Jacob's ladder was sent down from heaven. I think it must have been the ladder of some primitive musical scale. Now we have greater opportunities if we care to use them. When we have trained our bodies in that rhythmic movement upon which the universe hangs, and our minds in that mystical music which eludes the dissection of science and the explanation of logic—then perhaps we may find another ladder swinging from the sky, with angels and men and devils all joyfully ascending and descending in the sheer rapture of spiritual adventure and discovery.





Robert Franz

# ROBERT FRANZ

(June 28, 1815—October 24, 1892)

## By HANS KLEEMANN

### I. THE "LIEDERMEISTER"

R OBERT FRANZ gave us about 300 songs—perhaps not many if we consider that he reached the ripe age of 77 years or if we contrast his output with the endless array of songs composed by Schubert during his short career. But these 300 songs represent a great treasure, since without exception they possess artistic value. Every song in the series reveals the unmistakable idiom and genius of Franz. Their variety is astonishing, and since of all his works his songs still appeal to us most directly the artistic physiognomy of Robert Franz is best studied from them.

His "Liederhefte" appeared between 1843 and 1884 and ran from op. 1 to op. 52. In the case of Beethoven it would be fairly safe to trace his artistic development from opus to opus through (let us say) his pianoforte sonatas. Not so with Robert Franz; the date of composition coincides but rarely with the date of publication inasmuch as Franz usually accumulated many songs in his desk before selecting a few for publication. Indeed, he himself has warned us against such attempts to study his songs:

So it happened, unfortunately, that I can give no accurate account of the chronology of my compositions either to myself or to others. I never possessed vanity enough to add date and year to my songs. Some of them in my very last publications really date from between 1840 and 1845; only, they now look somewhat different. Up to my op. 8 I made radical changes when new editions were issued—thereafter I did not consider revisions necessary. (And again:) op. 1 in my opinion is neither better nor worse than op. 52.

From this estimate Franz excepted only op. 23, 27, and 33 of his "middle period." If he further held that "such working processes concern nobody but the composer," he underestimated the psychological interest of posterity and he did not take into account our natural desire for a glimpse into the privacy of the creative artist's workshop. The absence of progressive development is not necessarily something in favor of an artist. At any rate, not

to concede a difference in value between one's op. 1 and op. 52 would seem to betray a certain amount of complacency. However, it is futile to indulge in such speculations. We are confronted with facts, and back of these facts is enough of interest to warrant an attempt to unravel the threads woven into the art of song of Robert Franz.

He owed his first deep musical impressions to the Protesta. Choral. But that is closely related to the German Folk-song. Therewith we have uncovered two main sources of his art. To these should be added as third his intensive study of Bach, whose mysteries few have explored more penetratingly than he. His modernism he inherited from Schubert and Schumann.

Occupation with the choral led automatically to acquaintance with the old church modes. His theoretical knowledge of them was but scant, as he himself willingly admitted. On the other hand, routine and practice made them for him means of musical expression just as natural and fluent as the modern Major and Minor. Of course we must not seek in his songs a philologically correct reproduction of medieval technique of composition. That would imply an impossibility: we moderns hear music harmonically, and we have lost contact with the medieval manner of hearing music melodically only. Nowadays the employment of the church modes produces its effect, whether intentional or not, by suggesting either an archaic flavor or merely something harmonically piquant without necessarily bringing the archaic feature to our consciousness. A case in which this archaic effect is intentional we have in the song "Es klingt in der Luft" (op. 13, 2), composed in the Phrygian mode with the explicit indication "Im alten Tone" and in the song "Wenn drüben die Glocken klingen" (op. 13, 5) the second half of the first phrase sounds exactly like a quotation from a choral.



In such instances Franz employed the church modes for a definite purpose. They are rare; much more frequently he used them unconsciously—they had become part and parcel of his technique. For instance, who would suspect reminiscences of the choral in his "The Lotosblume" (op. 1, 3)? Yet a well-known sacred hymn makes its startling appearance, if we play the accompaniment from the seventh bar on not as arpeggios but as solid chords!

Equally characteristic of his harmonies is that fluency of movement which two of his critics, Liszt and Ambros, qualified as "iridescent." Yet Liszt's and Wagner's chromatic tendencies were so foreign to his nature that he called himself an inveterate diatonic composer. For that very reason his harmonic resourcefulness is all the more remarkable. With consummate skill he knew how to vary the harmonic aspect of his music by frequent modulations into related keys (more often into those of the Third than of the Dominant) without ever obscuring the main tonality. The song "Frühling und Liebe" (op. 3, 3) is a typical example of this device: the tonality is A major with frequent modulations into F major. The same song illustrates a further and almost manneristic peculiarity of Franz, his fondness of starting proceedings with a dissonance instead of with a tonic triad. (In this particular case, the song is ushered in with the chord of the seventh f a c e.) Or-and this also adds zest to his harmonizations-Franz vacillates. as it were, between different keys, with the result that we are kept in the dark as to the intended tonality. Do we have E flat major or A flat minor in "Der junge Tag erwacht" (op. 7, 1); F major or B flat minor in "Wasserfarth" (op. 48, 3)? But of all his songs, in my opinion, the most "genial" harmonically is his passionate "Das ist ein Brausen und Heulen" (op. 8, 4).

There can be no question but that the fundamental quality of his songs, practically all of them strophic, is volkstuemlich. Hence we may see in Franz one of the last representatives of the so-called "Berliner Liederschule," with its professed demand for the volkstuemlich in art. Fortunately Franz eschewed exaggerated adherence to its doctrines. Mendelssohn, for instance, who belonged to the same school and had welcomed the first songs of Franz, later on found fault with him because his melodies could not be detached from his accompaniments. As a matter of fact, Franz merely allowed both to share equally in the musical interpretation of the text. However, if proof of his eminent talent for the volkstuemlich be desired, there may be pointed out op. 23 as an absolutely successful attempt to compose old folk-song texts or the highly artistic accompaniments for six German folk-melodies

of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Ambros called Franz a "Stimmungslyriker" in contrast to Schubert, the "Situationslyriker." This distinction tells only part of the story, since Schubert does not avoid the painting of moods and Franz not the description of situations. Moreover, "situation" and "mood" may be separated in this fashion with difficulty only and in rare instances. One may point to "Bitte" (op. 9, 3) as

a song of mere "mood," but that is a rather exceptional case. As a rule, Franz does not neglect the so-called "Situationsmalerei," but he makes use of it to emphasize the fundamental mood of the poem. How both sometimes dovetail imperceptibly, is interestingly illustrated by his song "Du grüne Rast im Haine" (op. 41, 6). There the triolets in the accompaniment without doubt were inspired by the words "Where trees so softly murmur"; yet the same triolets serve later on to depict the agitation "of the heart that's pining." In fact, such tone-painting occurs in every opus, perhaps in the most subtle and artistic manner in "Ach, wenn ich doch ein Immchen wär" ("Ah, were I but a little bee") (op. 3, 6).

The most ardent and laudatory champions of Franz claim that his music reflects perfectly the spirit of every poem composed by him. More than this, they claim that one may tell from the "physiognomy" of the music the poet of the text. Intensive study of all the songs of Franz has taught me no such thing. Hugo Wolf had the unsurpassed knack of differentiating his poets, but Robert Franz had not. Be the poet Heine, Burns, Osterwald or Goethe, it is always Robert Franz and he only who speaks to us in his own characteristically individual and unmistakable style.

All his songs exhale the breath of a faint melancholy, not even those excluded that are predominantly joyous and vigorous. The "Schilf-lieder" (op. 2) are typical for this undertone of melancholy which he had in common with the poet of the texts, Lenau. Franz rarely breaks forth into such genuine joyfulness as in his "Aufbruch" (op. 35, 6) or the well-known jolly, rushing "Will-kommen mein Wald" (op. 21, 1). But his habitual melancholy is not that of untalented impotence. On the contrary, his musical idiom is most convincing exactly in his vigorous songs. Take, for instance, his briskly humorous "Nun hat mein Stecken gute Rast" (op. 36, 6) or his resigned yet manly and powerful "Wiedersehen" (op. 51, 8). In fact, his originality was most conspicuous in the treatment of tragic subjects, as in the remarkable dirge in "Childe Harold" (op. 38, 3). And how simple are the harmonic means by which he produced his impressive effects:



The Neapolitan sixth at the end is another case in point. (The impression is intensified by means of the suspension.)



The accompaniments of Franz occupy the same prominence as those in the songs of Schubert and Schumann. True, he had a craving for polyphonic treatment, but not at all so frequently as many critics would have us believe. Many of his songs might easily be transcribed into simple four part harmony, and he did so himself in his op. 46 and 49. Furthermore, his strictly homophonic pianoforte accompaniments show uncommon powers of combination and variation—and he abhorred such stale formulae as the so-called Alberti basses. On the other hand, the indebtedness of his accompaniments to Schumann is proven by the above-mentioned "Frühling und Liebe" (op. 3, 3). Such figures as one notices in that song are characteristically Schumannesque, and they occur quite frequently in the songs of Franz without in the slightest degree detracting from his own power of invention. In passing, I may mention that occasionally his accompaniments, and more particularly those which include the vocal melody, permit the songs to be played as pianoforte pieces. (I suggest that the reader try the experiment with the impetuous "Rastlose Liebe" (op. 33, 6), the pearly "Die Harrende" (op. 35, 1) and "Traumlied" (op. 34, 3), which could almost pass as a Nocturne by Chopin. However, Franz did not go to extremes and he never permitted the accompaniment to choke the voice part as Schumann sometimes did.

Any attempt at critical and esthetic analysis of the songs of Franz would be incomplete without mention of the importance attached by him to the selection of the proper key. This explains his protests against transposition of his songs, for he well knew that they thereby lose in effectiveness. Not unlike Brahms, he preferred the tone of the lower strings. Consequently transposition of his songs into still lower regions too easily leads to musical ugliness. Notwithstanding the obvious and fatal results of such

transpositions, Franz frequently has been made a victim of such nonsensical procedure—all the more nonsensical and unnecessary in his case because the great majority of his songs call for a medium range of voice only. It really is about time that singers show a little more respect for the original intentions of a composer and select songs that suit their voice instead of such as they can sing only after alterations that are injurious to the composer.

#### II. THE APOSTLE OF BACH AND HÄNDEL.

If we see in Robert Franz primarily a composer of songs, he curiously enough at one time of his career laid less stress on his songs than on his editions of Bach and Händel. Presumably he was led to this wrong valuation by the number and volumen of his editorial works. It is safe to say that he devoted at least half of his career to them. And that at a time when the problem of how to edit old music-the so-called "Bearbeitungs-Frage"was stirring up a lot of dust, was wasting a lot of ink and elicited many bitter remarks in the warring camps. The dispassionate verdict of posterity, given sine ira et studio, is that Franz fought on the wrong side. He had inherited the stubbornness of the "Halloren" from his father. Not willing to compromise, he directed the shafts of his sarcasm against the "historians" whom he considered the arch-enemies of music. On both sides the attacks became rather personal and went beyond a passionate discussion of the principles involved. After all is said, the historical party merely demanded a reconstruction of the works of Bach and Händel in the spirit of their own time. It did not really declare war on Franz personally but as a matter of principle on those who modernised improperly the orchestration of works of the early eighteenth century, and in that respect Mozart aroused their displeasure just as much as Franz. His comparative ignorance in such matters was pardonable. The history of music as a science was young and the fruits of scientific historical research were slow in attracting attention. But Franz absolutely refused to profit by the lessons of history, and that is regrettable. Otherwise some kind of amicable modus vivendi for both his and the opposing party might have been found.

The bone of contention in those days still was the problem of proper treatment of the "continuo" or "organo" part which the old masters, in accord with the custom of their time, wrote down either as a figured or an unfigured bass; in other words, as a mere sketch. We know to-day that the composers generally

performed that part themselves and they were so trained in the playing of "thorough-bass" that they could improvise an elaborately artistic continuo part instead of adhering to the few thin chords indicated in their sketch. And especially in the case of Bach we possess contemporary comment on his masterly powers in this art of bygone days. For instance, Mizler, Bach's pupil, says:

Whoever wishes to know the fine points of thorough-bass and how to excel in accompaniments, should hear the great J. S. Bach. He treats the thorough-bass in accompanying a solo in such a concerted manner as to create the impression that the melody of the accompaniment had been written down beforehand.

Inasmuch as this art of improvisation over a thorough-bass had become a lost art, clearly the necessity arose of working out the continuo part in detail. It is but just to concede that Franz in his editions of Bach met the situation in a sympathetic spirit. As a master of polyphony he, too, had no difficulty in avoiding meager chords, in adding flesh and life to the indicated skeleton of the bass-part and in creating works of art of substantial merit and worthy of Bach. Furthermore, Franz carefully respected the original by subduing his own personality and by utilizing for his accompaniments motives and themes found in the work itself. The champions of the historical party have not hesitated to call his editions models in that respect: in Hermann Kretzschmar's words. "there is no difference of opinion between the party of Franz and the party of Philipp Spitta with reference to the style in which the accompaniments must be elaborated." Franz did not err in such matters but in his policy of transferring the accompaniment from the organ to the instruments of a modern orchestra. Therewith he added something heterogeneous to Bach or Händel's works which possess a character of their own not merely in matters of design and line but of color. In a hundred years from now the orchestra probably will be filled with new or to us unfamiliar instruments. Would it then be right for a Franz to rearrange the orchestration of Wagner?

Additions are unobjectionable only if they serve the purpose of removing all obscurity from the unquestionable intentions of the composer. Thus we are justified in adding the higher notes of the modern flute to certain passages in the scores of Beethoven's symphonies or of his "Fidelio." Obviously Beethoven would have done so himself but for the defective range of the instrument at his disposal.

Aside from Franz's objectionable modern re-orchestration objectionable, because it produced an unwarranted, anachronistic mixture of styles—his editions will always retain their value because of their masterly treatment of the accompaniments. For that task Robert Franz was uncommonly well equipped. Proceeding from the Protestant choral he gradually worked himself with fervor and steadily growing enthusiasm into such an intimacy with the works of Bach and Händel that they became, as it were. flesh of his flesh. He learned to speak the language of Bach as if it had been his own. Hence we feel justified in now adding to Mizler's remarks about Bach's masterly accompaniments: whoever wishes to know how to treat thorough-bass not as a dry theoretician but as a creative artist, should study the arrangements of Robert Franz. As proof of this assertion I content myself with quoting. on the hand of the vocal score made by Franz, the following from a tenor-aria in the cantata "Wer da glaubet und getauft wird." (To repeat it, the figured bass and the voice part only will be found in Bach).



Even the severest of critics can reproach Franz with only one error of method in such arrangements. Whether in vocal or in instrumental compositions, he loves to carry the melody part, as for instance the violin and flute parts in the trio-sonata of Bach's "Musikalisches Opfer," into the accompaniment. With this habit he does not stand alone among modern editors, but it is historically wrong, since the real desideratum should be the greatest possible independence from the vocal melody in the accompaniment played by the right hand.

Nowadays we have a right to demand that the performances of works of the thorough-bass period be based as much as possible on the originals. Musicology is to-day more firmly anchored than in the days of Franz, when the fruits of scientific research were scarce. That the friction between artists and historians persists,

though coöperation has become so feasible, is regrettable enough. It is still a frequent occurrence that the one eyes the other askance and sees in him an hereditary enemy. For all concerned it would be better if they learned to profit from each other's experiences. On the one hand the artist should acquire a fair amount of sound historical knowledge; on the other the musicologist should acquire a mastery of musical technique far beyond the ability to play the piano moderately well. Franz, too, could have spared himself many a bitter hour, had he been less one-sided in his partisanship. "Historian" from his mouth meant the same as "pedant"-at any rate, something derogatory. It proved to be the tragedy of his life that he would not admit the right of existence of historical research and that he obstinately adhered to doomed principles. The whole bitter (and often personal) controversy ended with the acceptance of the demands of the historical party, known in Germany as the "Renaissance-movement."

Notwithstanding Franz's anti-historical attitude, the revival of Bach and Händel owes much to him because he undermined the growing and absurd tendency to perform their works without additions and elaborations of any kind. The public really could not be expected to derive pleasure from such performances of the old masters; the public quite naturally wondered at their "primitiveness" and felt bored. Indeed, even to-day the race of pianists is not extinct who will play two-part compositions by Bach as notated without suspecting that they require the addition of middle-voices. Happily that sort of thing is practically obsolete in the performance of his choral works, and as early as 1872 Franz. after a performance of Händel's "Allegro," could write to his friend Osterwald: "In the future nobody will dare to give works of Bach and Händel again at Halle without first arranging and editing them."

#### III. THE CONDUCTOR

A survey of Franz's career as conductor involves a survey of the history of the "Singakademie" at Halle. Though founded in 1833, this institution owes its brilliant reputation really to Franz. In graceful recognition of this fact it now bears the proud name "Robert Franz-Singakademie." Franz made his début as conductor of the society on December 12, 1842, and he remained loyal to it for twenty-five years.

When Franz took charge of the Singakademie it was facing a crisis. Under Simon Georg Schmidt, an excellent violinist of the Spohr school, the institution had gained in reputation and importance and had weathered several dangerous storms. But in 1841 Schmidt accepted a call to Bremen; and without his strong, guiding hand the society threatened to collapse, partly because many withdrew from the society who had remained loyal only on Schmidt's account. His successor Erlanger did his best to restore sound conditions, but decided to leave Halle soon afterwards.

In this crisis a man appeared who was willing and strong enough to make of the Singakademie what it had been formerly—a society for the cultivation of serious music. This man was

Robert Franz.

Several things qualified him for the position. He was in sympathy with the tradition of the Schmidt era to give to Bach and Händel a place of honor on the programs and he was a member of the private musical club of Halle that followed the example set by Thibaut's circle at Heidelberg, and emphasized the cultivation of old Italian and old German music. It so happened that the singing pupils of Franz belonged to this club. Gradually all of these ladies joined the Singakademie and thereby injected fresh life into the society.

The very first public announcements of Franz's activity gave a clear view of his ambitious goal. He announced a series of subscription concerts; the best proof of his intentions to reform thoroughly the Singakadamie, which had slowly drifted into musical provincialism with no higher ideals than superficial amusement. Franz, though absolutely untaught as a conductor, must have felt pretty sure of his powers, for he promised "model performances." Irritated by such self-conscious language the critic Nauenburg took issue with him and declared that nobody was justified in making such advance promises. For the honor of Nauenburg be it said that he soon withdrew his strictures and recognized fully the artistic ability of Franz. More than that, he was the first to sing songs by Franz in public.

The program of Franz's first concert comprised only smaller works such as Mendelssohn's symphony-cantata "Lobgesang." By 1844 he had ventured upon the performance of an entire oratorio, Händel's "Judas Maccabaeus." But it took years of hard work and it taxed all his energies before he aroused the public definitely from its indifference. The main objection to him seems to have been what was called his one-sided Bach-cult. As a matter of fact, he championed the "Moderns," especially Schumann and Mendelssohn, just as energetically. But Franz was too much of an idealist to be discouraged by obstacles, and this idealism went so far that he neither asked for nor received

a salary. (Not until 1851 did he receive the modest honorarium of 50 thaler in recognition of his services, changed in 1854 to a fixed salary. Another 50 thaler were added after the eventful year 1857 as a "small token of esteem" and henceforth regularly every year until the finances of the society permitted it to double the sum in 1860. Two years later his salary was increased to 200 Thaler.) Unfavorable social and political conditions contributed to a retardation of the development of the city's artistic interests. Hence things moved but slowly in spite of Franz's industry and enthusiasm and his auspicious start. Worst of all, the members could not be made to attend rehearsals regularly. This state of affairs led in 1849 to a complete reorganization of the Singakademie; it now separated itself completely from the "Musik-Verein" together with which it had been founded in 1833.

The year 1856 brought a revolution at last. The plan was conceived in Halle to erect a monument to the great son of the city, Georg Friedrich Händel, and it became incumbent upon the promoters of the plan to arouse the interest of the whole musical world. They issued a public appeal and the Singakademie took the first step to bring the plan to fruition. On March 6, 1856, it performed Händel's "Samson" and on March 19, 1857, the "Messiah" in a performance that attracted wide attention. The success was still more emphatic when the performance was repeated in the Marktkirche on December 15, a gala-day in the career of the Singakademie and its conductor. The event partook of the nature of a music festival through the participation of a star of first magnitude, Jenny Lind. At one blow Halle had regained the former reputation as a musical city. Other cities emulated the example set and gave Händel concerts. The Händel monument committee had every reason to express its gratitude to master Franz in a very warm and appreciative letter.

The next year continued brilliant and then came the centenary of Händel's death in 1759. Heidel's monument was unveiled on July 1 with appropriate ceremonies to which Franz contributed a festival performance of "Samson" with Tichatschek of Tannhäuser fame among the soloists, with Ferdinand David the violinist, Julius Rietz and Friedrich Grützmacher, the violoncellists, in the orchestra and Franz Liszt, Eduard Lassen and

Ignaz Moscheles in the audience.

It was an amazingly fruitful year, indeed, in Franz's career as a conductor: Händel's "Samson" and "Jephta," Schumann's "Faust" and "Peri," for the Schiller centenary Romberg's "Lied von der Glocke," Mendelssohn's "Festgesang an die Künstler"

and Cherubini's "Requiem." The battle was won. The members of the society were enthusiastic; so was the public. With proud satisfaction Franz could (1863) write to his friend Senfft von

Pilsach: "The Singakademie is again in floribus."

But a tragic fate had decreed that Franz was to enjoy such inspiring coöperation with his forces for a few years only. As early as 1848 the shrill whistle of an engine had affected his hearing (at least this was Franz's own explanation) and his ear-trouble now led rapidly to deafness. On February 19, 1867, he conducted a rehearsal of Händel's "Feast of Alexander," and then relinquished the baton forever. To thus take leave from the Singakademie after he had spent a good part of his life to make the institution flourish was not an easy matter. The loss of the sense of hearing and the resulting psychic depression threatened to affect his mind, but he emerged from the catastrope as a conquering hero. Until his death he watched the future vicissitudes of his Singakademie

with increasing interest and gave loyal counsel.

The qualities that distinguished Franz as a conductor were. in addition to versatility and culture, an intimate knowledge of the works of the masters, and based thereon the ability to impart his enthusiasm to others by opening their eyes to hidden beauties. He was in no sense a virtuoso conductor of the modern type. The effect he made on the public interested him not at all. He never rehearsed the individual parts; he expected them to be studied at home and therein he seldom had ground for complaint. He laid considerable stress in rehearsals on making the mood of the composition absolutely clear—not by means of dry analysis but of pointed poetic comparisons. Even the members of the orchestra he sought by such explanatory remarks to educate up to an artistically intelligent interpretation. How his whole heart went into the rehearsals is illustrated by the following story told to Procházka, his biographer, by the court virtuoso Theodor Winkler of Weimar: "If a composition interested Franz more than ordinarily, he would address an analytical speech to the orchestra before starting the rehearsal, and often he would shed tears of anticipatory emotion."

For Franz music was not a matter of technique nor an amusement to pass away the time, but a means for education and culture. This conception of the functions of music H. Abert has paraphrased

tellingly in the following words:

Franz looked upon music as the prophetess of the highest ethical ideals, as a language in tones of emotions that are not expressible in words. His ideas of music partook of the Hellenic conception that the

contemplation of beauty fosters the knowledge of good. To guide his associates into this world of ideals he considered to be his highest duty as conductor of the Academy. He sought to impart his own inner experiences to every member of his chorus in the hope that, according to individual capacity, they would absorb them as a permanent possession.

And he succeeded: for whoever sang under him, had been trained not to hear music just with the ear but to let heart and mind vibrate sympathetically. One therefore understands why the former members of his chorus hark back to those unforgettable, beautiful times with enthusiastic gratitude.

### IV. "KÜNSTLERS ERDENWALLEN"

Not far from Leipzig, in the old salt-city Halle a. d. Saale. the remnants of a caste, that once enjoyed important privileges, survive: the "Halloren." The name implies that they plied the trade of salt-refiners, and they continue to do so though they have lost their former importance. Our Lieder-master Robert Franz came of such Halloren-stock. Originally named Knautha frequent Halloren-name—his father changed it to Franz because frequent confusion with his brother had for a time led to enmity between the two. This explanation should set at rest the legend that Robert Franz chose the name to indicate spiritual kinship with his two great predecessors, Franz Schubert and Robert Schumann. "Robert Franz," then, is a mere coincidence, and he resented the legend all the more because such stupid vanity was entirely foreign to his character. Still more phantastic is the notion that Franz's father bethought himself of such prescient symbolism when he adopted the name. (At the time of his marriage in 1848, Robert Franz received Royal confirmation of his right to use the name.)

Early home-surroundings of Franz were not of a kind to foreshadow an artist's career. We need not take too seriously his one-time remark that his father was an "avowed enemy of music"; the Halloren-tradition simply was against music as a profession. They rejoiced if their sons took to the cloth but they held "breadless arts" in disdain. Old Christoph Franz was in reality fond of music, and his son in later years remembered the pleasure with which he listened to the singing of his father. After the day's work he would sing with considerable skill some of his favorite hymns from the "Freylinghausen'sche Gesangbuch." His musical reliability was recognized in church for it was he who led in the congregational singing. This, then, was well-prepared

soil for rooting Franz's predilection for the choral.

His earliest vague musical recollections he traced to the celebration of the Reformation in 1817:

In Halle, too, the event was splendidly celebrated. As if in a dream I still hear the tones of the trombone choirs wafted down upon us from the Hausmanns-towers of our Haupt-and Stadtkirche. That they had played Luther's immortal "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott" I, of course, learned only subsequently.

The date of the event is easily fixed as October 31, 1817, when Franz, who was born on June 18, 1815, was not yet three

years of age.

The first impetus to create music of his own he received at school during singing lessons. He could not resist the temptation to add a second part to the songs sung there unisono. His reward was severe punishment by a teacher whose pedagogic light shone none too bright and who did not appreciate that kind of

thing.

The boy's musical inclinations manifested themselves more and more and they found a first echo in his mother's heart. Her entreaties finally prevailed and the father allowed an instrument to enter the house. Though it was but a miserable spinet, yet it enabled the boy to "try his own fists at music." These attempts at self-instruction were followed by regular music lessons, poor enough in the Halle of those days. In four years the boy had learned all that the available teachers could teach him and he found much more enjoyment in "making" music with congenial friends. Again the choral figured prominently in these diversions and since the organ had come to fascinate him as much as his spinet, he would hasten on Sundays from one church to the other to play on this or that organ a choral verse.

This more or less unregulated musical activity gave way to methodical progress when he became a student at the Gymnasium, called "Franke'sche Stiftung." He joined the singing classes of the Cantor Karl Gottlob Abela, who combined love for his profession with love for the divine art and who made it a point to further his most talented pupils in the privacy of his home, beyond the limited opportunities offered at school. He would acquaint them with the oratorios of Händel, Haydn and Mozart. Their art now took full possession of young Franz. Abela was quick to perceive his pupil's uncommon musical gifts. It was he who gave solidity to his pianoforte technique, and it was a proud day for Franz when his teacher entrusted him with the pianoforte

accompaniments during chorus rehearsals.

The more he busied himself with music, the more enthusiastically he initiated himself in the art's mysteries, the less his creative instincts and desires could be restrained. Without an indispensable theoretical background he was, of course, merely groping about in the dark, though these creative efforts proved at least the necessity for him to express his innermost thoughts in music. The time devoted to these efforts aroused the displeasure of his parents, particularly of his father. Domestic friction increased with the ripening of Franz's conviction that music alone could fill his life. Just at that time two of his fellow-students had received the parental permission to embrace music as a profession. We cannot help smiling at the excited discussions produced in the little town by this step. Needless to say, it was generally condemned.

Happily for Franz, the obstacles to his wishes were removed and the dangers of mental breakdown from fruitless domestic quarrels were averted through the influence of his distant relation Dr. Erich, the first pastor of St. Ulric's. He had repeatedly listened to the youth's organ improvisations, and he realized that here was undeniable talent seeking for a proper outlet. Thanks to his diplomacy, Franz's father at last relented and consented.

The promised land in sight at last! Without finishing his studies at the Gymnasium, Franz-now twenty years of agewent to Dessau in the hope of learning music's deepest secrets from Friedrich Schneider, then a celebrity of the first water. To-day even his oratorio "Das Weltgericht," once performed everywhere, is known only by title from the text-books of musical history. Schneider was an excellent theoretician and a master of all the tricks of counterpoint. Hence the young pilgrim from Halle entered Schneider's conservatory at Dessau with the reasonable expectation of acquiring what he absolutely lacked: systematic order in the chaos of his musical knowledge. Schneider put him to the usual school-exercises and countenanced no deviation from the rules in solving these musical problems. That was not at all to the taste of the young fire-brand, who was bent on real deeds. Unable to bridle his imagination time and again he smuggled ideas of his own into his exercises. But such expressions of originality and individuality did not escape Schneider's watchfully critical eyes and he made short shrift of these exceptions to his rules. Against this method Franz rebelled, and pretty soon the relations between teacher and pupil became unbearable. In less than two years Franz bid adieu to Dessau; without regret, for he

had quite enough of the spirit of pedantry—as he then looked upon it. On the other hand, Schneider had the firm conviction that Franz would never amount to anything. In later years both men came to modify their opinion of each other. Schneider lived to see Franz famous as a composer of songs and he in turn came to appreciate the debt of gratitude he owed to Schneider's strict training. In 1892, in a letter to his son, the choirmaster Theodor Schneider of Chemnitz, Franz confessed:

It gives me great pleasure to have gotten into musical contact with the youngest son of my old teacher. I shall never forget how much of my skill in different forms I owe to your father. The value of his teachings becomes more and more apparent. Maybe that subsequently I underwent other influences, but the foundation of my artistic technique assuredly was laid at Dessau.

It is curious to note, by the way, how at Dessau his predilection for the Protestant choral had met once more with congenial response. He says of his friend Reupsch: "He played nothing but chorals, though so wonderfully that he made me forget Schneider and his stuff."

His return to Halle was greeted with rebukes from his relatives. They saw in the abrupt termination of his studies but a proof of mistaken judgment in his musical talents. Quite different his reception by the small circle of music lovers of whom mention was made above. With these congenial friends he shared the conviction of the high ethical mission of music, and before long he was recognized as the leading spirit of this little group, among them his former chum and favorite poet—I mean Wilhelm Osterwald. Franz in the course of the years felt inspired to compose many of Osterwald's poems, but he in turn inspired his friend for the writing of quite a few of these poems by his improvisations at the pianoforte. It was Osterwald who made the "fluent, soaring translations" of 36 Händel arias for Franz.

For the next five years Franz remained unproductive. During these years he again absorbed the art of Bach and Händel and he came under the spell of the more modern masters, especially Schubert and Schumann. They opened of a sudden his eyes to the barren futility of his experiments in composition made behind the back of his teacher in Dessau. Indeed, at times he seriously doubted his creative talents, but this dissatisfaction with himself—so necessary in an artist—proved a blessing in disguise: This period of abstinence from creative efforts allowed his mind to mature. Thus these five years were not lost; they enriched him by a thorough insight into the art of his great forerunners.

In a retrospective mood he once formulated an analysis of this evolutional process, as follows:

It was only later on in Halle that I saw light, understood the essence of art and found "foreign matter" to be merely a means to an end. The sincerity of my newly gained convictions produced in me for five years apparent sterility: Bach and Händel on the one hand, Schubert and Schumann on the other effectively made me "shut up." Once this process of fermentation by way of healthful assimilation had run its course, the old desire to compose reappeared—but in a manner essentially different from that of my former groping experiments. I ceased to compose mechanically and I began to heed the inner impulse. It was a blessing for my development as a composer that I had occupied myself so passionately a tempo with Bach, Händel, Schubert and Schumann because this combination led to a fairly satisfactory amalgamation of these so closely related elements.

As in Schumann's case, so in that of Franz, love—"Louise G."—pressed the lyre into his hands. Nor would Franz of his own accord hardly have decided so soon to unfold to the public eye the treasures of song accumulating in his desk. His friends banished his scruples. He selected some of his songs and sent them to Schumann. With a success far exceeding his boldest hopes: Schumann not merely praised the songs but unasked found a publisher for these first fruits of Franz's Muse. The first step toward immortality had been taken. And it was not vainglorious complacency that prompted Franz to report his success to a friend on July 18, 1843:

In the course of the last half year I have become a composer. How it has happened, I do not know. This much is certain: practically one song a day. Just imagine what a harvest that may lead to. The people have put it into my head that my songs are good. I doubted that and forwarded some of them to Schumann. He has now completely turned my head. Without my knowledge and without my request he has given my songs to a publisher and they have been printed. Just think of it: Songs by Franz, etc. All the corner-stones are laughing with jubilant enthusiasm! To attempt to tell you all the nice and flattering experiences with my songs would smack too much of vanity. But one thing I cannot repress for joy: Mendelssohn has written me a long letter and has said things to me that certainly are not said to many. He is full of pleasure and amiability.

To be praised simultaneously and from the start by two shining lights in music meant double satisfaction for him who had been misjudged so often. Schumann's criticism of Franz's opus 1 in the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik" is still worth reading as it clearly sets forth the vital differences between the easy-going methods of song composers at and before the time of Beethoven

and of the later masters of song, including Franz.

Only Chopin and Brahms received from Schumann such a brilliant introduction to the world of music as did Franz. It helped incidentally to better the financial status of Franz, who was satisfied with little and never succeeded in accumulating riches. Also Dr. Erich had again lent a helping hand and had procured for him the post of organist at St. Ulric's. (The document of appointment is dated August 15, 1841, and is still in possession of the family.) In the following year we see Franz at the head of the Singakademie, and through the friendly efforts of Julius Schäffer, subsequently director of music at the University of Breslau, he succeeded Naue as assistant-conductor of the "Akademische Liedertafel." Schäffer, at the time a student of theology and philosophy at Halle, became one of Franz's most loyal followers and never missed an opportunity to fight for the cause of his friend.

Franz substituted for Naue, the former director of music at the University of Halle, in other directions, too, until officially confirmed in 1859 as his successor. A trip to Vienna in 1846 brought him into personal contact with Liszt, who immediately welcomed him as "congenial." The hearty reception and the intelligent appreciation of his artistic endeavors by the Viennese, made his trip to the old "Kaiserstadt" an ever-memorable event in his life. In particular Liszt, always ready to encourage real talent, voluntered assistance. He saw to the publication of Franz's opus 9 and the four hand pianoforte arrangement of Schubert's D minor quartet.

In 1848 Franz's material prospects permitted him to marry, not "Louise G.," the young lady who had inspired his first song cycles, but Maria Hinrichs, the daughter of the philosopher. Into their bliss there sounded shortly afterwards that fatally shrill whistle of an engine. For days Franz was deaf, and until his hearing returned a sensation as of a noisy torrent tormented his ears. The higher tones had dropped from his aural perception forever, and gradually in the course of twenty years they were

followed by tone after tone of the entire range.

In addition to this terrible affliction, we know how Franz had to surmount various difficulties that beset his path towards recognition in Halle, whereas outside of his home city appreciation of his work steadily increased. This situation applied both to his songs and his editorial work in the interest of a fitting revival of the master works of Bach and Händel. The sixties were devoted

principally to these editorial labors and in a spirit of resignation Franz saw his "Neuausgaben" spread through foreign countries

faster than through Germany.

How the year 1856 brought with it a new era for him has been told in the third chapter. I merely add here that the University of Halle conferred on him the honorary degree of Dr. The King honored his propaganda for Bach and Händel in 1867 by a yearly stipend of 200 thaler—cancelled ten years later through the machinations of envious enemies. Nor need Americans be told that America was among the first to give due credit to the songs of Franz. Nor how Otto Dresel championed Franz in his song-recitals. Indeed, as early as 1865 songs of Franz were published in America with English texts. Two years later a benefit for the composer at Boston netted 2000 thaler—a sub-

stantial proof of his growing popularity.

In the meantime his ear trouble had assumed a serious aspect. He gave touching expression to the hopelessness of his condition in his correspondence of those years. The catastrophe soon followed: total deafness compelled the master early in 1867 to withdraw from public life. And again darkness fell upon him, for he was by no means so situated financially as yet that he could spend the rest of his life in a dolce far niente. In this crisis the true friends of his art, and they were many, rallied around him. Acting on a suggestion from Franz's publisher Constantin Sander, a committee was formed to consider ways and means for offering to the master an honorary donation sufficiently large to remove all worry about the future from his mind. Baron Arnold Senfft von Pilsach was the chairman, assisted by men of renown, as for instance Franz Liszt and Minister Baron von Keudell. Men of literary fame responded to the call and concentrated the attention of the musical world upon the deaf master of song. Everywhere in Germany Franz-concerts were given with the active participation of such "stars" as Joseph and Amalie Joachim and Eugen Gura. Vienna also came to the fore and in America men like Osgood seconded the efforts of Dresel. Thus the committee could present to Robert Franz on June 28, 1873, his fifty-eighth birthday, a love-offering of 30,000 thaler.

Refreshened by all this, Franz now published several cycles selected from earlier, unpublished compositions which he retouched for the occasion. Op. 52 of 1884, "dedicated to his dear children Lisbeth and Richard," was his last love-offering. The preceding opus he dedicated to King Ludwig of Bavaria in thankful appreciation of the Order of Maximilian. In the Händel-year 1885

Halle made him an honorary citizen and on the occasion of his seventieth birthday tokens of respect and admiration reached

him from the four corners of the earth.

Honored and loved, free from care, he could spend the evenings of his life in contemplation of a rich harvest of accomplishment. The loss of dear friends, Liszt, Osterwald and Dresel. and of his loyal wife (1891) poured a last drop of bitterness into his cup. On October 24, 1892, he followed them to eternal rest.

### THE MAN

Robert Franz, the man, possessed many sterling characteristics, chief of them his sincerity of purpose. He would defend his opinions, even obviously wrong opinions, with stubbornness. because they expressed his innermost convictions. for the many rough and tough utterances to be found in his letters. He applied not always exactly parliamentary language to his opponents. But Franz never dreamed of seeing his letters published! As his deafness grew from bad to worse, he saw himself more and more obliged to take refuge to the written word as a means of communication. And so he "spoke" on paper with the same nonchalant and exaggerated freedom of vocabulary as others That the written or printed word often do in conversation. sounds harsher than intended, we all know.

Just as his songs are introspective rather than outwardly brilliant and just as his conducting aimed more at intelligent coöperation of his singers than at brilliancy of effect in concertperformance, so his whole personality shrank from occupying the center of the stage. Nor does his voluminous activity as an editor contradict this, since we know from numerous remarks of his that he considered himself always and primarily the servant

of Bach and Händel.

How it went against his grain to be dragged into partystrife and to be forced into the rôle of a pope of music, may be illustrated by his attitude toward Wagner. At first he based his estimate of him (and it was not favorable) on "opinions emanating from the Mendelssohn and Schumann clique." He revised it completely after hearing the memorable première of "Lohengrin" at Weimar (1850) under Liszt, and he wrote a letter to this effect to Max Waldau (pseud, of Spiller von Hauenschild). Whereupon Waldau published the letter without divulging the name of the writer. This did not prevent the authorship from becoming known at Weimar, but when the Wagner-party, through Hans v. Bülow, requested permission to inscribe his name, as it were, on their banner, Franz promptly refused. Not until Liszt, to whom he felt under obligations, urged him, did he consent. And so Franz, really against his will, was dragged onto the firing line and he had occasion to regret the step for a good many years afterwards.

That a man with his introspective tendencies attached little importance to externals was but natural. He was the very opposite of a dandy—"dress-suit and silk-hat" he scorned and hated. This indifference to sartorial conventions would put him occasionally in an awkward position, because frequently nobody expected in him the celebrated Robert Franz. But such experiences he submitted to with good humor.

One of his contemporaries, Theodor Held, has recorded this vivid and reliable pen-picture of Franz's appearance:

Franz arose. Lean, fairly tall and sinewy, he moved forward with a stoop and with nervous restlessness as if otherwise he might not reach his goal. His free and slightly receding forehead, his prominent eyebrows and his long, pointed nose made an impressive combination. His blue eyes had a kindly and arch expression. The whole picture was framed by dark, closely brushed hair, which did not turn to grey until his very last years. Beardless he went through the world. He spoke rapidly but clearly, with a slight lisp and among intimate friends almost in the jargon of Halle which, sung, approaches closely to the dialect of Meissen.

The photograph accompanying this essay, Franz's son-in-law Superintendent Bethge told me, is one of the most characteristic and best.

Though Franz was of a retiring disposition and disliked the noise of the world, he was by no means a philistine or crank. He was constantly adding to his fund of knowledge and the study of belles-lettres was a source of purest delight to him. Even politics attracted him, though he did not appear in public as a political orator or leader. This interest in politics was fostered by the circle of his friends, who watched political events with close attention, and in politics Franz was always a pronounced Progressive.

Without the manners of a man of the world like Liszt and without the faculty to make people talk about him, he needed more time than others to attract attention and to gain recognition. Once it was gained by dint of his music, his soul was filled with joy and gratitude and he required but a modicum of appreciation to feel happy. It was characteristic of him in this respect that the memory of those beautiful days at Vienna (1846) was indelibly

associated with the memory of the "many, genuine Havanas" smoked there at Liszt's. Indeed, smoking was one of the few

pleasures that he did not like to deny himself.

All in all, Franz was intensely human and nothing human was foreign to him. But above all an idealistic enthusiasm for the beautiful—with him just another word for the good and true—glorified his personality and made it so harmonious. And certainly it is in keeping with these ideals of the master, if we now take leave of him with the words of Keats:

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

(Translated by Frank Lester).

## THE CLASSIC CHOPIN

## By JAMES HUNEKER

THAT Chopin is a classic need not be unduly insisted upon: he is classic in the sense of representing the best in musical literature; but that he is of a classical complexion as a composer from the beginning of his career may seem in the nature of a paradox. Nevertheless, it is a thesis that may be successfully maintained, now since old party lines have been effaced. To battle seriously for such words as Classic or Romantic or Realism is no longer possible. Cultured Europe did so for a century, as it once wrangled over doctrinal points; as if the salvation of mankind depended upon the respective verbal merits of transubstantiation or consubstantiation. Only yesterday that ugly word "degeneracy," thanks to quack critics and charlatan "psychiatrists" figured as a means of estimating genius. This method has quite vanished among reputable thinkers though it has left behind it another misunderstood vocable—decadence. Wagner is called decadent. So is Chopin. While Richard Strauss is held up as the prime exponent of musical decadence. What precisely is decadent? Says Havelock Ellis:

Technically, a decadent style is only such in relation to a classic style. It is simply a further development of a classic style, a further specialization, the homogeneous, in Spencerian phraseology, having become heterogeneous. The first is beautiful because the parts are subordinated to the whole; the second is beautiful because the whole is subordinated to the parts... Swift's prose is classic, Pater's decadent... Roman architecture is classic, to become in its Byzantine developments completely decadent, and St. Mark's is the perfected type of decadence in art; pure early Gothic, again, is strictly classic in the highest degree because it shows an absolute subordination of detail to the bold harmonies of structure, while the later Gothic... is decadent... All art is the rising and falling of the slopes of a rhythmic curve between these two classic and decadent extremes.

I purposely make this rather lengthy quotation as it clearly sets forth a profound but not widely appreciated fact. In art, as in life, there is no absolute. Perhaps the most illuminating statement concerning the romantic style was uttered by Théophile Gautier. Of it he wrote (in his essay on Baudelaire): "Unlike

the classic style it admits shadow." We need not bother ourselves about the spirit of romanticism; that has been done to the death by hundreds of critics. And it is a sign of the times that the old-fashioned Chopin is fading, while we are now vitally interested in him as a formalist. Indeed, Chopin the romantic, poetic, patriotic, sultry, sensuous, morbid, and Chopin the pianist, need not enter into our present scheme. He has appeared to popular fancy as everything from Thaddeus of Warsaw to an exotic drawing-room hero: from the sentimental consumptive consoled by countesses to the accredited slave of George Sand. All this is truly the romantic Chopin. It is the obverse of the medal that piques curiosity. Why the classic quality of his compositions, their clarity, concision, purity, structural balance, were largely missed by so many of his contemporaries is a mystery. Because of his obviously romantic melodies he was definitely ranged with the most extravagant of the romantics, with Berlioz, Schumann, Liszt: but, as a matter of fact, he is formally closer to Mendelssohn. His original manner of distributing his thematic material deceived the critics. He refused to join the revolutionists; later in the case of Flaubert we come upon an analogous condition. Hailed as chief of the realists the author of "Madame Bovary" took an ironic delight in publishing "Salammbô," which was romantic enough to please that prince of romanticists, Victor Hugo. Chopin has been reproached for his tepid attitude toward romanticism. and also because of his rather caustic criticisms of certain leaders. He, a musical aristocrat pur sang, held aloof, though he permitted himself to make some sharp commentaries on Schubert, Schumann and Berlioz. Decidedly not a romantic despite his romantic externalism. Decidedly a classic despite his romantic "content." Of him Stendhal might have written: a classic is a dead romantic! (Heine left no epic, yet he is an indubitable classic.) Wise Goethe said: "The point is for a work to be thoroughly good and then it is sure to be classical."

But it is not because of the classicism achieved by the pathos of distance that Chopin's special case makes an appeal. It is Chopin as a consummate master of music that interests us. In his admirable "Chopin the Composer," Edgar Stillman Kelley considers Chopin and puts out of court the familiar "gifted amateur," "improvisatore of genius," and the rest of the theatrical stock description by proving beyond peradventure of a doubt that Fredéric François Chopin was not only a creator of new harmonies, inventor of novel figuration, but also a musician skilled in the handling of formal problems, one grounded in the schools of Bach,

Mozart, Beethoven; furthermore, that if he did not employ the sonata form in its severest sense, he literally built on it as a foundation. He managed the rondo with ease and grace, and if he did not write fugues it was because the fugue form did not attract him. Perhaps the divination of his own limitations is a further manifestation of his extraordinary genius. This does not imply that Chopin had any particular genius in counterpoint, but to deny his mastery of polyphony is a grave error. And it is still denied with the very evidence staring his critics in the face. Beethoven in his sonatas demonstrated his individuality, though coming after Mozart's perfect specimens in that form. Chopin did not try to bend the bow of Ulysses, though more than a word might be said of his two last Sonatas—the first is boyishly pedantic, and monotonous in key-contrast, while the 'cello and piano sonata hardly can be ranked as an exemplar of classic form.

Of the Etudes Mr. Kelley says:

In this group of masterpieces we find the more desirable features of the classical school—diatonic melodies, well-balanced phrase and period building—together with the richness afforded by chromatic harmonies and modulatory devices heretofore unknown.

Indeed, a new system of music that changed the entire current of the art. It was not without cause that I once called Chopin the "open door"; through his door the East entered and whether for good or for ill certainly revolutionized Western music. Mr. Hadow is right in declaring that "Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, are not as far from each other as the music of 1880 from that of 1914." And Chopin was the most potent influence, in company with Beethoven and Wagner, in bringing about that change. I say in company with Beethoven and Wagner, for I heartily agree with Frederick Niecks in his recent "startling judgment" (for some) that

I consider Chopin to be one of the three most powerful factors in the development of nineteenth century music, the other two being, of course, Beethoven and Wagner. The absolute originality of Chopin's personality, and that of its expression through novel harmony, chromaticism, figuration justifies the assertion. And none will deny the fact who takes the trouble to trace the Polish master's influence on his contemporaries and successors. The greatest and most powerful composers came under this influence, to a large extent, by the process of infiltration.

Mr. Kelley gives us chapter and verse in the particular case of Wagner and his absorption of the harmonic schemes of Chopin, as did the late Anton Seidl many times for my particular benefit.

However, this only brings us back to Chopin the innovator, whereas it is the aspect of the classic Chopin which has been neglected. "As far back as 1840 Chopin was employing half tones with a freedom that brought upon him the wrath of conservative critics," writes Mr. Hadow, who admires the Pole with reservations, not placing him in such august company as have Professor Niecks or Mr. Kelley. True, Chopin was a pioneer in several departments of his art, yet how few recognized or recognize today that Schumann is the more romantic composer of the pair: his music is a very jungle of romantic formlessness; his "Carneval" the epitome of romantic musical portraiture—with "Chopin" more Chopin than the original. Contrast the noble Fantasie in C. Opus 17 of Schumann with the equally noble Fantasy in F minor, Opus 49 of Chopin and ask which is the more romantic in spirit, structure and technique. Unquestionably to Schumann would be awarded the quality of romanticism. He is more fantastic, though his fantasy is less decorative; he strays into the most delightful and umbrageous paths and never falters in the preservation of romantic atmosphere. Now look on the other There is Chopin, who, no matter his potentialities, never experimented in the larger symphonic mould, and as fully imbued with the poetic spirit as Schumann; nevertheless a master of his patterns, whether in figuration or general structure. His Mazourkas are sonnets, and this Fantasy in F minor is, as Mr. Kelley points out, a highly complex rondo; as are the Ballades and Scherzos. Beethoven, doubtless, would have developed the eloquent main theme more significantly; strictly speaking, Chopin introduces so much new melodic material that the rondo-form is greatly modified, yet never quite banished. The architectonics of the composition are more magnificent than in Schumann, although I do not propose to make invidious comparisons. Both works are classics in the accepted sense of the term. But Chopin's Fantasy is more classic in sentiment and structure.

The Sonatas in B flat minor and B minor are "awful examples" for academic theorists. They are not faultless as to form and do sadly lack in organic unity. Schumann particularly criticizes the Sonata opus 35 because of the inclusion of the Funeral March, and the homophonic, "invertebrate" finale. But the two first movements are distinct contributions to Sonata literature, even if in the first movement the opening theme is not recapitulated. I confess that I am glad it is not, though the solemn title "Sonata" becomes thereby a mockery. The composer adequately treats this first motive in the development section so that its absence

later is not annoyingly felt. There are, I agree with Mr. Kellev. some bars that are surprisingly like a certain page of "Die Götterdämmerung," as the "Feuerzauber" music may be noted in the flickering chromaticism of the E minor concerto; or as the first phrase of the C minor Etude, opus 10, No. 12, is to be found in "Tristan and Isolde"—Isolde's opening measure "Wer wagt mich zu höhnen." (The orchestra plays the identical Chopin phrase.) This first movement of the B flat minor Sonata-with four bars of introduction, evidently suggested by the sublime opening of Beethoven's C minor Sonata opus 111, does not furnish us with as concrete example as the succeeding Scherzo in E flat minor. (for me) one of the most perfect examples of Chopin's exquisite formal sense. While it is not as long-breathed as the C Sharp minor Scherzo, its concision makes it more tempting to the student. In character stormier than the Scherzo opus 39, its thematic economy and development-by close parallelism of phraseology, as Mr. Hadow points out-reveal not only a powerful creative impulse, but erudition of the highest order. No doubt Chopin did improvise freely, did come easily by his melodies, but the travail of a giant in patience—again you think of Flaubert -is shown in the polishing of his periods. He is a poet who wrote perfect pages.

The third Scherzo, less popular but of deeper import than the one in B flat minor, is in spirit splenetic, ironical and passionate. yet with what precision and balance the various and antagonistic moods are grasped and portrayed. And every measure is logically accounted for. The automatism inherent in all passage-work he almost eliminated, and he spiritualized ornament and arabesque. It is the triumph of art over temperament. No one has ever accused Chopin of lacking warmth; indeed, thanks to a total misconception of his music, he is tortured into a roaring tornado by sentimentalists and virtuosi. But if he is carefully studied it will be seen that he is greatly preoccupied with form—his own form, be it understood—and that the linear in nearly all of his compositions takes precedence over color. I know this sounds heretical. But while I do not yield an iota in my belief that Chopin is the most poetic among composers (as Shelley is among poets, and Vermeer is the painter's painter) it is high time that he be viewed from a different standpoint. The versatility of the man, his genius as composer and pianist, the novelty of his figuration and form dazzled his contemporaries or else blinded them to his true import. Individual as are the six Scherzos two of them are in the Sonatas—they nevertheless stem from

classic soil; the scherzo is not new with him, nor are its rhythms. But the Ballades are Chopinesque to the last degree, with their embellished thematic cadenzas, modulatory motives, richly decorated harmonic designs, and their incomparable "content"; above all, in their amplification of the coda, a striking extension of the postlude, making it as pregnant with meaning as the main themes. The lordly flowing narration of the G minor Ballade; the fantastic wavering outlines of the second Ballade—which on close examination exhibits the firm burin of a masterful etcher; the beloved third Ballade, a formal masterpiece; and the F minor Ballade, most elaborate and decorative of the set-are there, I ask, in all piano literature such original compositions? The four Impromptus are mood-pictures, highly finished, not lacking boldness of design, and in the second, F sharp major, there are fertile figurative devices and rare harmonic treatment. The melodic organ-point is original. Polyphonic complexity is to be found in some of the Mazourkas. Ehlert mentions a "perfect canon in the octave" in

one of them. (C sharp minor, opus 63.)

Of the Concertos there is less to be said, for the conventional form was imposed by the title. Here Chopin is not the greater Chopin, notwithstanding the beautiful music for the solo instrument. The sonata form is not desperately evaded, and in the rondo of the E minor concerto he o'ertops Hummel on his native heath. As to the instrumentation I do not believe Chopin had much to do with it; it is the average colorless scoring of his day. Nor do I believe with some of his admirers that he will bear transposition to the orchestra, or even to the violin. It does not attenuate the power and originality of his themes because they are essentially of the piano. A song is for the voice and is not bettered by orchestral arrangement. The same may be said of the classic concertos for violin. With all due respect for those who talk about the Beethoven Sonatas being "orchestral," I only ask why is it they sound so "unorchestral" when scored for the full battery of instruments? The Sonata Pathétique loses its character thus treated. So does the A flat Polonaise of Chopin, heroic as are its themes. Render unto the keyboard that which is composed for it. The Appassionata Sonata in its proper medium is as thrilling as the Eroica Symphony. The so-called "orchestral test" is no test at all; only a confusion of terms and of artistic Chopin thought for the piano; he is the greatest substances. composer for the piano; by the piano he stands or falls. The theme of the grandiose A minor Etude (opus 25, No. 11) is a perfect specimen of his invention; yet it sounds elegiac and

feminine when compared with the first tragic theme of Beethoven's

C minor Symphony.

The Allegro de Concert opus 46 is not his most distinguished work, truncated concerto as it is, but it proves that he could fill a larger canvas than the Valse. In the Mazourkas and Etudes he is closer to Bach than elsewhere. His early training under Elsner was sound and classical. But he is the real Chopin when he goes his own way, a fiery poet, a bold musician, but also a refined, tactful temperament, despising the facile, the exaggerated, and bent upon achieving a harmonious synthesis. Truly a classic composer in his solicitude for contour, and for chastity of style. The Slav in him was tempered by the Gallic strain. Insatiable in his dreams, he fashioned them into shapes of enduring beauty.

You would take from us the old Chopin, the greater Chopin. the dramatic, impassioned poet-improvisatore, I hear some cry! Not in the least. Chopin is Chopin. He sings, even under the fingers of pedants, and today is butchered in the class-room to make a holiday for theorists. Nevertheless, he remains unique. Sometimes the whole in his work is subordinated to the parts, sometimes the parts are subordinated to the whole. The romantic "shadow" is there, also the classic structure. Again let me call your attention to the fact that if he had not juggled so mystifyingly with the sacrosanct tonic and dominant, had not distributed his thematic material in a different manner from the prescribed methods of the schools, he would have been cheerfully, even enthusiastically, saluted by his generation. But we should have lost the real Chopin.

# PAULINE VIARDOT-GARCIA TO JULIUS RIETZ (LETTERS OF FRIENDSHIP)<sup>1</sup>

OST of the letters here published were written during the stress and strain of concertising in England and Ireland. One really wonders how Mme. Viardot found time and freshness of mind to pen espistles that run to a dozen pages. And not always in a hand which is a joy for the patient transcriber, as the facsimile of the page with her amusing caricature of Hatton will illustrate. Of course, these letters deal principally with her impressions of England, musical and unmusical. For that reason alone they would make interesting reading, but space did not permit quotation in full. However, the very first letter—that written from London on January 21, 1859—is of an entirely different nature:

My dear, good friend,

Yesterday at eight o'clock I left all my dear ones, and at ten in the evening

I was in London with my brother, who is also my real friend.

The sea-trip was bad for almost everybody but me. The Lord made me just fit for travelling. It was in my blood before I was born. Even when I am at my happiest in any place, I cannot see any one depart on a journey without feeling a certain yearning to go along. I must surely have that from my father, for . . . now don't take fright, he was born in Seville, in that part of the town where only Gypsies live—there you have the great secret! My father knew his

mother, but he never knew anything about his father.

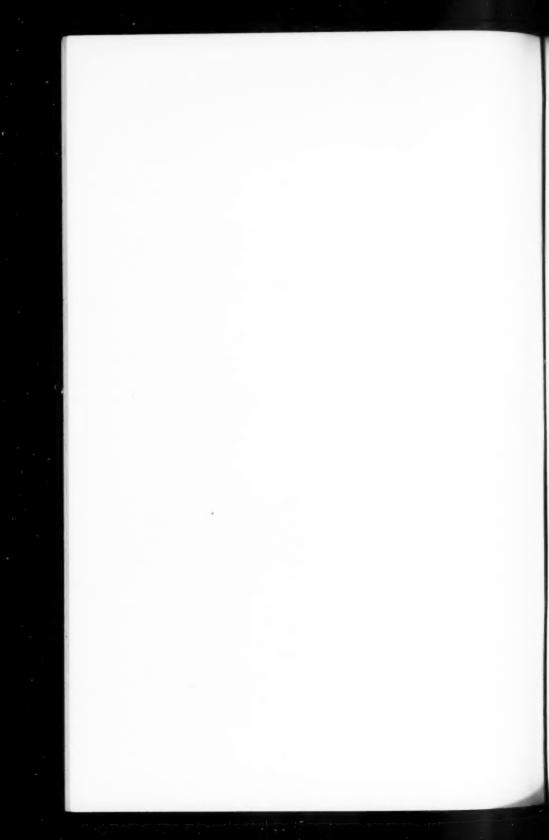
My mother, on the other hand, is of noble descent. Nothing can vex her more than when my brother and I, in fun, make some allusion to our Egyptian origin. But I hasten to add, that when my father was only six years old, at the time his mother died, he forsook his companions and became an industrious boy—and at the age of eleven he enchanted all Seville on Sundays in the cathedral. In matters of art he was always strict, high-minded and calm. His life was a mixture of passion, wild freaks, magnificent benevolence, insane daring, childish naïveté, unbounded kindness of heart, and a bold, overflowing joy in existence that could not be quelled. Ah, what a pity it is that I could not become intimately familiar with that strange, "genial" nature! it always seems to me that we ought to have been two friends! All his thoughts were so grand, so all-embracing! he could do everything in such a beautiful way! Riches and poverty (for we experienced both during my childhood) he bore with equal freedom, and knew how to make both amusing for his family.

I still remember that on our return from Mexico, after our robbery by the brigands (a story you doubtless have often read) had despoiled us of the entire fortune my father possessed and which he was carrying away in gold and silver

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Continued from the July number.



Pauline Viardot-Garcia (From the "Revue Etrangère") Collection of Rud. E. Schirmer



Mein guter lieber Freund,

Gestern um 8 Uhr habe ich alle meine Lieben verlassen, und um zehn Uhr Abends war ich in London mit meinem Bruder, der auch mein wahrer Freund ist.

Die Seereise war schlecht für fast alle ausser mir. Gott hat mich wie zum Reisen geschaffen. Es liegt mir schon im Blut vor meiner Geburt. Selbst wenn ich am glücklichsten mich in einem Ort fühle, kann ich nicht jemand wegreisen sehen, ohne ein gewisses Sehnen mit fort zu gehen, zu fühlen. Das muss ich gewiss vom Vater haben, denn . . . erschrecken Sie nicht, er ist in Sevilla, in dem Theil der Stadt wo nur Zigenner wohnen, geboren—da haben Sie le grand seeret! Mein Vater hat seine Mutter gekannt, aber von seinem Vater hat er nie was gewusst.

Meine Mutter dagegen ist von adeliger Stamm. Nichts kann sie mehr kränken als wenn mein Bruder und ich zum Spass eine Anspielung auf unsere Aegyptische Origine machen. Aber ich muss hinzufügen, dass schon als mein Vater 6 Jahr alt war, als seine Mutter starb, er seine Kameraden verliess und ein fleissiger Junge wurde—und der 11 jährige Knabe entzückte ganz Sevilla Sonntags im Dom. In der Kunst ist er immer streng, edel und ruhig geblieben. Sein Leben ist eine Mischung von Leidenschaft, wildem Treiben, grandioser Wohlthätigkeit, verrücktem Muth, kindischer Naivität, grenzenloser Herzensgüte und keckem übersprudelndem Uebermuth der nicht zu domptiren war. Ach, Schade dass ich den sonderbaren genialen Mensch nicht habe vollständig kennen lernen gekonnt! mir ist es immer als ob wir zwei Freunde hätten sein müssen! Alle seine Gedanken waren so grossartig, so allumfassend! er wusste alles so schön zu machen! Reichthum und Armuth (denn Beides haben wir in meiner Kindheit erlebt,) wusste er so frei zu ertragen und seiner Familie so amüsant zu machen.

Je me rappelle toujours qu'à notre retour de Mexico, lors du vol par les brigands (histoire que vous devez avoir lu souvent) qui nous a enlevé toute la fortune que mon père possédait et qu'il rapportait en espèces or et argent, fumoney, in our flight from the revolutions breaking out all over Mexico—then, near Vera Cruz, we were completely stripped of everything, down to our clothes!
—well, I do not remember ever having heard more natural and infectious bursts of laughter than those of my father during the night following the loss of his whole fortune. Much more, he succeeded in bringing into jovial humor a dozen travellers belonging to our caravan, all of whom, like my father, had been robbed and ruined.

All together we were some thirty persons, at least twenty of whom were women or children. The brigands numbered sixty-on horseback, masked, and armed to the teeth. There was not the remotest possibility of offering resistance. They forced the men to lie down on the ground, face downward, and at the slightest movement a musket was pointed at them. When we were assailed, the men were made to throw themselves on the ground, and the women told to go "into the woods." My mother contented herself with taking a few steps, holding me by the hand, and then sat down on the ground, holding me in her arms and enveloping me in a great mantle of Scotch plaid (I can see it still) that she was wearing. I remember that I was trembling and that my teeth were chattering. But I think it was from cold. I can still hear myself asking Mamma very softly, "Mamma, are they going to kill us now?" and I also hear the reply, "Yes, yes, be quiet, be quiet." The time seemed long to me; I thought they really might as well kill us, and done with it. I can still see my father, half-naked, lying face downward a few steps away from us, shivering and shaking—but, in his case, it was with rage. I also see, in one of the movements I made to breathe outside of that mantle which Mamma was pressing against my mouth to prevent me from continually repeating the same question -I see, I repeat, one of the brigands making off at a gallop with his arms full of packages, and bearing away on his back my own little mantle, which fitted him like a small neckpiece.—I remember that this made me feel badly, because it was made of just the same kind of goods as Mamma's, and I felt very proud when wearing it—I felt like a grown-up person in a mantle like Mamma! I fancy that my vexation was mingled with a certain humiliation at seeing how small my mantle looked on the back of that ugly, masked man who was disappearing so swiftly with it!

From time to time we heard the report of a gun, preceded, accompanied and followed by cries and frightful curses—the strokes of hammers breaking up trunks and boxes, the whimperings of women who had followed Mamma's example and sat down on the ground around us instead of going "into the woods," the laughter of the brigands, the trampling of horses, and, like a pedal-point to all this discord, the roaring of the wind through this gorge surrounded by mountains in whose midst we were—all this was fearsomely beautiful—and pleased me, although it set my teeth a-chattering. This scene continued for two mortal hours!

When the call "Stand up!" resounded, only two of the brigands still remained, who made everybody resume their places in the vehicles in an orderly manner, but without allowing us to pick up even the least of the scraps that were scattered about on the ground.—Well, then night fell on all this—night, adding its gloom to this scene which was one of our luckiest experiences, not only according to what my father said, but in the opinion of some of our comrades in misfortune whom I met again later. No one had been wounded, and nobody feared the danger of losing anything more. I, a little girl of seven, slept like. . . as well as I sleep now—for a sound sleep is one of my virtues. And, nevertheless,

yant les révolutions qui eclataient dans tout le Mexique—or, près de Vera Cruz nous fûmes complètement dépouillés de tout, presque des vêtements!—eh bien, je ne me rappelle pas avoir jamais entendu des eclats de rire plus francs et plus communicatifs que ceux de mon père pendant la nuit qui a suivi la perte de toute sa fortune. Bien plus, il est parvenu à mettre en humeur joviale une douzaine de voyageurs qui faisaient partie de notre caravane et qui, comme mon père, avaient aussi été volés et ruinés.

Nous étions en tout une trentaine de personnes dont au moins vingt étaient des femmes ou des enfants. Les brigands étaient au nombre de 60-à cheval, masqués et armés jusqu'aux dents. Il n'y avait pas moyen de songer à faire resistance. On a forcé tous les hommes à se coucher ventre à terre et au moindre mouvement un mousquet était dirigé sur lui. Lorsque nous avons été assaillis on a donné aux hommes de se coucher à terre, aux femmes d'aller "dans le bois." Ma mère s'est contenté de faire quelque pas me tenant par la main. et s'est assise par terre, m'a prise dans ses bras et m'a enveloppée dans un grand manteau à carreaux ecossais (je le vois encore!) qu'elle portait. Je me souviens que je tremblais et que mes dents claquaient. Mais je crois que c'était de froid. Je m'entends encore demander à maman tout bas "Maman est-ce à présent qu'on va nous tuer?" et j'entends aussi la réponse: "oui, oui, tais-toi, tais-toi." Le temps me semblait long, je trouvais qu'ils pourraient bien se dépêcher de nous tuer. Je vois encore mon père à moitié nu, étendu face contre terre à quelques pas de nous, tremblant grelottant—mais lui, c'était de rage—Je vois aussi, dans un de mes mouvements pour respirer hors de ce manteau que maman pressait contre ma bouche pour m'empêcher de refaire toujours ma même question, je vois, dis-je, un des brigands partir en galop les bras pleins de paquets et emportant sur son dos mon petit manteau à moi qui lui allait comme une petite pèlerine. . . Je me rappelle que cela m'a fait de la peine—car il était tout pareil comme etoffe à celui de maman et j'étais toute fière quand je le mettais—Je me paraissais une grande personne avec un manteau comme maman! Je crois que dans mon chagrin il entrait aussi un peu d'humiliation de voir que mon manteau était si petit sur le dos de ce vilain homme masqué qui s'en allait si vite avec!

On entendait de temps à autre un coup de fusil précédé, accompagné et suivi de cris et de jurons effroyable—les coups de marteaux qui cassaient les coffres, le bagage, les gémissements des femmes qui avaient suivi l'exemple de maman et s'étaient couchées autour de nous au lieu d'aller "dans les bois," les rires des brigands, les piétinements des chevaux et comme pédale à toute cette discordance le hurlement du vent qui soufflait dans cette gorge entourée de montagnes où nous nous trouvions—tout cela était affreusement beau—et tout en me faisant claquer des dents me plaisait. Cette scène a duré 2 mortelles heures!

Lorsque le cri "debout!" a retenti, il ne restait plus que deux brigands, qui ont fait remonter tout le monde dans les voitures avec ordre, mais sans permettre que l'on ramassât quoique ce fût des brimborions qui étaient restés eparpillés par terre—Eh bien c'est la nuit qui a suivi ceci, nuit qui assombrissait la fin de cette scène, qui a été, au dire non seulement de mon père, mais de quelques uns de nos camarades d'infortune qui j'ai revus depuis, une des plus heureuses de leur vie. Personne n'avait été blessé, et l'on ne se sentait plus en danger de rien perdre. Moi, petite fille de 7 ans, j'ai dormi comme. . . je dois à présent—car un bon sommeil est une de mes vertus. Et cependant les rires me réveillaient à chaque instant et je me mettais à rire aussi tout en m'endormant.

I was awakened every minute by laughter and began to laugh with the others-

while falling asleep again.

Do not smile at me-but the memory of this occurrence, the most striking of my childhood, affects me profoundly. Not until now have I realized what a wonderful elasticity and charm and magnetism my father must have possessed! From him I experienced only tenderness—he loved me passionately and delicately. He, who (I am told) had been so severe and so violent with my sister, treated me with angelic kindness. Only once in my life did he strike me, and this is why he did so: One day he called me to read at the piano something that he had just written. I began rather carelessly, and in one measure was totally at fault. "Pay attention!" he said to me. I began over again, making the same mistakes. "You are not paying attention—begin again!" Once more the same blunders assail his ears—"Veux-tu faire attention, sacr..." The oath had its effect, and I emerged triumphant from the fatal measure—yes, but at the same instant a formidable cuff nearly sent me to the floor-"Why didn't you pay proper attention the first time instead of the last? You would have spared both of us-yourself the physical pain of receiving a cuff, and me the moral pain of giving you one." My father was right, and since that day I have realized that as soon as one sets out to do a thing one should concentrate one's entire attention upon it.

Poor Father, how I should have adored him, had I known him later in life. I was ten and a half years of age when I lost him. If he had lived, God knows what my life might have been! probably very different from what it is. After all, what God does is well done.—Unhappily I possess not one of my father's brilliant and fascinating qualities, but I resemble him in this—that I do not do things by halves, and that I have a horror of hypocrisy. When I think I ought to do anything, I will do it spite of water, fire, society, the whole world. My will-power exercises strong control over me-and I love my friends more, oh, infinitely more, than my own life. Place that side by side with this passion for change, this physical instability which is innate in me, the most complete indifference for the majority of the persons whom I know, and above all for happenings which might be expected to engage my interest—a positive horror of the 2 and 2 make 4—a total absence of mathematical faculties—I should be incapable of taking charge of my own affairs—and after all I think I am a passable housewife, simply and solely through will-power, for I detest giving orders to servants; making my cook understand that I know she steals is something impossible for me. I would rather be robbed—I content myself with thinking that it is because I like it-and because I am stupid.

And nevertheless there is order in my home—contrary to my nature—through my will! Oh, how many ill deeds I should have done without that will, the well-nigh inseparable sister of my conscience. And still I love all things lovely and good! and I believe that when one yields to that love one cannot do anything really bad. Do you not believe so? What inward happiness, every day that will has won a victory over passion, over instinct! One is prostrated, but the knowledge of having raised one's self a step towards the good supports us and lends us strength to endure cruel suffering at times. When one

will, one can always find antidotes-alas, yes, one finds them!

The 21st, 11 P. M.

I do not know [whether] all that I told you this morning has given you a notion of what my father was, but I know that in thus recalling him he became almost present to me. I have thought about it all day; when you come to see

Ne vous moquez pas de moi, mais ce souvenir, le plus marquant de mon enfance, m'émeut profondément. C'est à présent seulement que je reconnais tout ce qu'il y a dû avoir d'elasticité et de charme et d'entrain dans mon père! je n'ai éprouvé que de la tendresse de sa part-il m'aimait passionément et Lui qui avait été, dit-on, si sévère et si violent avec ma sœur, il a usé d'une douceur angélique avec moi. Je n'ai reçu de lui qu'un seul soufflet dans ma vie, et voici à quel propos: Un jour il m'appela pour déchiffrer au piano quelque chose qu'il venait d'écrire. Je commence sans grande attention et m'embrouille tout à fait dans une mesure-"Fais attention" me dit-il. Je recommence avec les mêmes fautes. "Tu ne fais pas attention, recommence!" Les mêmes fautes lui écorchent de nouveau les oreilles-"Veux tu faire attention. sacr. . . " Le juron fait son effet et je sors triomphante de la mesure fatale—oui, mais au même instant un formidable soufflet me jette presque par terre-"Pourquoi n'as-tu pas fait dès la 1re fois autant d'attention que la dernière? Tu nous aurais évité, à toi la douleur physique de recevoir un soufflet, à moi la douleur morale de te le donner." Mon père avait raison, et depuis ce jour j'ai compris que dès que l'on se met à faire une chose il faut y concentrer toute son attention.

Pauvre père, comme je l'aurais adoré si je l'avais connu plus tard! j'avais 10 ans et ½ lorsque je l'ai perdu. S'il avait vecu, Dieu sait quelle aurait été ma vie! probablement bien différente de ce qu'elle est. Après tout, ce que le bon Dieu fait est bien fait-Je n'ai malheureusement aucune des qualités brillantes et fascinantes de mon père mais je lui ressemble en ceci: c'est que je ne fais pas les choses à moitié et que j'ai l'horreur de l'hipocrisie. Quand je crois devoir faire une chose, je la ferai malgré l'eau, le feu, la société, le monde entier. J'ai une grande force de volonté sur moi-même-et que j'aime mes amis plus, oh infiniment plus que ma propre vie. Mettez cela à coté de cette passion de changement, de cette instabilité physique qui est innée dans moi, de la plus complète indifférence pour la plus grande partie des gens qui je connais, et surtout pour des évènements qui sembleraient devoir m'intéresser-L'horreur positif, du 2 et 2 font 4-absence totale de facultés mathématiques-Je serais incapable de me mettre à la tête de mes affaires—cependant je crois être une passable femme de ménage, uniquement par la force de volonté-car je déteste donner des ordres aux domestiques; faire voir à ma cuisinière que je sais qu'elle me vole, est chose impossible pour moi. J'aime mieux être volée je me contente de penser que c'est parceque je le veux bien-et parceque je suis bête.

Et cependant il y a de l'ordre chez moi—contre ma nature—par ma volonté. Oh combien de mauvaises choses j'aurais commises sans cette volonté, la sœur presque inséparable de ma conscience. Et puis j'aime tout le beau et le bien! et je crois qu'en suivant cet amour là on ne peut pas faire de chose vraiment mauvaise. Ne le croyez vous pas? Quel bonheur intérieure, chaque fois que la volonté a remporté une victoire sur la passion, sur l'instinct! On est brisé mais la conscience de s'être élevé d'un cran vers le bien nous supporte et nous donne la force de supporter de cruelles souffrances parfois. Quand on le veut, on peut toujours trouver les contre-poisons—Hélas oui, on les trouve!

#### 21. 11 hres du soir.

Je ne sais tout ce que je vous ai raconté ce matin vous a donné une idée de ce qu'était mon père, mais je sais que cela me l'a rappelé et rendu presque présent—j'y ai pensé toute la journée—quand vous viendrez nous voir à Paris us in Paris I shall show you a portrait which is a fair likeness of him—without being precisely handsome of feature, he had an irresistibly expressive physiognomy. He was built like an Apollo—when I knew him he was a trifle stout—his hair was naturally wavy and fell in white, orderly curls. His skin was delicate as a child's. He did not need soap for washing himself—his teeth were superb—his skin velvety—in his every pose he might have served as a model for painters or sculptors. His sense for the picturesque bordered on the extreme. He could do everything, from cooking up to writing an opera. If he had possessed greater mental repose he would have done admirable things in the grand style, but he had too great facility, and life had too great charms for him. Ah, his was indeed

a fine Bohemian temperament!

And now, my friend, are you vexed with me for having told you my little secret? No, surely not!—As for an Anzoleto, permit me to tell you merely this: That had it not been for Ary Scheffer, I should have made a great mistake—for I was bereft of my will—I found it again in time to wring my heart and to do my duty. For this I was recompensed later—ah, I too have my Bohemian instincts to struggle against—to strangle passion—it was nearly my death—I wanted to kill myself. . . that came from cowardice. Scheffer, who watched over me like a father, prevented me—took me home again—half-imbecile—little by little my reason returned—and with it my will! Since I have been able to exert my will, I have kept the upper hand. I have committed no sin. For this I thank God and my poor, dearly beloved Scheffer, who suffered sorely, be sure, at sight of my sufferings. . . .

The next letter is dated London, January 24th, the day on which she began her "travail de nègre," that is, her tournée of about fifty concerts. In this letter she expresses her great joy at the gift from Rietz of the original manuscript of a Cantata "vom grossen Alten" (Joh. Seb. Bach) and she informs her friend, after a few kind words about her old friends Adelaïde Kemble and the celebrated musical critic Henry Fothergill Chorley, that she was received strepitosamente by the public, but that in lieu of encores she contented herself with "de profondes révérences":

I remembered that this evening's concert was the first of forty-eight, and therefore abstained—not without some difficulty. . . for it delights me to sing when I feel that it gives the audience pleasure. However, it must be admitted that this reciprocal pleasure is never as complete in England as elsewhere. The audience this evening, for instance, knew that I am a "celebrated singer"—so it applauds everything that I do with equal warmth. Had I sung not quite as well, it would have been no less well satisfied, and had I sung better, it would not have been better satisfied! and that is what puts a damper on the artist's enthusiasm. Yes, decidedly, in matters of art, the English are great—speculators.

In the next letter (London, January 27th) occur these etchings of her travelling companions:

You really must make the acquaintance of my fellow-singers—they are very nice. Mrs. Eyles, a contralto, a beautiful blond, stout lady, and educated—she is plain and quiet, and knows how to take a little joke. She sings English

je vous montrerai un portrait assez ressemblant de lui—sans être précisément beau de traits il avait une physionomie irrésistiblement expressive. Il était bâti comme un Apollon—quand je l'ai connu il était un peu fort—ses cheveux frisaient tout seuls et en boucles blanches et soyeuses. Sa peau était fine comme celle d'un enfant. Il n'avait pas besoin de savon pour se laver—ses dents étaient superhes—sa peau mate—toutes ses poses auraient pu servir de modèle aux peintres et aux sculpteurs. Il avait le sens du pittoresque jusqu'à l'extrême. Il savait tout faire, depuis la cuisine jusqu'à un opéra. S'il avait eu plus de trop dans l'esprit il aurait fait des choses admirables en grand, mais il avait trop de facilité et la vie avait trop de charme pour lui. Ah, c'était vrafment une belle nature de Bohémien!

Et maintenant, mon ami, m'en voulez vous de vous avoir dit mon petit secret? Non, n'est-ce-pas—Quant à un Anzoleto, permettez moi de vous dire seulement ceci: c'est que sans Ary Scheffer j'aurais commis une grande faute—car je n'avais pas ma volonté—je l'ai retrouvée à temps pour me tordre le cœur et faire mon devoir. J'en ai été récompensée plus tard—ah, j'ai en aussi mes instincts bohémiens à combattre—à tuer la passion—j'ai failli en mourir—j'ai voulu me tuer... c'était par lâcheté. Scheffer, qui veillait sur moi comme un père, m'a arrêtée—ramenée à la maison—à moitié idiote—peu à peu ma raison m'est revenue—avec elle la volonté. Dès que j'ai pu vouloir, j'ai été la plus forte. Je n'ai pas commis de faute. J'en rends grâce à Dieu et à mon pauvre bien aimé Scheffer, qui souffrait bien, allez, de voir mes souffrances....

J'ai pensé que le concert de ce soir était le 1<sup>er</sup> des 48 autres et je me suis abstenue—non sans quelque peine. . . car cela m'amuse de chanter, quand je sens que cela fait plaisir au public. Cependant il faut avouer que ce plaisir reciproque n'est jamais aussi parfait en Angleterre qu'ailleurs. Le public de ce soir, par exemple, sait que je suis une celebrated singer—alors il applaudit tout ce que je fais avec la même chaleur. Si j'avais moins bien chanté, il n'en aurait pas été moins content, et si j'avais mieux chanté, il n'aurait pas été plus content! voilà ce qui éteint l'enthousiasme de l'artiste. Oui, décidément en fait d'art, les Anglais sont de grands. . . spéculateurs.

Sie müssen doch meine Kameraden kennen lernen—sie sind ganz nett. Mrs. Eyles, eine Altistin, eine schöne blonde dicke Dame, mit Bildung—sie ist einfach und ruhig, u. versteht auch einen kleinen Spass. Sie singt english ballads with a sweet, colorless voice. Her singing is like herself, blond, fat, and agreeable. The tenor is an Italian, Lucchesi, who occupies a certain position in the Italian theatres of Paris and London merely because he is musical and therefore makes himself very useful. Just imagine, he can sing his part in a simple quartet at sight! That is marvelous for an Italian and a SINGER and a TENOR into the bargain!!! He is a small man with a thick neck and muscles hard as rock. His voice, though small, is unpleasant, for it is his ambition to be an heroic tenor, and he forces his voice sadly, but does not in the least succeed in making the impression of a strong man (as a singer, I mean); he gets black in the face, his sinews swell frightfully, he looks like a very beast—I should be afraid to show him anything red, for it might enrage him like a bull. But in spite of all ugliness of exterior he is quite a capable singer of the second class, and "quite a gentleman."

Of course, we also possess a baritono. His name is Dragone—he has a very dark complexion—a handsome southern face—large, regular features which, animated from within, would be wonderful—but the man is thoroughly stupid and sleepy. The voice is very fine, and he does not employ it badly, either, but it is so dull, so flaccid! no emphasis, no ring, no pronunciation, no warmthnot twopenny-worth! like lukewarm sugar-water. Oh, these lukewarm people, indifferent to everything—I hate them. The Scriptures say, "Because thou art lukewarm, I will spue thee out of my mouth." Let Dragone beware the crossing

to Dublin

Our accompanist on the piano is a very clever fellow, very jolly, and an excellent musician.<sup>1</sup> As a man he bears a certain likeness to Ferd. Hiller. We laugh a great deal together, and I think I am becoming his particular favorite. He composes very pretty comic chansons, which he sings with much vivacity and good taste. So much for the vocal side. The instrumental side is represented by Regondi, a veritable artist. Do you know what his instrument is?—the concertina! His playing is positively miraculous. In his hands it becomes charming, interesting, really admirable. He is a perfect musician. He plays well on the piano, better on the violin, still better on the guitar. He preferred to have a specialty, and to be "the first in Rome" rather than the 99,999th on some other instrument. Rome is the concertina, and I assure you that he plays it marvelously well.

Miss Arabella Goddard is coming back to us in a few days. You are acquainted with her. If Mme. Eyles is a woman comme il faut, Miss Goddard is a woman comme il en faut—not another word—enough of that kind of maliciousness. Among us, Regondi bears the surname of M. l'Abbé, which I bestowed on him—he has quite the air of a seminarist, or rather of an abbé under Louis XIV. He is feeble, nervous, fine-ladylike, loves to retail bits of feminine gossip, loves the society of women above all things, and is much accustomed to being petted and spoiled by them. Oh, mon Dieu, if that is all he needs to make him happy, he shall be spoiled, for in spite of it all he is not lacking in wit and good sense,

and one can talk with him.

What a beautiful and terrible thing is the sea! I was unable to close an eye day before yesterday at Brighton. The wind was blowing violently and the great waves swept on to break over the quay in front of my windows with a vast roar in the midst of which I seemed to hear cries, cannonshots, and symphonies fantastic in quite another sense from those by Berlioz & Co. . . . .

<sup>1</sup>John Liptrot Hatton (1809-1886). This prolific composer was quite as successful under his queer pseudonym Czapek as under his own name. He visited America in 1848.

I Hations enter Chilters, mond domines arritio enter kin It Ester on nous chantons observain . In Diman . The afore tone influences towartent for he Chemins In for Many to pays, A nous desire it forces to property me partie de la journe in à Clifton tout praid Bustof apris am belle promunde in Caleila chionourte jurge au bord des dans non sommes sentres faire note consportante. Le salore a l'air d'inne salle dans un club. I gros papa Hatton wh to sail you me take vine, it ist molliment itendre dan un grand farting ich he la cheminion flanke un grand pen. 4 personific parfaitment be Comfort anglais, ann In bonne grape figure rejonie, Sa tite chance se huisante, son ventre rebonds, son petites mains touties paint pine a croise, by your petillouts I injust In grow my rouge cutoure & un Colling to bash songe grisomante Sendbloth à de la fume a autres evines of are ligantifape & nimpicha par you I maniging mit autone of nin. a mon mani, augonadimi un boujour sur mue grap trouve guardason lamet Day mon day Te us me doit pay the h haster you me down a livet - Frem doit ! I fait at you Sin took henre se of l'avoir trouve , car il on aura falla come In the gros papier you amait just for the a cerim an fond of me smalle. all 3 ? 4 est dans a moment ownert dwant mer years I him contactly you way age new iche mu pen vivante

"Le Grospapa Hatton"

Facsimile of letter by Pauline Viardot-Garcia, February 6, 1859

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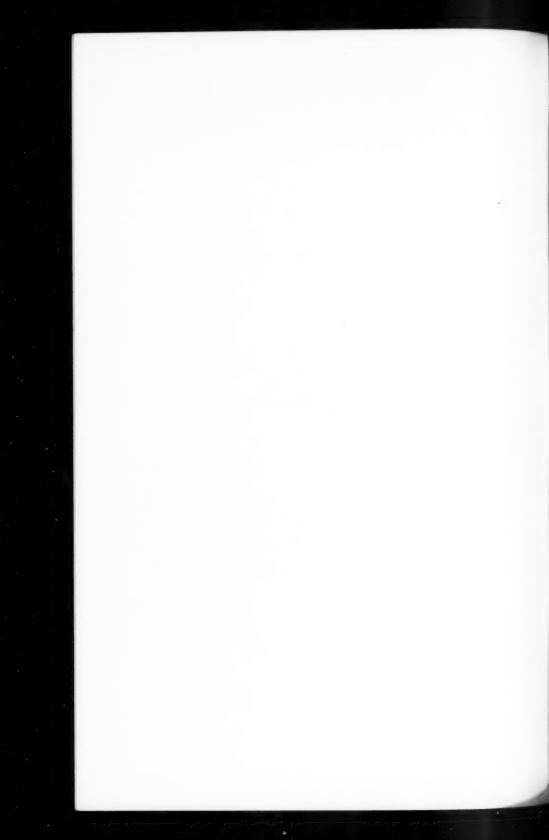
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ballads mit einer wohlklingenden farblosen Stimme. Ihr Gesang ist wie sie selbst, blond, fett u. angenehm. Der Tenor ist ein Italiäner, Lucchesi, der eine gewisse Stellung in den italiänischen Theatern von Paris u. London hat, blos weil er musikalisch ist und sich dadurch sehr nützlich macht. Denken Sie nur, er kann seine Partie in einem einfachen Quartett vom Blatt singen! Das ist ja wunderbar, für einen Italiäner u. einen sänger und einen TENOR noch dazu!!! er ist ein kleiner Mensch mit breitem Nacken und steinharten Muskeln. Die Stimme ist zwar klein doch unangenehm, denn er möchte so gern Heldentenor werden und forcirt sehr beim Singen, aber es gelingt ihm durchaus nicht den Eindruck von einem starken Mann zu erregen (als Sänger meine ich), er wird blutoth, die Sehnen schwellen furchtbar, ganz thierisch sieht er aus—ich würde mich fürchten etwas rothes ihm zu zeigen, es möchte ihn ganz wüthend machen wie die Stiere. Aber bei all dem hässlichen Aussehen ist er ein ganz tüchtiger Sänger 2<sup>ter</sup> Klasse, und quite a gentleman.

Wir besitzen auch natürlich einen baritono. Er heisst Dragone—sieht sehr schwarz aus—er hat ein schönen südlichen Gesicht—grosse regelmässige Züge, die innerlich belebt wundervoll sein würden—der Mensch aber gründlich dumm und schläfrig. Die Stimme ist sehr schön, er macht auch keinen schlechten Gebrauch damit, aber il est si mou, si flasqué! pas d'accent, pas de verve, pas de prononciation, pas de chaleur pour deux sous! c'est de l'eau sucrée tiède. Oh les tièdes, les tièdes en toutes choses je les déteste. L'Ecriture dit qu'il faut "somir les tièdes." Gare à Dragone pendant la traversée de Dublin!

Notre accompagnateur au piano est un homme fort spirituel, très gai et un excellent musicien. I Comme homme il y a quelque rapport avec Ferd. Hiller. Nous rions beaucoup d'ensemble et je crois que je deviens tout à fait sa favorite. Il compose de très jolies chansons comiques qu'il chante avec beaucoup d'entrain et de bon goût. Violà pour la partie vocale. La partie instrumentale est représentée par Regondi, un véritable artiste. Savez-vous quel est son instrument? la concertina! Il en joue d'une façon vraîment prodigeuse. Dans ses mains cela devint charmant, intéressant, admirable même. C'est un musicien parfait. Il joue bien du piano, mieux du violon, encore mieux de la guitare. Il a préferé avoir une spécialité et être "le premier dans Rome" au 99999ême dans tout autre instrument. Rome est la Concertina et je vous répond qu'il en joue merveilleusement bien.

Miss Arabella Goddard viendra nous rejoindre dans quelques jours. Vous la connaissez. Si Made Eyles est une femme comme il faut, Miss Goddard est une femme comme il en faut—und damit Punktum—assez de méchancité comme cela. Regondi porte parmi nous le surnom de M' l'abbé que je lui ai donné—il a tout à fait l'air d'un séminariste, ou plutot d'un abbé sous Louis XIV. Il est faible, nerveux, petite maîtresse, aime à dire des petits cancans féminins, aime la société des femmes pardessus tout autre, et est assez habitué à des petits gâteries de leur part. Oh, mon Dieu, s'il ne faut que cela pour le rendre heureux, on le gâtera, car avec tout cela il ne manque pas d'esprit et de bon sens et on peut causer avec lui.

Quelle belle et terrible chose que la mer! je n'ai pas pu fermer l'œil à Brighton avant hier. Le vent soufflait avec violence et les grandes vagues venaient se briser sur le quai devant mes fenêtres avec des grands mugissements au milieu desquels il me semblait entendre des cris, des coups de canon, des symphonies bien autrement phantastiques que celles de Berlioz et  $C^{ie}$ . . .

If anything, this reference to "Berlioz et Cie" must have convinced conservative Julius Rietz of the terrors of the ocean, surpassed perhaps only by those of dreams such as his friend related to him from Bath on the thirtieth:

All last night I was dreaming of you. You were sitting in the adjoining room, and playing. . . from the newest opera by. . . Wagner! and you played with evident pleasure—I could see it—but you were afraid of me; for as soon as I entered the room you vanished like a dream—it made me feel badly, and still I had the delight of seeing you. Yes, that was a delight! and you would not flee from me, would you?

Just how deeply Julius Rietz had entered into her life, Mme. Viardot's letter from Birmingham on the third of February may serve to illustrate again, though we of a more prosaic age may smile at her hyper-romantic language:

At last, at last, God be praised! This morning, in Wolverhampton, your long-awaited letter was finally delivered to me. How happy it made me! at last I have something dear to me to carry about with me always, until No. 8

comes. At last, oh, at last!!!

O my friend, I love you with the most heartfelt, deepest, truest, warmest, sunshine-clearest love that ever woman felt as friend for friend. I know that our rare friendship is good and noble, and I love it inexpressibly. And so do you, do you not? it has now become a part of my soul, of my life. It is indispensable to me, our dear, sacred friendship. Build upon it as high as ever you will or can. I shall never disappoint you, nor you me, surely. So in this we have something for all our life. That is a joy indeed!

To-day I can write no longer, for I have to dress for the concert. The aria from *Titus*<sup>1</sup> was greatly applauded at Manchester, although I did not sing it nearly as well as I have sung it in my Gewandhaus. With ear, with eye, with heart, I vainly sought my friend. Oh, you best of men—friend well beloved! That is really better than "dear friend." And yet, dear friend is not so bad. And so, cher ami, ami bien aimé, theuerster Freund, au revoir. . . . .

The letter ends, evidently in reply to questions put by Rietz, with comment on Goethe's "Römische Elegien" and with an expression of her preference of Goethe's "Hermann und Dorothea"—a favorite of Mme. Viardot—to "Alexis and Dora." "Le sentiment," she says, "en est trop doucereux pour moi. C'est comme des confitures après lesquelles j'éprouve toujours le besoin de manger une bouchée de pain."

A letter begun at Oxford on February 10th was continued the next day at Sheffield with this bit of self-criticism (she refers

to the concert at Oxford):

I was greatly fatigued, and I have the satisfaction of affording you the pleasure of learning that I sang frightfully! and the stupid local newspaper tactfully observes this morning that I sang well! Isn't that exasperating?....

<sup>1</sup>Mozart's opera.

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Diese ganze Nacht habe ich von Ihnen getraümt. Sie sassen im Nebenzimmer und spielten. . . aus der neuesten Oper von. . . Wagner! und spielten mit sichtbarer Lust—ich konnte es sehen. . . aber Sie fürchteten sich vor mir; denn sobald ich in's Zimmer trat verschwanden Sie wie ein Traum—es that mir Leid, doch hatte ich die Freude Sie zu sehen. Ja, das wäre eine Freude! und nicht wahr, Sie würden nicht von mir fliehen?

Endlich, endlich, Gott sei Dank! Heute früh in Wolverhampton ist mir Ihr lang ersehnter Brief endlich zugebracht worden. Das ist eine Freude gewesen! endlich habe ich wieder etwas liebes bei mir immer zu tragen, bis No. 8 kommt. Endlich, ach, endlich!!!

O mein Freund, ich liebe Sie mit der innigsten, tiefsten, wahrsten, warmsten, sonnenhellsten Liebe, die eine Freundin für ihren Freund je empfunden hat. Ich weiss, dass unsere schöne Freundschaft gut, edel ist, und ich liebe sie unsäglich. Sie auch, nicht wahr? sie ist jetzt ein Theil meiner Seele, meines Lebens geworden. Unentbehrlich ist sie mir, unsere heilige liebe Freundschaft. Bauen Sie darauf so viel Sie nur wollen u. können. Ich werde Ihnen nie fehlen, und Sie mir auch gewiss nicht. Also da haben wir etwas für unser ganzes Leben. Das ist doch sehön!

Heute kann ich nicht mehr schreiben, ich muss mich zum Concert anziehen. Die Arie aus Titus¹ hat einen grossen Beifall in Manchester gehabt, obwohl ich sie bei weitem nicht so gut wie in meinem Gewandhaus gesungen habe. Mein Ohr, mein Auge, mein Herz suchte den Freund vergebens. Ach Sie theuerster Mensch—ami bien aimé. Das ist schon besser als cher ami. Und doch ist cher ami nicht so schlecht. Also, cher ami, ami bien aimé, theuerster Freund, au revoir.

J'étais très fatiguée et j'ai la satisfaction de vous procurer le plaisir d'appren. dre que j'ai chanté affreusement! et le stupide journal local a l'aplomb de dire ce matin que j'ai bien chanté! N'est-ce pas enrageant! . . .

and was finished at Leeds with these aperçus on Brahms, the conductor Michele Costa, who since 1869 could affix the knightly Sir to his name and the much-feared critic Henry F. Chorley of the "Athenaum":

Yes, I have often heard Clara Schumann speak of Brahms with the most profound conviction (on her part) of his genius. She has played me several

Apropos of Costa. He is a good musician, but one who offers sacrifice (though he may never imagine it) to the golden calf, that is to say, to English taste—he knows that in order to make certain things penetrate the ears of the English public, one has to speak very loud. They require Cayenne pepper in all sorts of aliments, moral as well as physical. That is the reason why Costa has been obliged to add military band instruments to his orchestra for the oratorios in the Crystal Palace. For the rest, they, with the organ, were all that one heard in that immense hall. Costa, transported to Germany, would be a mediocre person; in England he is a man to whom all the public and the musicians ought to feel profoundly obliged. In this world everything is relative, and one should be able to assume the point of view of countries, of epochs, and of peoples.

Chorley is a fine fellow in the fullest sense of the term; as fair and sincere as any man living—but, what would you have? he is English, and for that reason. . . he judges the arts like an Englishman. Besides, he is physically unsound, nervous, irritable and irritating to a degree. He can make himself most thoroughly disagreeable to persons who do not suit him entirely. For the rest, I can depend on him as on a brother—he likes me exceedingly, and I return

the liking. . . . .

Chatty excerpts from the remaining English letters follow here without comment:

Manchester, Sunday the 13th.

. . . Day before yesterday, at Leeds, we had a very fine concert. The hall there is certainly the handsomest and the best in all Europe. There is a very fine organ, which they took me to try before my departure. It so happened that the builder, Davison, was then at Leeds and, knowing my passion for the organ, desired to exhibit this beautiful instrument to me in all its details. They have adopted the pneumatic system for it. It works to perfection and is a very paying investment at the rate of 18 pence an hour!

No, Clara Novello is not one of us, and I assure you that she would not add a vast deal to the general nullity of our society! Miss Goddard is a goose, Dragone is an ill-bred creature with a larynx, nothing more. Lucchesi is. . .

a tenor. Regondi is the only person of refinement.

Yes, too often, unhappily, there are two chambers in the head of an artist, two men in the same body, and of this the history of the arts, especially that of painting, affords only too many examples. No need for surprise, if this duality existed in Wagner's case. . . . .

My good Louis has sent me the Neue Zeitschrift für Musik (No. 5), which contains a magnificent article—far too magnificent—on your friend [Mme.

<sup>1</sup>Mme. Viardot did not remain indifferent to the genius of Brahms. Quite the contrary! Indeed, she was the first to sing the Alto solo in his "Rhapsodie," Op. 53, in public, at Jena, March 3, 1870.—Ed.

Oui, j'ai entendu souvent Clara Schumann parler de Brahms avec la plus profonde conviction (de sa part) de son génie. Elle m'a joué plusieurs choses de

lui qui ne m'ont ni plu ni intéressé. . .1

à propos de Costa. C'est un bon musicien mais qui sacrifie (sans s'en douter peut-être) au veau d'or, c'est à dire au goût anglais—il sait que pour faire entrer certaines choses aux oreilles du public anglais, il faut les lui dire bien haut. Il leur faut du poivre de Cayenne en toutes sortes d'aliments au moral comme au physique. Voilà pourquoi Costa a été obligé d'ajouter de la musique de régiment dans les oratorios au palais de Cristal. Du reste, dans cet immense local, c'était, avec l'orgue, tout ce que l'on entendait. Costa, transporté en Allemagne, serait un homme médiocre—en Angleterre, c'est un homme au quel tout le public et les musiciens doivent avoir la plus grande obligation. Tout est relatif dans ce monde et il faut savoir se mettre au point de vue du pays, des époques et des gens.

Chorley est un brave homme dans toute la force du terme—honnête—sincère autant qu'homme au monde—mais, que voulez-vous? il est anglais, et voilà pourquoi. . . il juge les arts comme un anglais. De plus c'est une nature maladive, nerveux, irritable et irritante à l'excès. Il sait être plus désagréable que personne avec les personnes qui ne lui conviennent pas tout à fait. Du reste, je peux compter sur lui comme sur mon frère—il m'aime beaucoup et je le lui rends. . . .

#### Manchester, 13 Dimanche.

. . . Avant hier à Leeds nous avons eu un fort beau concert. La salle est certainement la plus belle et la meilleure qu'il y ait en Europe. Il y a un fort bel orgue, que l'on m'a menée essayer hier matin avant mon départ. Justement le facteur, Davison, se trouvait à Leeds, et connaissant ma passion pour l'orgue, a voulu me montrer ce bel instrument dans tous ses détails. On y a adopté le système pneumatique. Cela fonctionne parfaitement et revient très bon marché, à raison de 18 pence par heure! . . . . .

Non Clara Novello n'est pas des nôtres, et je vous assure qu'elle n'ajouterait pas grand chose à la nullité générale de notre société. Miss Goddard ist eine Gans, Dragone ein ungezogener Mensch, ein Kehlenträger, weiter nichts. Lucchesi ist . . . ein Tenorist. Regondi ist der einzige feingebildete Mensch.

Oui, il y a trop souvent malheureusement deux Kammern dans la tête d'un artiste, deux hommes dans le même corps, et l'histoire des arts, surtout celui de la peinture n'en offre que trop d'exemples. Il ne faudrait pas s'étonner si cette dualité existait chez Wagner.

Mon bon Louis m'a envoyé la Neue Zeitschrift für Musik (le n° 5) qui contient un article magnifique, beaucoup trop magnifique, sur votre amie, ecrit

Dublin, Feb. 20.

... 5 o'clock. I have just had a lovely drive in the superb park. The ladies were all tired, and had gone to bed. So I put on my bonnet and went out for a drive with my faithful cavalier. After an hour we got out; sent away the funny open omnibus-like vehicle, wobbling on two wheels in most amusingly uncomfortable Irish fashion; and then walked for nearly three hours at a double-quick, as if charging on the enemy. So that now I haven't a leg to stand on...

I cannot see how Stockhausen's advent can disturb your historical concerts, for I do not believe that your worshipful Concert-Management can find in all Germany, even with Diogenes' lantern, another singer who understands, like S.

this grand, lordly music and can render it intelligible to the public.

How do people come to know it so positively?—oh, people do not know it at all. It is not true that the liaison between G. Sand and Chopin was broken off so suddenly in that manner. No, read Lucrezia Florioni, in my opinion a literary and psychological masterpiece and, at the same time, a cruel piece of work, and you will comprehend, as if you had witnessed it, what it was that little by little, invisibly, inevitably, brought on the end of a liaison which was life for poor Chopin and slow death for Mme. Sand. It is a sad story. I think that in that whole love-affair there was no friendship. That is a passion which can not diminish. It is the finest of all. Yes, my friend, my thoughts go out to you with an unalterable and incessant tenderness. Have courage and patience. Rely always, at every moment of your life, on the loving and devoted heart of your friend.

Dublin, Feb. 25.

I have only time to clasp your hands, to thank you for your dear letter No. 12—and to tell you that I love you with all my heart. I have scarcely time to breathe. Moreover, I am distressed—excessively fatigued, bored to death—disgusted to the last degree with the work I am doing, and ardently longing for the moment of my return to France. Ah, if I could meet you there with all my loved ones, I should be as happy as I can be without my dear and revered Ary Scheffer. . . . .

Dublin, Sunday the 27th.

. . . . I like Dublin very much—the audiences here are very enthusiastic and I am a great favourite. This is the third time that I have come to Ireland, and I am to return at the end of March for three weeks of opera, with Grisi and Mario.

Dearfriend, it is sad always to have to live apart from one's family—but I don't wish to complain. If I were to complain, what would the majority of artists have a right to say? But that does not prevent each new separation from being a new anguish. Do not think me boastful when I say that there are a great

'It is characteristic of Liszt that he in this article dubbed the fanatics in his and Wagner's camp "Zukunfts-philister."—Ed.

<sup>2</sup>Regondi or Hatton, who, as she says, "constitutes our entire orchestra with his ten little sausage-fingers, which he knows how to use right well."—Ed.

Dublin, 20ten Feb.

Park gemacht. Die Damen waren alle müde, sind zu Bett gegangen. Da habe ich meinen Hut aufgesetzt und bin mit meinem treuen Cavalier ausgefahren. Nach einer Stunde sind wir ausgestiegen, haben den drolligen, offenen, omnibusartig auf zwei Rädern wackelnden echt amüsant-unbequem-irländischen Fahrzeug fortgeschickt, und beinahe 3 Stunden "pas de charge" wie dem Feinde entgegenmarschiert. So dass mir jetzt kein Bein mehr tragen will.

Ich sehe nicht ein warum die Ankunft Stockhausens Ihre historische Conzerten stören kann, denn ich vermuthe nicht dass Ihre hochlöbliche Concertdirektion in ganz Deutschland selbst mit der Laterne Diogenes einen zweiten Sänger wie S. finden kann, gerade diese grosse herrschaftliche Musik zu verstehen

und dem Publikum verständlich zu machen.

Woher es die Leute so genau wissen?—ach die Leute wissen es garnicht. Es ist nicht wahr dass das Verhältniss zwischen G. Sand und Chopin in der Art so plötzlich aufhörte. Nein, lisez Lucrezia Florioni, à mon avis un chef d'œuvre littéraire et psychologique et une action cruelle tout à la fois, et vous saurez comme si vous en aviez été témoin, ce qui a amené peu à peu, invisiblement, fatalement la fin d'une liaison qui était la vie du pauvre Chopin et la mort lente de Mad. Sand. C'est une triste histoire. Je crois que dans tous ces amours là il n'y avait pas d'amitié. Celle là est une passion qui ne peut pas décroître. C'est la plus belle de toutes. Oui, mon ami, je pense à vous avec une tendresse inaltérable et incessante. Ayez du courage et de la patience. Comptez toujours, à chaque instant de votre vie sur le cœur aimant et dévoué de votre amie.

Dublin, 25 Fev. Je n'ai que le temps de vous donner une poignée de mains, de vous remercier pour votre chère lettre n° 12—et vous dire que je vous aime de tout mon cœur. J'ai à peine le temps de respirer. Je suis souffrante outre cela—fatiguée à l'excès, ennuyée à la mort—dégoûtée au possible du métier que je fais et j'aspire ardemment au moment du retour en France. Ah si je vous y retrouvais avec tous les miens, je serais heureuse autant que je puis l'être sans mon cher et vénéré Ary Scheffer. . . . .

Dublin, 27. Sonntag. . . . J'aime beaucoup Dublin—le public y est très enthousiaste et j'y suis a great favourite. C'est la 3<sup>me</sup> fois que je viens en Irlande, et je dois y revenir à la fin de Mars pour 3 semaines d'opéras, avec Grisi et Mario.

Theurer Freund, c'est triste de devoir toujours se séparer de sa famille. . . mais je ne veux pas me plaindre. Si moi je me plaignais, qu'auraient donc le droit de dire la plupart des artistes? Mais cela n'empêche pas que chaque séparation ne soit un nouveau déchirement. Ne me trouvez par vantarde si je dis qu'il y a beaucoup de personnes qui m'aiment—oui, j'ai ce grand bonheur—

many persons wholove me—yes, I have this great happiness—and this great happiness has come to me since I forced you to return the friendship that I felt for you. Our loving Father sent you to me to assuage the profound grief I was suffering. A thousand blessings on you, Gift of God! I wish I might always see those whom I love—but it is not possible. I must forsake them continually. Perhaps

we owe the best of our deeds to that great Must. .

No, dearest friend, you can not conduct at the Festival of the Future. Yet, I am glad that you were invited to do so. You did not tell me who it was that wrote to you—perhaps Liszt himself? in that case do me the kindness and write him a short and very polite note—without stiffness and without bitterness—is that possible? I should not like to have you on a war footing with L.! I assure you, the man is good, and has a noble heart. No one can convince me to the contrary, for I know him since I was a child and have had many proofs of it, although, to be sure, not through personal experience. Good friend, do not be so inexorably severe!—but you must not conduct there, on that point we are agreed. . . .

Nottingham, Friday, March 3.

Beloved friend, it is 2 o'clock in the morning, rather a strange hour for writing, especially when one has already been in bed. The reason of it is, that I am a nurse in a sickroom. My poor maid, whom you know, was all at once taken so ill that after I had risen and rung the bell more than 20 times, I sent for a physician. While waiting for him I am taking care of my poor patient—and thinking of all the people that I love—and have come to press your hand. In the midst of the darkness and silence I send an affectionate thought to the absent friend who does not even suspect it at this hour, for it is to be hoped that he is sleeping the sleep of the just—that is to say, like a dormouse.

I call down all the benedictions of God upon your dear head. Courage, friend! do not be disheartened by the painful trials you have to undergo during your life—remember that henceforward you have a heart to share them and to

help you to bear them at least with resignation.

Ah-here is the doctor-

He discovers no immediate danger in the state of my patient, but it is necessary to provide all sorts of remedies, among which the most needful of all is rest. What is to be done? I have got to sing to-morrow at Northampton! How can I leave this poor woman here alone? and how transport her, sick as she is? Heaven knows, maybe, what should be done; as for me, I know very well that I do not know!—The doctor orders me to go to bed. It is three o'clock. A servant from the hotel will stay in her chamber! Well, good night—what a pleasure it would be to talk together for a few hours, till daytime—no, you would much prefer to sleep, would you not? Indeed, you would be right. So now a good, a very good night.

9 o'clock. Good-morning, friend. She is somewhat better, and insists absolutely on travelling this morning. To-morrow I finish my nigger job, and

I shall have given 41 concerts! That is fairly respectable.

No letter from you for 5 days—a long, long time. Come, my dear and indolent friend, do not allow our epistolary conversation to languish. Do not infringe your good habit of writing every day, if only a line—and, above all, rest assured that you possess no heart more devoted than that of your friend.

Paris, 28, Rue de Douai, March 11.

My dearest friend, as I had intended from the first, I arrived in Paris the day before yesterday at 11 in the evening. My good Louis and Louisette et ce grand bonheur s'est accru depuis que je vous ai forcé à me rendre l'amitié que je ressentais pour vous. Vous m'avez été envoyé par le Dieu bon pour adoucir la douleur profonde que j'éprouvais. Soyez mille fois béni, Dieudonné! Je voudrais voir toujours ceux que j'aime—mais ce n'est pas possible. Il faut s'en séparer continuellement. Dem grossen müssen verdanken wir vielleicht unsere besten Thaten. . . . .

Non, theuerster Freund, Sie können nicht in dem Zukunftsfest dirigiren. Es freut mich doch, dass man Sie dazu eingeladen hat. Sie haben mir nicht gesagt, wer Ihnen geschrieben hat—vielleicht Liszt selber? in dem Falle thun Sie mir den Gefallen und schreiben Sie ihm einen kurzen und höchst höflichen Billetchen—ohne Steifheit und ohne Bitterkeit—ist es möglich? ich möchte nicht, dass Sie auf kriegerischem Fuss mit L. stünden! ich versichere Sie, der Mensch ist gut, hat ein edles Herz. Das wird mir niemand abstreiten, denn ich kenne ihn seit meiner Kindheit an und habe viele Beweise davongehabt obwohl zwar nicht durch persönliche Erfahrung. Guter, sein Sie nicht so unerbittlich streng!—aber dort dirigiren dürfen Sie nicht, darin sind wir einig. . . .

Nottingham Vendredi, 3 mars.

Geliebter Freund, il est 2 heures de la nuit, heure assez étrange pour écrire, surtout quand on a déjà été couché. Voici la raison, c'est que je suis garde malade. Ma pauvre femme de chambre, que vous connaissez, s'est trouvée tout à coup tellement malade qu'àprès m'être levée, avoir sonné plus de 20 fois, j'ai envoyé chercher un médecin. En attendant je soigne ma pauvre malade—et je pense à tous les gens que j'aime—et je viens vous serrer la main. Au milieu de la nuit et du silence, j'envoie une pensée affectueuse à l'ami absent qui ne s'en doute même pas dans ce moment, car il faut espérer qu'il dort du sommeil du juste, c'est à dire comme une marmotte.

J'appelle toutes les bénédictions de Dieu sur votre chère tête. Courage, ami! que les épreuves pénibles que vous avez à passer dans votre vie ne vous découragent pas—pensez que vous avez désormais un cœur pour les partager et vous aider à les supporter au moins avec résignation.

Ah voilà le Docteur-

Il ne trouve pas de danger immédiat dans l'état de ma malade, mais il faut lui faire toutes sortes de remèdes pour lesquels il lui faut avant tout du repos. Que faire? il faut que je chante demain à Northampton! Comment laisser cette pauvre femme ici seule? et comment la transporter malade comme elle l'est?! Dieu sait peut-être ce qu'il faut faire, quant à moi je sais bien que je ne le sais pas!—Le D<sup>r</sup>. exige que j'aille me coucher. Il est trois heures. Une servante de l'hotel va rester dans sa chambre. Hé bien, bonne nuit—comme ce serait bien de causer ensemble pendant quelques heures, jusqu'au jour. . . non, vous aimeriez bien mieux dormir, n'est-ce pas? Au fait, vous auriez raison. Eh bien alors bonne, bien bonne nuit.

9 h<sup>res</sup> Bonjour, ami. Elle va un peu mieux et veut absolument partir ce matin. Demain je termine mon métier de nègre, et j'aurai fait 41 concerts! c'est assez respectable.

Pas de lettre de vous depuis 5 jours, c'est bien long. Allons cher et paresseux ami, ne laissez pas languir notre conversation epistolaire. Ne perdez pas la bonne habitude d'écrire tous les jours, ne fût-ce qu'une ligne—et surtout dites vous bien que vous n'avez pas de cœur plus devoué que celui de votre amie.

Paris. 28 Rue de Douai. 11. März.

Mein theuerster Freund, wie ich es immer beabsichtigte, bin ich vorgestern un 11 Uhr Nachts in Paris angekommen. Mein guter Louis und Louisette were awaiting me at the railway station. What joy was there! Poor things, they really find it hard to live without me. The two little girls woke up as I very softly entered their chamber. What an outcry of "Mamma!" was there, and a wild dance in sheer nightgowns on small beds, and a jubilation, a kissing! Oh, that was delightful. After all, that is a lovelier reception than any success on the stage, and nevertheless I have the courage to distress all these precious souls from time to time by absenting myself.—Ah! this time I have made the unspoken resolution to try to arrange in future that my absences shall be only very short, or at least that any engagement shall be of definite duration, in which case I shall take all my treasures with me.

Yes, my friend, you have read quite correctly; towards the end of the month I am going to Dublin again—I place great dependence on  $Macbeth^1$  for obtaining a good measure of success for me in London—in any event the creation of the rôle of Lady Macbeth interests me extremely—it will be all the more a creation because, although I know Shakespeare's drama by heart, I have never seen it on the stage. In this opera, alongside of trivial and dismally bad numbers, there are four very fine scenes—well declaimed—which add greatly to the

dramatic action. . . . .

Since you have constituted yourself the champion of good music against bad music, as your conscience dictates, act the part, but with all the courtesy of the gallant chevaliers of the olden time. Bear in mind that the cause is noble and that it should be supported chivalrously, worthily, and not with the violence and discourtesy of present-day musicians. Show yourself superior to them in this point also.

Judith<sup>2</sup> is genuine English music, that is to say, without color, without originality, and without much science. As you very rightly remark, it is an arid and frigid amalgamation of Händel and Mendelssohn. Nothing more. . . .

The next letter illustrates amusingly the fact that even the greatest of artists are sometimes deaf to genius. If Julius Rietz needed food for his dislike of Wagner, his friend's letter amply supplied it.

Friday, March 18

It is a perfect mystery to me that I should have so little time now, when I really have little to do! I do not find leisure to write my letters. To you, dearest friend, I should like to revert every day, if only with a few lines. But it is impossible. The visits are partly to blame. Possibly my Lady Macbeth, tooshe is continually distracting my thoughts. Every time I have to learn an entirely new part, I lapse into a half-dreamy condition. I feel as if there were a little theatrical stage in my forehead, on which my small actors move about. Even at night, and even while asleep, my private theatre haunts me—sometimes it grows unbearable. There is no remedy for it—and so my rôles learn themselves, without my needing to sing aloud or to study before a mirror. Once in a while, though, when it strikes me that my Liliputian songstress is behaving too boldly, I try to imitate her. This kind of work, in which I participate almost unconsciously, is strange, is it not? It costs me no exertion whatever, but continually demands my attention, excepting when dear letters arrive, like yours of the 14th.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>Verdi's opera, Florence, 1847.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup>Oratorio by Henry David Leslie (Birmingham, 1858).

warteten mein an der Eisenbahn Station. Das war eine Freude! Die Armen, sie können wirklich nicht leicht ohne mich leben. Die zwei Mügdlein sind aufgewacht, als ich ganz leise in ihrem Zimmer getreten bin. Da war ein Mama schreien, ein wilder Tanz im blossen Hemdchen auf die kleine Betten, ein Jauchzen, ein Küssen!! Ei, das war wunderschön. C'est pourtant un plus beau succès que tous les succès du théatre, et cependant j'ai le courage de chagriner tous ces êtres chéris de temps à autre par mes absences. . . Ah cette fois j'ai formé intérieurement le projet de tâcher de m'arranger de sorte à ne plus faire que de très courtes absences, à moins d'avoir un engagement d'une certaine durée, en quel cas, j'emmènerai tous mes trésors avec moi.

Oui, mon ami, vous avez fort bien lu, je repars à la fin du mois pour Dublin—je compte beaucoup sur Macbeth¹ pour me valoir quelque chose de bien pendant la saison de Londres—dans tous les cas la création du rôle de Lady Macbeth m'intéresse extrêmement—ce sera d'autant plus une création que tout en sachant par cœur le drame de Shakespeare je ne l'ai jamais vu représenter. Il y a dans cet opéra à coté de morceaux trivials et affreux, quatre fort belles scènes—bien déclamées et qui prêtent beaucoup à l'action dramatique.

contre la mauvaise musique, d'après votre conscience, soyez le, mais avec toute la courtoisie des preux chevaliers d'autrefois. Pensez que la cause est belle et qu'il faut la soutenir galamment, dignement, et non avec la violence et la discourtoisie des musiciens d'aujourd'hui. Ayez encore sur eux cette supériorité là.

Judith<sup>2</sup> est de la vraie musique anglaise, c'est à dire sans couleur, sans originalité et sans grande science. Vous le dites fort bien, c'est une sèche et froide amalgame de Handel et Mendelssohn. Weiter nichts. . . .

#### Freitag, den 18ten März.

Wie wenig Zeit habe ich jetzt, da ich eigentlich wenig zu thun habe, ist mir ganz räthselhaft! ich komme nicht dazu meine Briefen zu schreiben. Ihnen, theuerster Freund, möchte ich alle Tage, wenn nur ein paar Zeilen, widmen. Es geht aber nicht. Die Besuchen sind theilweise Schuld daran.

Vielleicht auch meine Lady Macbeth—die grübelt mir im Kopf fortwährend. Jedesmal wenn ich eine ganz nagelneue Parthie zu lernen habe, zerfalle ich in einen halb träumerischen Zustand. Es ist mir als hätte ich eine kleine Theaterbühne in der Stirn, wo meine kleine Schauspieler sich bewegen. Selbst in der Nacht, während dem Schlaf sogar, verfolgt mich mein privat Theater—manchmal wird es unerträglich. Nichts hilft dagegen—und so lernen sich meine Rollen von selbst, ohne dass ich brauche laut zu singen, noch vor dem Spiegel zu studieren. Manchmal nur, wenn es mir scheint dass meine Liliputanische Sängerin sich zu kühn benimmt, dann versuche ich es nach ihr. Diese Art Arbeit, an der ich fast keinen bewussten Theil nehme, ist seltsam,

—You have been foremost in my thoughts all the evening. Reber and Saint-Saëns dined with us—why were you not here! After dinner (Chorley was there, too) Saint-Saëns set to work to run through the first act of Lohengrin with me—Heavens! what deadly monotony! what wearisome ugliness! how it finally stupefies you and harrows your nerves! oh peugh! It is ugly, it is doleful; it is sadly inflated! what pompous nullity! and what extravagant insignificance!—Ah, my friend, be assured that you detest the Ugly no more than I do.

You should have witnessed the indignation of our friends and above all of my husband at this so-called music! how they hurled crashing anathemas against the wretches to whom pride alone could suggest this infernal witches' Sabbath. It was killingly funny. To soothe our nerves and restore our good humor Saint-

Saëns played something from Bach. That is a real treat.

In the morning I took Saint-Saëns to visit Rossini, who gave him some piano music—which he is now zealously engaged in writing—to decipher. There were some charming things—among others a bolero tartare which is delicious. There is a long piece entitled "Prélude de l'avenir." After S. had played it, Rossini said to us, "That is one of the things at the end of which one asks one's self what the author intended to say—finding the answer to be, that if he wanted to say anything, the piece says nothing at all." In fact, he wanted to take off the future, but our good Rossini could not prevent himself from having ideas, whatever he might do, and his pretended folly would convict itself of reasonableness alongside of any measure taken at random from Lohengrin.

During the day I had a rehearsal of Flotow's Martha, in which opera I am to sing at Dublin with Mario, Mme. Grisi, and Graziani, the best of living baritones. It is dance-music from one end to the other—quite insignificant, quite unexciting, but, at any rate, unpretentiously written. It is like homeopathy—if it does one no good, it does no harm—whereas Lohengrin (which I should prefer to call Hohen Grimm) does one positive injury. Monday, at Saint-Saëns', Louisette played with him the Bach concerto for 2 pianos. Thereafter S.-S. played the Weber sonata in Ab. I do not know why the latter's piano music always leaves me perfectly indifferent. I never feel real passion in it, or serenity. It always impresses me like a person who makes a great stir for no particular reason. He must have had a restless, susceptible, irascible temperament—when he was composing for piano he became too much the pianist and forgot that he was a great musician. Perhaps you are going to scold me and accuse me of bad taste—but excepting some fragments here and there, his music for piano does not please me.

S.-S. thereupon let me hear his concerto for piano. The first part strikes me as very beautiful. The Andante is also very remarkable—the last part is less so, it is a Presto, full of rhythmic life, very brilliant, but lacking a leading idea. Altogether, I think it is a fine piece. Do you not think that he ought to

play it next winter in the Gewandhaus? . . . .

The following letter, written on March 26 from Morrison's Hotel at Dublin, shows Mme. Viardot's epistolary art at its best. The eight-page letter is quoted here with but few elisions.

. . . . Last week I did not have half a minute to myself. My poor Louis has a terrible attack of lumbago, which has kept him bent double for several days. As it was absolutely impossible for him to go out, I have been obliged to make

nicht wahr? es kostet mir gar keine Mühe, nimmt aber fortwährend meine Aufmerksamkeit in Anspruch, ausser wenn mir liebe Briefen ankommen, comme la votre du 14.

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J'ai bien pensé à vous pendant toute la soirée. Reber et Saint-Saëns ont diné avec nous—que n'étiez vous des nôtres! après le diner (Chorley aussi en était) Saint-Saëns s'est mis à parcourir avec moi le 1<sup>er</sup> acte de Lohengrin—Mon Dieu, quelle assomante monotonie! quelle ennuyeuse laideur! comme cela finit par vous alourdir et vous agacer les nerfs! ah pouai! C'est laid, c'est triste, c'est boursoufié! quelle pompeuse nullité! et quel extravagante insignifiance!—ah mon ami, soyez bien sîr que vous ne detestez pas plus que moi le laid.

Il fallait voir l'indignation de nos amis et surtout de mon mari contre cette soi-disant musique! ils ont lancé des anathèmes foudroyantes contre les misérables auxquels l'orqueil seul suggère cet infernal sabbath. C'était à mourir de rire. Pour nous remettre les nerfs et l'humeur Saint-Saëns nous a joué du Bach. Voilà du bon pain.

Dans la matinée, j'ai mené Saint-Saëns chez Rossini, qui lui a donné à déchiffrer de la musique pour Piano, qu'il écrit maintenant avec passion. Il y a des choses charmantes—un bolero tartare entre autres qui est délicieux. Il y a un long morceau intitulé "Prélude de l'avenir." Lorsque S. l'eut joué, Rossini nous dit "voilà une de ces choses, à la fin desquelles on se demande ce que l'auteur a voulu dire, et on se répond que s'il a voulu dire quelque chose, le morceau ne dit rien du tout." En effet, il a voulu faire la charge de l'avenir, mais le bon Rossini ne peut pas s'empêcher d'avoir des idées, quoiqu'il fasse et sa soi-disant folieserait convaincue de raison à coté de la première mesure venue dans Lohengrin.

Dans la journée j'ai eu une répétition de Martha de Flotow, dans lequel opéra je dois chanter à Dublin avec Mario, M<sup>me</sup> Grisi et Graziani, le meilleur baryton actuel. C'est de la musique de danse d'un bout à l'autre-bien insignifiante, bien anodine, mais au moins faite sans prétention. C'est comme l'homéopathie, si ca ne fait pas de bien, ca ne fait pas mal, tandis que Lohengrin (que je préfèrerais appeler Hohen Grimm) fait positivement du mal. Lundi chez Saint-Saëns Louisette a joué avec lui le concerto de Bach pour 2 pianos. . . S.-S. a joué ensuite la sonate en lab de Weber. Je ne sais pourquoi la musique de piano de ce dernier me laisse toujours parfaitement froide. Je n'y trouve jamais vraie passion, ni sérénité. Il me fait l'effet de quelqu'un qui s'agite beaucoup sans raison. Il devait avoir un caractère inquiet, susceptible et irrascible—quand il composait pour le piano, il devenait trop pianiste et oubliait qu'il était un grand musicien. Peut être allez-vous me gronder et me taxer de mauvais goûtmais excepté quelques fragments par ci par là, sa musique de piano ne me platt pas. S.-S. m'a fait entendre ensuite son concerto pour piano. La lère partie me semble fort belle. L'andante aussi est très remarquable—la dernière partie est moins, c'est un Presto fort mouvementé, fort brillant, mais sans idée principale. En somme je crois que c'est une belle chose. Il faudra qu'il aille la faire entendre au Gewandhaus l'hiver prochain, n'est-ce pas?. . . .

Mon pauvre Louis a pris un terrible lombago qui l'a tenu plié en deux pendant plusieurs jours. Comme il était dans l'impossibilité absolue de sortir, j'ai été

a multitude of trips of which he habitually has had the kindness to relieve me by making them himself. All the rest of the time I have remained at his side, to console him for my impending departure.

Do not think me ridiculous when I tell you that Louis can no longer live without me. Yes, Sir, so it is. Do I see you smile? It seems incredible to you that after nearly 19 years of married life a husband does not know how to get along without his wife? Oh yes, confess that there is no slight trace of incredulity in that smile now curling your lip. Very well, Mr. Unbeliever, think as much as ever you please that I am a conceited wife-what I have told you is simply the real truth. My husband and Scheffer have always been my dearest friends. I have never been able to return any other sentiment in requital of the ardent and deep love of Louis, despite the best will in the world. Sometimes it has seemed to me like a wrong, the injustice of fate, cruel, whatever you will, But the human will has only a negative influence on the heart-it can force it to be silent, but not to speak. I will confess in a whisper, a very, very low whisper close to your ear, that these little journeys which I have made alone this winter have been very salutary holidays for me. On the one hand, they have been reposeful for my heart, somewhat fatigued by the expression of a love which it cannot share; and, on the other, absence can only fortify my friendship. my esteem and my great respect for this man who is so noble and devoted, who would give his life to gratify the least of my caprices, if I had any.

As you see, I also tell you everything that I think—but now I notice that I am writing so small to-day that you will need, not spectacles, but a microscope to decipher my tiny fly-tracks. It is said that one's handwriting reflects one's character—if you are of that opinion, I shall be very sorry—for I know nothing more changeable than my handwriting—big one day, small the next, sprawling and oblique two hours later, then perpendicular, or high, or round, and most of the time difficult to read, it would give a sad idea of its proprietress to any one who did not know her thoroughly—for that very reason I hasten to make myself known to you in every possible way. I shall never tell you anything but the strict truth, without restriction or exaggeration. Should I chance to deceive you, it would be because I had deceived myself as well....

What a strange beauty there is in the sea! this inanimate movement of the water captivates me and yet in time inspires within me a sort of terror. With the sky it is different—when the great clouds are sailing one after the other and assuming myriad forms, one might say that passionate dramas are being enacted on high—I adore the sky, I take a human interest in everything that is going on there, whereas the sea is a vast and solemn egoist to whom no bond of affection unites me. It always gives me an impression as if it felt its enforced contact with man to be irksome. It is always ready to revolt and play him some evil trick—it is an atrocious coquette. But the sky, on the contrary, seems to take pleasure in putting the finishing touch to the least little scrap of landscape, in working in an effect of shadow and of light in the level country, and beautiful colored clouds in sterile spots—of great tranquil depths where some monument set up by the hand of man is to be thrown into relief. The sky is a satisfaction—a conclusion, so to speak; the sea is an eternal doubt, an endless interrogation.

Oh, decidedly, I love the sky more, though my admiration for the sea is greater—that is another example of what I wrote you about some time ago, and which you did not understand, apropos of sympathy and non-sympathy. I admire the sea, but I am not in sympathy with it, because it is cold and indifferent to man and the rest of creation. I love the sky because it seems to

obligée de faire une foule de courses qu'il a d'habitude la bonté de m'éviter en les faisant pour moi—tout le reste du temps je suis restée auprès de lui, à le consoler de mon prochain départ.

Ne vous moquez das de moi lorsque je vous dirai que Louis ne peut plus vivre sans moi. Oui, monsieur, c'est comme cela. Vous souriez, je crois? vous ne voulez pas croire qu'après tantôt 19 ans de mariage un mari ne puisse pas savoir se passer de sa femme? voyons, avouez qu'il y a beaucoup d'incrédulité dans ce sourire moqueur qui court sur votre lèvre. Eh bien, Mr. l'incrédule, vous avez beau penser que je suis une eingebildete Frau, je ne vous dis là que la vraie vérité. Mon mari et Scheffer ont toujours été mes amis les plus chers. Je n'ai jamais pu rendre un autre sentiment en echange du vif et profond amour de Louis, en dépit de toute ma meilleure volonté. J'ai parfois trouvé que c'était mal à moi, injuste du destin, cruel, tout ce que vous voudrez. Mais la volonté humaine n'a qu'un effet négatif sur le cœur-elle peut le forcer à se taire, mais non à parler. Je vous l'avouerai tout bas, bien bas, dans le tuyau de l'oreille, que ces petites voyages que j'ai fait seule cet hiver ont été des vacances bien salutaires pour moi. D'une part, cela a été un repos pour mon cœur un peu fatigué de l'espression d'un amour qu'il ne peut partager, et de l'autre l'absence ne fait que fortifier mon amitié, mon estime et mon grand respect pour cet homme si noble et si dévoué qui donnerait sa vie pour satisfaire le moindre de mes caprices, si j'en avais.

Vous le voyez, moi aussi je vous dis tout ce que pense—mais je m'apperçois que j'écris si fin aujourdhui qu'il vous faudra, non des lunettes, mais un microscope pour déchiffrer mes petites pattes de mouche. On dit que l'écriture est l'image du caractère—si vous le croyez j'en suis bien fâchée—car je ne connais rien de plus changeant que mon écriture—grande un jour, petite le lendemain, allongée et penchée deux heures après, tantôt droite, tantôt grosse, tantôt ronde, et la plupart du temps difficile à lire, elle donnerait une triste idée de sa propriétaire à celui qui ne la connaîtrait pas à fond—c'est pour cela que je me hâte de me faire connaître à vous autant que possible. Jamais je ne vous dirai que la stricte vérité, sans restriction ni éxagération. Si je vous trompe par hazard, c'est que je me serai trompée moimême aussi. . . .

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is D, de l'eau me captive tout en m'inspirant à la longue une sorte de terreur. Le ciel c'est autre chose—quand les grands nuages courent les uns après les autres en changeant mille fois de forme, on dirait qu'il se passe des drames passionnés là haut—J'adore le ciel, je m'intéresse à tout ce qui s'y passe d'un interêt humain, tandis que la mer est une immense et solennelle egoïste à laquelle aucun lien de tendresse ne m'unit. Elle me fait toujours l'effet d'être ennuyée de son contact forcé avec l'homme. Elle est toujours prête à se revolter et à lui jouer quelque tour méchant—c'est une atroce coquette. Mais le ciel, au contraire, il semble prendre plaisir à compléter le moindre petit bout de paysage, à placer un effet d'ombre et de lumière dans un pays plat, et beaux nuages colorés dans les endroits stériles—des grands fonds tranquilles là où il y a à faire valoir quelque beau monument placé par la main de l'homme. Le ciel est une satisfaction, une conclusion pour ainsi dire—la mer est un éternel doute, une interrogation éternelle.

Oh décidément j'aime mieux le ciel tout en admirant davantage la mer—voilà encore un exemple de ce que je vous écrivais il y a quelque temps et que vous n'avez pas compris, à propos de la sympathie et de la non sympathie. J'admire la mer, mais je n'ai pas de sympathie pour elle, parcequ'elle est froide et indifférente à l'homme et au reste de la création. J'aime le ciel, parcequ'il

take a part in all that goes on beneath it. If you do not comprehend me, that will do no harm for the moment.

I have to inform you, that I am beginning to grow tired. And oh! now I am starting again to write fit to put out your eyes. The best thing for you to do would be to toss my letter into the fire without reading another word. You have my pardon for this autodafé—if I keep on writing it is merely for my own pleasure. since I am burned-Fire! there is another beautiful thing! it takes too much interest in what touches it. How good warmth is. Are you shivery? yes, you must be. The tip of your nose reddens in the air of winter, so you are shivery. Do you occasionally take long walks? Ah, if you were to visit us some time in the country, at Courtavenel, you would have to, whether you would or no. I would make you walk three hours without stopping. The first day you should make the acquaintance of my favorite spot. It is a quarter of an hour from the house, a wide plain with fields of wheat, in the midst of which, on an elevation, there stands a magnificent elm. The view extends for at least six leagues all round about. Nowhere have I seen so much sky as there. The horizon is limited nearby only on one side, by a great green lane, in the midst of a wood, which leads straight to Courtavenel. It frequently happens that I take a book in my pocket and install myself on a great rock at the foot of the tree for several hours at a time. However charming the book, the sky is always more charming. In the rustling of the leaves one hears strange, vague sounds which wholly captivate the attention of a musical ear. The eye always follows whither the ear leads, and then, i' faith, good-bye to reading—when the days of July are at their height it is so warm that one has no desire to move. There is a continual Find of tremulous humming in the air—a luminous vibration—the birds keep silence, excepting the little Loriot (a black and yellow bird) who trills his little lay, fresh as a rivulet in the meadow-now and then a cock crows-a dog on some far-away farm barks—ah, there a quail flies up—a breeze sways the wheatfield-now the motion has ceased-a mournful distant bell-what? already five o'clock? Now they are ringing for dinner at Courtavenel! How astonishingit was two o'clock but a moment ago! and I had intended to finish the chapter I began the other day!—I start away on a run—but soon my heart tells me that it would be better to let them wait for me a little while than to arrive pale, out of breath, and incapable of saying a word for some minutes. While one is walking along quietly in the country one involuntarily begins to gaze up at the sky, or down at the ground-another engrossing occupation-there are so many pretty little flowers! how can one resist making at least a small bouquet? Good gracious! now Mamma is calling me with all the power of her beautiful soprano sfogato voice, which is so well preserved when she cries aloud in the country. Together with this forceful sound I indistinctly hear small voices-I see afar two small rose-colored objects advancing towards me-"Mamma! Mamma!" the little ones are coming to get me-here they are. . . and without hats, in the sunshine! I am beginning to scold them, and then my mother scolds me at a distance for the same reason! I hoist little Maria to my shoulders, take Didie by the hand, and there we are, all three of us. . . .

Dublin, April 1st.

<sup>. . .</sup> I have just achieved one of the most superb successes of my theatrical career through my creation of the rôle of Lady Macbeth in Verdi's opera—I had rehearsed it tremendously in my head, and it appears that the result is very good—the entire evening has been one long cry of enthusiasm—they tell me that it much resembles a triumph. . . .

semble prendre part à tout ce que se passe sous lui. Si vous ne me comprenez

pas, cela ne fait rien pour aujourdhui.

Il faut vous dire que je commence à éprouver de la fatigue. Allons, voilà que je recommence à écrire de façon à vous abîmer les yeux. Ce que vous avez de mieux à faire c'est de jeter ma lettre au feu sans lire un mot de plus. Je vous pardonne cet autodafé-si je continue à écrire ce n'est plus que pour mon plaisir puisque je suis brulée-le feu! voilà encore une belle chose! par exemple, il prend trop de part à ce qui le touche. C'est bon la chaleur. Etes-vous frileux? oui, vous devez l'être. Le bout de votre nez rougit à l'air en hiver, donc vous êtes frileux. Faîtes-vous de grandes promenades quelquefois? Ah, si vous venez un jour nous voir à la campagne, à Courtavenel, vous en ferez bon gré malgré. Je yous ferai marcher trois heures de suite. Vous ferez dès le premier jour connaissance avec mon endroit favori. C'est à un quart d'heure de la maison-une grande plaine, des champs de blé, au milieu de laquelle, sur une élévation, se trouve un magnifique ormeau. La vue s'étend à 6 lieues au moins tout à l'entour. Nulle part je n'ai vu autant de ciel que là. L'horizon n'est borné tout près que d'un seul côté, par une grande rue verte au milieu d'un bois qui mène droit à Courtavenel. Il m'arrive souvent de prendre un livre dans ma poche et de m'installer sur une grosse pierre au pied de l'arbre pour plusieurs heures de suite. Tel beau que soit le livre, le ciel est toujours plus beau. Le bruissement des feuilles renferme des sons étranges, indéfinissables, qui captivent toute l'attention d'une oreille musicale. Les yeux s'en vont toujours là où va l'ouie, et, ma foi, adieu la lecture—au beau milieu des journées de Juillet, il fait si chaud qu'on n'a pas l'envie de bouger. Il y a toujours une espèce de frémissement bourdonnant dans l'air-une vibration lumineuse-les oiseaux se taisent, excepté le petit Loriot (oiseau noir et jaune) qui sifflote son petit chant frais comme un ruisselet de la prairie—de loin en loin un coq chante—le chien d'une ferme éloignée aboie ah, voilà une perdrix qui part—une brise fait pencher les blés—les voilà redevenues immobiles—une cloche triste au loin—quoi? déjà 5 heures? On sonne déjà le diner à Courtavenel! C'est étonnant, il était 2 hres, il n'y a qu'un instant! -et moi qui voulais finir mon chapître commencé l'autre jour! . . . Je pars en courant d'abord-mais bientôt mon cœur me dit qu'il vaut mieux me faire attendre quelques minutes que d'arriver pâle, suffoquée et hors d'état de dire un mot pendant des minutes entières. Dès que l'on marche tranquillement à la campagne on se met involontairement soit à regarder le ciel, soit à regarder par terre-autre occupation attachante-il y a tant de jolies petites fleurs! comment résister à faire au moins un petit bouquet? Ah mon Dieu voilà maman qui m'appelle de toutes les forces de sa belle voix de soprano sfogato qu'elle a encore conservé lorsqu'elle crie dans la campagne. A coté de ce son puissant j'entends indistinctement des petites voix-je vois de loin deux petits objets roses qui avancent de mon côté—"Maman! maman!" les petites viennent me chercher—les voilà . . . et sans chapeaux, par le soleil! je m'apprête à les gronder, lorsque ma mère me gronde de loin pour la même raison! Je charge la petite Maria sur mes epaules, je prends Didie par la main et nous voilà toutes trois. . . . .

Dublin, 1ten April.

. . . Je viens d'obtenir un des plus beaux succès de ma carrière théâtrale par ma création du rôle de Lady Macbeth dans l'opéra de Verdi—je l'ai enormément travaillé dans ma tête et il paraît que le résultat en est très bon—toute la soirée a été un long cri d'enthousiasme—on dit que cela ressemble beaucoup à un triomphe. . .

Apart from this cry of satisfaction, the letter is one long cry of disappointment at not having received news lately from Rietz, and she asks:

What can have happened? are you ill? on a journey? dead? even in this last case I could not forgive you for this long, long silence—wait, a curious thought occurs to me—can you have forgotten me? that would be an original feat! or else, maybe, my dear Bear is occupying himself by licking his paw? or has he licked it so long that there is not enough of it left to hold a pen? . . .

Morrison's Hotel, Dublin, April 9.

on the very day that I forwarded you my Jeremiads and my thunderbolts—what a topsy-turvy mess I did write this morning! all from my being ill last night; I was feverish until noon (it is now 3 o'clock), my hand is trembling and my eyes are clouded as I write. I think it is in consequence of my becoming slightly overfatigued yesterday—a terrible day. A concert in the morning, in the evening a rehearsal of Marta from 7 o'clock to midnight. As I generally have to assume the part of stage-manager for the operas in which I sing, being the only one who speaks English well, I serve as interpreter between all my comrades and the costumers, machinists, choristers, supers, etc. It is far more fatiguing than to sing—after four hours' work on the stage I am worn out. At last, Heaven be praised, it is done, and will not have to be begun over again on this trip. This evening, first representation of the galop in 4 acts entitled Martha....

Sunday the 10th

. . Things are going much better to-day-I hope that you are now entirely recovered. It is your turn to scold me a bit-it is more than a week since I wrote you-I have had a terrible week. Here are the details of it, beginning with Monday morning-rehearsal of Don Giovanni from 11 o'clock to 5. Mad. Grisi sings the rôle of Donna Anna with violence and without genuine dignity. Mario that of Don Ottavio, that is to say, he does not take the trouble to do his part in the ensemble numbers. To make up for it, he sings the adorable "Il mio tesoro" deliciously. For Leporello we have a young singer gifted with a very good voice, but who does not know how to sing this music in which there are no effets à la Verdi. As for the Don Giovanni himself, this well-nigh impossible rôle is properly done by Graziani only as far as voice is concerned. Indeed, this baritone has the finest organ that one can hope to hear. It possesses incomparable charm. The only thing that he sings really well is the serenade. For the rest, he acts the rôle badly, as it requires an elegance and a distinction which are not his. Elvira very mediocre. You will surmise that I did not take the rôle of the Statue, and that I sang Zerlina with all the devotion that I bear in my heart for Mozart. "Batti, batti," "Là ci darem" and "Vedrai carino" were encored. That was on Monday. Tuesday I passed the entire day in studying the rôle of Maffio Orsini in "Lucrezia Borgia." The director had so earnestly begged me to sing it that I consented—that evening I had a superlative success! I was obliged to sing the brindisi 4 times in succession!!!! Wednesday, the 2d representation of Macbeth, after 5 o'clock the rehearsal of Martha. Same success as the first evening-it could not be greater-Ah, I believe I have not told you of a very funny and witty jest that was made at the first performance. The sleep-walking scene, which is really very beautiful, commences with a long,

<sup>1</sup>Donizetti's opera, Milan, 1838.

Was ist denn geschehen? sind Sie krank? abgereist? todt? selbst in diesem letzten Falle kann ich Ihnen das lange, lange Stillschweigen nicht verzeihen. . . tiens, il me vient une drôle de pensée. . . est ce que vous m'auriez oubliée? voilà qui serait original! ou bien, est ce que mon cher ours serait occupé à lécher sa patte? ou l'a-t-il tant léchée qu'il n'en reste plus assez pour tenir une plume?....

Morrison's Hotel. Dublin. 9 avril.

parvenu le même jour où je vous expédiais mes jérémiades et mes foudres—comme j'écris de travers ce matin! c'est que j'ai été malade cette nuit, j'ai eu la fièvre jusqu'à midi (il est 3 h<sup>res</sup>), ma main tremble et ma vue se trouble en écrivant. Je crois que c'est par suite d'un peu trop de fatigue que m'a causée la terrible journée d'hier. Le matin concert, et le soir répétition de Marta depuis 7 h<sup>res</sup> jusqu'à minuit. Comme c'est en général moi qui suis le regisseur de la scène dans les opéras où je chante, moi la seule qui parle bien l'anglais, je sers d'interdats les opéras où je chante, moi la seule qui parle bien l'anglais, je sers d'interdats dous mes camarades auprès des costumiers, machinistes, choristes, comparses, etc. C'est beaucoup plus fatigant que de chanter—après 4 h<sup>res</sup> de mise en scène, je suis exténuée. Enfin Grâce à Dieu c'est fait, et ce n'est plus à recommencer pour ce voyage. Ce soir la I<sup>re</sup> représentation du galop en 4 actes appelé Martha...

le Dimanche. 10. . . Cela va bien mieux aujourd'hui-j'espère que vous êtes à présent tout à fait rétabli. C'est à votre tour de me gronder un peu-voilà plus de 8 jours que je vous ai écrit-j'ai eu une terrible semaine. En voici le détail à partir du lundi matin-répétition depuis 11 hres jusqu'à 5 hres du Don Giovanni. Mad. Grisi chante le rôle de Da. Anna avec violence et sans vraie dignité. Mario celui de Don Ottavio, c. à. d. qu'il ne se donne pas la peine de faire sa partie dans les morceaux d'ensemble. En revanche il chante l'adorable "Il mio tesoro" délicieusement. Nous avons pour Leporello un jeune chanteur doué d'une assez belle voix, mais qui ne sait pas chanter cette musique où il n'y a pas d'effets à la Verdi. Quant à Don Giovanni lui-même, ce rôle presque impossible n'est bien rendu par Graziani que sous le rapport de la voix. En effet, ce baryton a le plus bel organe que l'on puisse entendre. Il a un charme incomparable. La seule chose qu'il chante réellement bien, c'est la sérénade. Du reste il joue mal ce rôle, pour lequel il faut une élégance et une distinction qu'il n'a pas. Elvira fort médiocre. Vous devinez que je n'ai pas rempli le rôle de la Statue, et que j'ai chanté Zerline avec toute la religion que je porte dans mon âme pour Mozart: "Batti batti" "La ci darem" et "Vedrai carino" ont été bissés. Voilà pour lundi. Mardi j'ai passé toute ma journée à étudier le rôle de Maffio Orsini de "Lucrezia Borgia." Le directeur m'a tant priée de le chanter que j'y ai consenti-le soir j'ai eu un succès soigné. J'ai été obligeé de chanter 4 fois de suite le brindisi!!!!

Mercredi 2<sup>me</sup> représ <sup>on</sup> de Macbeth, après 5 h<sup>res</sup> de répétition de Martha. Même succès que le 1<sup>er</sup> soir—il ne pouvait pas être plus grand—Ah, je ne crois pas vous avoir raconté un mot bien drôle, bien spirituel qui a été dit à la 1<sup>ère</sup> représ<sup>on</sup>. La scène de Somnambulisme qui est vraîment fort belle commence par

long, ritournelle, during which the doctor and the servant of Lady Macbeth are on the stage, expectant. Towards the end, an impatient voice from the top of the auditorium cried, "Well, is it a boy or a girl?" I leave you to imagine what a burst of Homeric laughter followed this sally; I, standing lamp in hand in the wings all ready to enter, certainly thought that my whole scene was wrecked. But no; scarce had I appeared, and the entire audience held its breath until the close of that terrible and impressive scene. Thursday, rehearsal till 3 o'clock, outing in a carriage till 6. Grrrrand dinner at 7 with the Secretary of State. Friday, concert at 2 o'clock. Evening at 7 o'clock, dress rehearsal of Marta till midnight. Yesterday (Saturday) I did not rise until 1 o'clock. That evening, Marta achieved great success....

In the remainder of this rather long letter—again eight pages of "pattes de mouches"—Mme. Viardot takes Rietz to task for his "false modesty" in excusing himself for the "nullité" of his letters. She insists that everything he writes interests her, that he writes well and she suspects that he merely is fishing for compliments, for, says she, men, very much more than women, sometimes crave for flattery. She then elaborates with dialectic skill on his complaint "Ich fühle mich bei der jetzigen Gestaltung der Dinge bodenlos unglücklich" in Leipzig. She advises him, if that really be the case, to resign his position there and start anew elsewhere (an advice which he heeded by leaving Leipzig two years later for Dresden), but she has the impression that he is exaggerating matters and argues:

. . . . Moreover, I find on reflection that the term bodenlos ["profoundly"] carries in itself a criticism of your thought—bodenlos, as it pleases me to translate it to-day, means without ground, without foundation, without basis, without reason. . . .

Only a person with an exceptional gift of penetrating into the idiomatic secrets of a foreign language could have turned this "Zweideutigkeit," this double-meaning, of the German word "bodenlos" to such clever account. It availed Rietz but little to insist on his meaning ("profoundly unhappy") and to chide her on her "bodenlos langweilige Predigt" (her "profoundly boresome sermon"); she will, in her letter of May 8, have none of his excuses, but in her ten-page effusion says:

FI have teased you a little—that is all that I intended. In fine, I perfectly comprehend how much you must suffer in Leipzig, and no one could desire more than I do to see you in a town more to your liking. But after you have found it, will not the same baseness, the same intrigues, assail you on every side and wound your righteous susceptibility as a true man and true artist do you imagine Leipzig to be the unique repository of human depravity? and have you still to learn that precisely these faults which so greatly shock you, egoism, baseness, falsity, are everywhere and nearly always the reverse of the medal in the life of a serious artist? It is true that the serious artist is always

une longue longue ritournelle pendant laquelle le docteur et la suivante de Lady M. sont en scène dans l'attente. A la fin s'impatientant, une voix du haut de la salle s'écrie "Eh bien, est ce un garçon ou une fille?" Je vous laisse à penser quel rire homérique a suivi cette saillie—moi qui étais dans la coulisse avec ma lampe à la main prête à entrer, j'ai bien cru que toute ma scène était perdue. Eh bien non, à peine m'a-t-on apperçue, la salle n'a plus respiré jusqu'à la fin de cette terrible et solennelle scène. Jeudi répétition jusqu'à 3 h'res, promenade en voiture jusqu'à 6. Grrrrand diner à 7 chez le ministre de la justice. Vendredi concert à 2 h'res. Le soir à 7 h'res répétition générale de Marta jusqu'à minuit. Hier Samedi je ne me suis levée jusqu'à 1 h're. Le soir Marta a obtenu un très grand succès. . .

. . d'ailleurs j'ai réflechi que l'expression bodenlos porte en elle même la critique de votre pensée—bodenlos comme il me plaît de le traduire aujourd'hui veut dire sans fond, sans fondement, sans base, sans raison. . .

Je vous ai un peu taquiné, c'est tout ce que je voulais. Du reste, je comprends parfaitement combien vous devez souffrir à Leipzig et personne plus que moi ne voudrait vous voir dans une ville plus à votre goût. Mais en trouverez vous, et les mêmes turpitudes, les mêmes intrigues ne viendront-elles pas partout vous blesser dans votre juste susceptibilité d'honnête homme et de véritable artiste? pensez-vous donc que Leipzig est le seul réceptacle des défauts humains? et en êtes vous encore à apprendre que précisément ces défauts qui vous choquent tant, l'égoïsme, la bassesse, la fausseté sont partout et presque toujours le revers de la médaille dans la vie de l'artiste sérieux. Il est vrai que celui-ci est toujours

an exception, whereas the sad defects mentioned above are often, too often, the bread-winners of a great number of musicians. Remember, my friend, what musicians in general really are—persons who are fit merely to blow or strum or pick or pound on some instrument or other; as long as they are pounding or picking or strumming or blowing, they appear to be somebody; as soon as they stop their noise, they again become—nobody! How can you, who are somebody before being a musician, expect that your self-styled confrères should be at their ease in your presence? you surely see that it is not possible, and that you can never enter into agreeable and intimate relations with natures so far beneath your own. If you would enter into such, you must abase yourself to their level. Do not suppose that I shall condole with you on that account—no, far rather am I proud that you resemble them in nothing. I should not love you as I do love you if you did not suffer as you do from what is ugly in human nature. Only I do not wish it to make you too unhappy—or too severe—who does not stand in need of indulgence!

And nevertheless, every time that your heart overflows, let it pour its griefs into mine. Squeeze the lemon until there is no way of expressing another drop. Make as much lemonade as ever you please, but do not forget to add

just a pinch of sugar to render it drinkable.

You have asked me for a physical and moral description of my Zerlina, but that is a very difficult matter, indeed! . . . Zerlina, to my mind, is not at all a doll prinking as a shepherdess, a soubrette assuming a naïve rôle, a coquette who lures Don Giovanni under a mien of pretended innocence. She is confidently naïve, much of a child, but a child of the South in flesh and blood—she yields involuntarily to the influence of the demoniac nature of Don Giovanni—she is fascinated by him as a bird by a serpent. During their duo, I make Don Giovanni play in a different manner from the ordinary. If Don G. assumes the attitude of an ordinary seducer, this scene becomes heartrending. But if the man is capable of assuming a certain resemblance to a serpent (especially like the one in Eden), if he can put himself in the serpent's skin for a few minutes, then the demoniacal power with which one has always liked to set off Don Giovanni is no mere invention of Hoffmann's and, before him, of the Spaniards'; —this power, I repeat, is admirably reflected in the music. Mozart divined it and depicted it, in spite of words which are simply shocking.

To sum up: Zerlina is good, gay, impressionable and weak, but innocent,

although having an ardent temperament. Do you understand?

The page here reproduced in facsimile gave to Julius Rietz her idea of Zerline's physique. The last sentence ends on the next page of her letter with the words "blanc en Espagne—pas du tout."

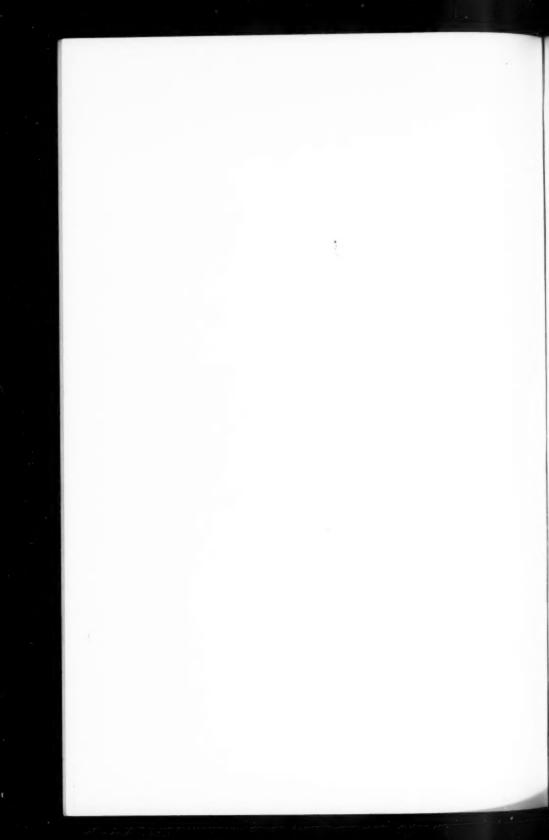
On the following day the letter was continued and Mme. Viardot interjects this request:

Don't go to work and betray me by repeating what I write you concerning  $le\ Pardon\ impardonable$  of Meyerbeer.

The reader will appreciate the wisdom of this entreaty, upon seeing what Meyerbeer's renowned Fides had written the day

Comme physing voisi a que potais à Aublin Les cheverel tout à jait à la chimise retenne, Jan mu resille rouge Consage & velous, non, lou'de ronge - jupe courte en laine blesse ava des broderies noises of rouges . Jupe de defraus en laine Hanche, toute hodie de laine, de couleur. Le vouge domine - bas longes tablier blow de laine brade auf Collier de Corail - Souliers de prinelle noise. Bubous rouge andaffer the moules - Il parais Am done a petet costume rigan rensement espagnol jai Pain I avoir 16 am ! tous he journams I'mt dit it tout to monde "" refet voila un surale In to figure in allemagne you to pay same, I marient in

Pauline Viardot-Garcia as "Zerline" Facsimile of her letter of May 8, 1859



l'exception, tandis que les tristes défauts ci dessus nommés sont souvent, trop souvent le gagne pain d'un grand nombre de musiciens. Rappelez vous mon ami, ce que c'est que les musiciens en général-des gens qui ne sont bons qu'à brailler, ou a râcler, pincer ou taper d'un instrument quelconque-tant qu'ils tapent, râclent, pincent ou brafflent ils ressemblent à quelqu'un-dès qu'ils ont fini leur bruit, ils redeviennent. . . . personne! Comment voulez-vous, vous qui êtes quelqu'un avant d'être musicien, que vos soi-disant confrères se trouvent à l'aise auprès de vous? vous voyez bien que ce n'est pas possible et que vous ne pourrez jamais avoir des rapports agréables et intimes avec des natures tellement au dessous de la vôtre. Quand vous voudrez en avoir, il faudra que vous vous abaissiez jusqu'à eux. N'allez pas croire que je vous plaigne de celanon, je suis bien plutot fière que vous ne leur ressembliez en rien. Je ne vous aimerais pas comme je vous aime si vous ne souffriez pas comme vous souffrez de ce qui est laid dans la nature humaine. Seulement je ne veux pas que cela vous rende pas trop malheureux—ni pas trop sévère—qui est ce qui n'a pas besoin d'indulgence!

Et cependant toutes les fois que votre cœur débordera, laissez le s'epancher dans le mien. Pressez le citron jusqu'à ce qu'il n'y ait plus moyen d'en exprimer une goutte. Faites de la limonade autant que vous voudrez, mais n'oubliez

pas d'y ajouter un tantinet de sucre, pour qu'elle soit buvable.

Vous me demandez une description physique et morale de ma Zerline, mais c'est très difficile cela!. . . Zerline, d'après moi, n'est nullement une poupée attifée en bergère, une soubrette qui fait la naïve, une coquette qui agace D<sup>n</sup>. Giovanni tout en minaudant l'innocence. Elle est hardiment naïve, très enfant, mais enfant du midi, en chair et en os—elle subit involontairement l'influence de la nature démoniaque de D<sup>n</sup>. G.—elle est fasciné par lui, comme un oiseau par un serpent. Je fais jouer D<sup>n</sup>. G. pendant leur duo autrement que d'habitude. Si D<sup>n</sup>. G. prend l'attitude d'un séducteur ordinaire, cette scène devient écœurante. Mais si l'homme peut se donner quelque ressemblance avec le serpent (celui du Paradis terrestre surtout), s'il peut se mettre dans sa peau pendt. quelques minutes, alors la puissance démoniaque (dont on a voulu toujours gratifier D<sup>n</sup>. G. n'est plus une invention de Hoffmann et avant lui des Espagnols) cette puissance, dis-je, se retrouve admirablement dans la musique. Mozart l'a comprise et rendue, en dépit des paroles qui sont bien les plus choquantes du monde.

Résumons: Zerline est bonne, gaie, impressionable et faible, mais innocente, tout en étant une nature ardente. Comprenez vous?

N'allez pas me trahir, et répéter ce que je vous écris sur le *Pardon* impardonable de Meyerbeer.

before about his opera "Le Pardon de Ploërmel" (Paris, Apr. 4, 1859):

Yes, I have heard Meyerbeer's opera, and, between ourselves be it said, I certainly trust I shall never hear it again. L'Étoile du Nord is a sun in comparison. What pleased me best in the music was the goat and the moon. Yes, the opera ought properly to be entitled The North Moon, Opera in Three Bridges. The principal rôles are taken by Thunder, Water, and a Goat. Mad. Cabel bleats her part very prettily. The Cascade howls the sole tenor-part, and Mr. baritonist Faure thunders bravely from beginning to end of the opera. The audience yawns till their mouths meet their ears—their ears are fairly drowned in weariness-one feels bored to the screaming-point. No, I never could have imagined Meyerbeer's writing such an opera. It is altogether too feeble! too insignificant! too uninteresting! too tiresome! "C'est étonnant! c'est assommant!" [amazing! stupefying!] so everybody in the theatre was exclaiming. All his talent seems to have vanished; only the striving after effect still remains. Nothing is left but an old woman's skeleton-wig, false teeth, padded velvet dressesjewels (all a sham, too, of course). It is really too painful to hear such a thing. Do you know what the opera has cost him? 90,000 francs!!!! And no success at that, God be praised!

Faust is something quite different. Much in it is fine and noble. The Garden Scene is Superb—it moved me to tears. Much of the rest is interesting, and the entire opera is musical, through and through. Gretchen is wonderfully

successful. Not so Mephisto. Faust wavers between the two.

May 13.

The French, on the whole, are not such gourmands as the Germans, they require less nourishment. At least, I have never seen any one eating during a matinée musicale (for so it should be called). Particularly in the case of artists, people seem to be satisfied with the music. Cake and icecream would be an innovation—I should not care to try to introduce them, for fear of an overwhelming success! . . .

The 25th.

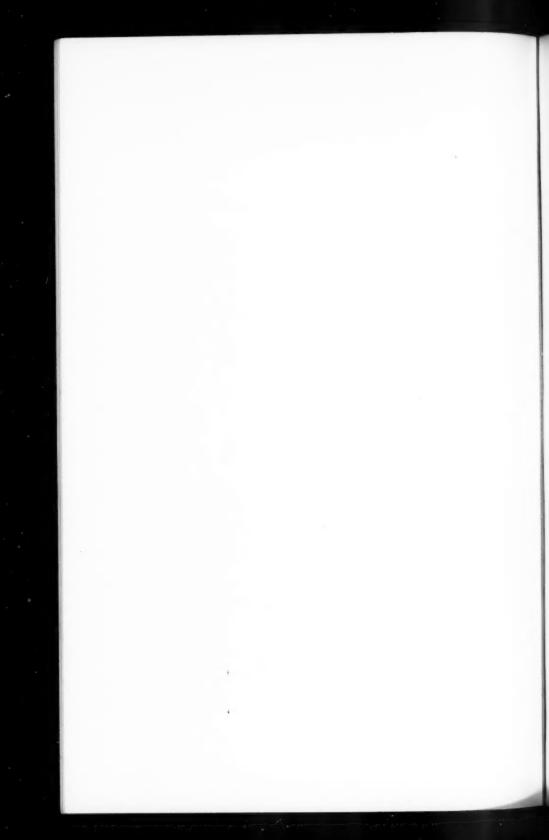
. . . I must inform you that I won a great victory yesterday. I sang in the Théâtre Lyrique at the benefit of Mme. Miolan-Carvalho, the wife of the Director, and herself an excellent singer. My part in the immense soirée was sufficiently attractive—the third act of Otello¹ and the entire Prison Scene in the 5th act of the Prophète. Duprez, the old and ever-grand Duprez, poniarded me in the former, and Gueymard, the bellower of the opera, received [sic] my absolution in the latter. One would have thought that the hall must crash in. I confess that I was feeling fit and that I sang with pleasure. That is to say, I was happy to sing—I felt that I had the whole audience in my power—and if I sang well, I can assure you that the public shouted well and lustily. We were recalled a dozen times running amid the most frantic applause—such applause, finally, that I wished such an evening for my friend Neumark. I squeeze your thumb with all my might. . . .

Of course, Rossini's opera, not Verdi's.—Ed.

(To be concluded)



Pauline Viardot-Garcia
(By courtesy of the H. W. Gray Co., New York)



Oui, i'ai entendu l'opéra de Meyerbeer, et, entre nous soit dit, j'espère bien ne plus jamais l'entendre. Der Nord Stern ist eine Sonne dagegen: Was mir in der Musik am besten gefallen hat ist die Ziege und der Mond. Ja, eigentlich sollte die Oper der Nordmond Oper in 3 Brücken heissen. Die Hauptparthien sind vom Donner, Wasser und eine Ziege besetzt. Mad. Cabel meckert ihre Rolle sehr hübsch. Die Cascade heult die einzige Tenorparthie, und der Herr Barytonist Faure donnert muthig von Anfang bis zu Ende der Oper. Das Publikum gähnt sich den Mund bis über die Ohren-die Ohren sind bis ueber den Kopf müde-man möchte aufschreien vor Langeweile. Ja, so eine Oper hätte ich M. nie anvermuthen können. Sie ist gar zu schwach! zu unbedeutend! zu uninteressant! zu ennuyant! "c'est étonnant! c'est assommant!" so scholl es rings um uns im Theater. All sein Talent scheint verschwunden zu sein, die Effekthascherei nur ist noch da. Es bleibt nur das Gerippe einer alten Frau-Perrücke, falsche Zähne, wattirte Sammtkleider-Juwelen (auch falsch, versteht sich) Es ist wahrhaftig zu peinlich so was zu hören. Wissen Sie was die Oper ihm kostet? 90,000 fr.!!!! Und dabei ist es kein Succès, Gott sei Dank!

Faust ist was ganz anderes. Manches drinn ist schön und edel. Die Gartenscene ist prächtig—sie hat mich zu Thränen gerührt. Viel anderes ist interessant u. die ganze Oper ist durch und durch musikalisch. Gretchen ist wundervoll gelungen. Nicht so Mephisto. Faust wankt zwischen beiden—

#### 13ten Mai.

Im ganzen sind die Franzosen nicht so gourmands wie die Deutschen, sie brauchen nicht so viel Nahrung. Wenigstens habe ich noch nie essen gesehen während einer Matinée musicale (denn so muss es heissen). Besonders bei Künstlern stellt man sich zufrieden, wenn [man] Musik hat. Kuchen und Eis wären eine Neuigkeit—ich möchte den Versuch nicht machen, sie einzuführen, aus Furcht vor einem allzugrossen succès!.

le 25. . . Il faut vous dire que j'ai remporté hier une grande victoire. J'ai chanté au Théâtre lyrique dans la représentation au bénéfice de Made Miolan Carvalho, la femme du Directeur et excellente cantatrice elle même. Ma part dans l'immense soirée a été assez belle—le 3<sup>me</sup> acte d'Otello¹ et toute la scène de la prison du 5<sup>me</sup> acte du Prophète. Duprez, le vieux et toujours grand Duprez, m'a poignardée dans le 1<sup>er</sup> et Gueymard le hurleur de l'opéra à reçu mon absolution dans la seconde. C'était à croire que la salle allait crouler. J'avoue que j'étais bien disposée et que j'ai chanté avec bonheur. C'est à dire que j'étais heureuse de chanter—je sentais que j'avais tout le public dans ma puissance—si moi j'ai bien chanté, je vous réponds que le public a joliment bien crié. Nous avons été rappelés par douze fois au milieu des applaudissements les plus frénétiques, tels enfin que je souhaiterai ce soir à mon ami Neumark. Je vous serre le pouce de toute ma force. . . .

## THE GIFT OF MUSICAL APPRECIATION

## By ARTHUR HINTON

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

N a definite or indefinite form, music exists for all of those that inhabit the earth; in the sounds of nature, in the rumble of the city's traffic, in the written word, as well as in those positive sounds on which the art of music is built up. Maybe there are some to whom the cacophonous din of the machinery in some vast works is as sweet to the ear as was the lute of Orpheus to the trees and the mountain-tops. One thing is certain, namely, that the sense of appreciation of sound, whether pleasant or unpleasant, is born in us all, the acuteness and the artistic qualities of our perception being only a matter of degree. I suppose there is hardly a person who ever heard the cuckoo, who, although disclaiming any musical ability, could not sing or whistle a fair imitation of it. Such appreciation is involuntary, but not to be denied. And thus, recognizing that the power of discriminating between simple to the point of considering why its development is in so many cases nipped in the bud. The subject is many-sided, and I can only touch upon it here as it affects those interested in the purely musical aspect.

I think that perhaps the simplest way of treating it is to

classify various kinds of listeners:

The involuntary listener
 The untrained music-loving listener

3. The trained listener.

To this very rough classification might be added many more of varying grades of musical ability and understanding, but it is probably sufficient for the purpose.

## I. THE INVOLUNTARY LISTENER

There are those who look upon the appreciation of music as a thing apart, which one either has or has not; amongst those who come to the conclusion that they have it not are a large majority who do not go far to seek for anything, musical or otherwise; their surroundings and general inclinations giving them no incentive to enquire further than the vaudeville entertainment, the latest waltz or musical comedy, they rest content at that; this is

the limit of their musical enthusiasms, if indeed they have any. The music which they happen to hear is to them but an appendage to whatever the entertainment may be, and they listen to it but superficially, unless aroused by some particularly "catchy" tune. It should be remembered, however, that this is the public which makes the success of this catchy tune or of the so-called "popular" song. They sing it, whistle it, thrum it on the piano and take it frequently with their meals at restaurants. A great many of this public are the lost sheep who, merely for want of some musical sympathy and enlightenment in early years, have wandered off into one of the narrowest of enclosed by-ways, in which they can hardly expect ever again to see a new day dawn. It is no good for the shepherd dog to try to bark them out of it; they don't want to be and they won't be barked out; they are quite happy where they are, in that sphere of listening which requires no volition and which offers but little, if any, scope for an imagination of which they are blissfully devoid. This is the public—and be it said, it is a very large one—whose musical faculties decline to take them further than the ear-tickling stage; it may be added that the production of the kind of musical food which satisfies them is probably the most remunerative of any to the composer, and there is little fear but that there will always be more than sufficient supply to meet the demand. The question I would ask is, is it not possible or probable that such involuntary listeners really possess a far greater gift of intelligent appreciation than they wot of? Quite undeveloped, 'tis true, and with the course of time losing more and more vitality till it dwindles to a spark almost past rekindling. In my opinion, the key to this situation lies in the fact that any musical instruction which they may have had in their youth probably stopped short at the dull and mechanical end. And here I would interpose a few words on the educational side of the question as being in my idea appropriate to the case above-mentioned.

The appreciation of music is a subject to which a great deal more attention is being given today from the educational point of view than was formerly ever thought of, whether in schools of music or in institutions where music is taken only as an extra study outside the general curriculum. In later years it has been particularly noticeable that the heads of schools have become more willing to include the time devoted to musical training in the actual study-hours, as opposed to the old system of treating it as a kind of unnecessary extra, which, under such conditions, was likely to become very irksome to the pupil. But even at ordinary music lessons in any branch, it is extremely difficult to get sufficient time

to deal at all comprehensively or systematically with the explanation of many of the details which go to make the pupil understand the finer and more sensitive aspects of their work, especially in the earlier stages. Technical matters, merely the means to an end. run away with most of the time set apart for the usual two short lessons a week. And it must not be forgotten that the ordinary run of pupil is apt to think that he is not getting his money's worth if he is not actually playing for the greater part of the lesson There is an amusing story of a young lady violinist taking the Beethoven Violin Concerto to her teacher for the first time. Before hearing her, the teacher attempted to shed a little light on the composition as a whole, besides finding it necessary to mark in and explain many "fingerings"; also to alter or make clear unsatisfactory phrase marks, etc., giving the pupil practical illustration of each passage and concluding by playing to her the first movement. Surely no finer lesson could be possible to an intelligent pupil. The short amount of time having been thus fully occupied without the pupil getting a chance of displaying how much she did not know, she somewhat nonplussed her teacher with the rather baffling question "And when will you make up this lesson to me, Mr. -

It stands to reason that the development of the appreciative gift should be begun at an early age and be continued along equal lines with the technical training. It is largely an instinct which, if left unappealed to, in many may remain dormant, in others may be but half awakened, while again there is undoubtedly a large number of those who only await the right chord in them to be struck to become aware of the existence of a force of which, a moment before, they were entirely ignorant. Those who have the good fortune to be born with this instinct more or less developed can have little idea as to the width of the gulf lying between them and those that have it not. Considering the word "musical" in its broadest sense-in the sense, namely, of the simplest tune or melody—there are actually very few indeed who have not some kind of responsive vibration in them. But no response can be expected to a question unasked. Fairy tales stimulate the imagination of children as to things in general; wherefore not also musical fairy tales which should be calculated to stir their fancy and make them inquisitive along musical lines? I cannot follow out this aspect of the matter in detail, but there are musical educators today who hold the view that "musical appreciation" should be taught from childhood in carefully graded classes not merely as the study of an instrument is taught—that is to say,

not as something in addition to a general education—but rather as an integral part of that general education itself, so that he that hath ears to hear may at least have a chance of educated hearing.¹ This certainly might have the happy result of diverting a part of the stream of "involuntary listeners" from the jingle of the vaudeville show and the jangle of the musical comedy into the more legitimate sphere of the concert-room and the opera house, so that, whether possessed of any technical ability or not, they might take their places among that class of listeners to which I shall now refer.

## II. THE UNTRAINED MUSIC-LOVING LISTENER

We now come to a far more important and interesting section of the musical public, that of the untrained music-loving listener, by which I mean one who, without having any technical ability, loves to go to hear good music; who perhaps has no great power of discrimination, but who, nevertheless, often knows instinctively the difference between what is good and what is bad. The gift of appreciation is, of course, unconsciously far stronger in these from birth than in those of whom we have just spoken; and probably owing to the very fact of the natural possession of stronger aesthetic instincts, so was there the greater repulsion in early days to going through the technical drudgery with so little prospect of the æsthetic and imaginative side of their musical natures being appealed to in the ordinary course of teaching; the greater the imaginative faculty, the more irksome and dull must technical work become; without any prospect of sympathetic direction on the purely appreciative side, mere finger work becomes a punishment too hard to bear. It is like telling a child to do something without giving a reason. In music, children should be told the reason why they are required to do this or that; moreover, they should have it illustrated to them what the result will be when they can do it; and the result, musical as well as technical, should be explained; every effort should be made to arouse the musical interest, so often latent, thus giving the child, almost unconscious of it, a reason for interesting itself in the technical work. In this category how many there are who gave up the struggle for digital dexterity as soon as possible, looking in vain for anything of interest beyond it; how many of them, if they had to begin over again, would not do precisely the same thing

 $<sup>^1</sup>Ses$  Charles Stewart Macpherson's "Musical Appreciation" (Joseph Williams, London).

if they had to do it in the same way. In the meantime they grow up, their imaginative and æsthetic instincts develop and they find themselves pitchforked into listening to big things for which they have had no normal sort of education or preparation; they only know that they get a great enjoyment from the sheer beauty of the impression they are receiving: it is the "soul" that is awake, but the "mind," though perhaps not dormant, is hardly active. There is a beautiful passage in Tennyson's "In Memoriam" which is aptly illustrative of my meaning:

Let knowledge grow from more to more, But more of reverence in us dwell; That mind and soul, according well May make one music as before, But vaster.

It is indeed this combination of "knowledge" and "reverence," of "mind and soul," that makes everything in this world "vaster," and it surely requires but little thought to realize that in any art the mind should be imbued with that reverence which is the highest form of appreciation, even though at the beginning it may

take but an elementary form.

This class of listeners may be subdivided into those who regret and those who do not regret their inability to understand the inner working of what they hear or play. In the case of the latter, one might say that there are peasants in many countries who do not regret that they can neither read nor write, nor see any necessity for these accomplishments. Never having known these things, they do not miss them and are perfectly happy; and while Tennyson writes "Let knowledge grow from more to more," there is undoubtedly a good deal of happiness to be found in any art, even by those who have but little if any actual knowledge of This negative aspect does not, however, nullify the positive side of the picture as contained in the first two lines of that stanza of Tennyson. The fact remains that there are very few of the greater musical works which are an absolutely open book to the untrained listener. At all times some of the greatest works, perhaps by very reason of their originality, have at first failed to attract the lay public, to say nothing of the professional musician; in the sister-art of poetry it has been the same. Stopford Brooke, writing of Browning's "Bells and Pomegranates," which appeared between 1841 and 1846, says:

The Bells of poetry's music, hung side by side with the golden Pomegranates of thought, made the fringe of the robe of this high-priest of song. Rarely has imagination and intellect, ideal faith and the sense which handles daily life, passion and quietude, the impulse and self-mastery of an artist, the joy of nature and the fates of men, grave tragedy and noble grotesque, been mingled together more fully—bells for the pleasure and fruit for the food of man. Yet on the whole they fell dead on the public, save for a few enchanted listeners who said: "This is our music, and here we build our tent."

It is difficult to understand today that poems now so universally known-one might almost say popular-as "Pippa Passes," "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," and "The Pied Piper of Hamlin" were found difficult of comprehension and due appreciation when they first appeared. There were peculiarities with which the public was unfamiliar: an unclear way of expressing his thoughts, a fanciful way of leaving out words which would easily have made the meaning clear; half-finished sentences, a meaning half expressed and many other little things which, after all, go to make his particular style of writing. If one were to make a polite translation of Browning into Tennysonian English, there would not be much Browning left. The same might be said of Carlyle; and as Stopford Brooke says: "Were we savage satirists, we might say both of Browning and Carlyle that half their power lay in their fantastic, rocky style." He then goes on to explain how wrong we should be and that their style was only the clothing of their The surest sign underlying the truth of Browning's work, just as also of the masterpieces of Wagner, was their cumulative effect on the public. Many "Browning Societies" were formed in England and America for the reading, discussion and elucidation of his works; the same may be said of Wagner, discussions and lectures, particularly on "The Ring of the Nibelungen," constantly taking place, in addition to quite a flood of literature in the form of pamphlets, analyses, etc. What did all this mean? What it meant was, that there were some who saw the light, and who were determined to make others see it; their determination was doubtless born of sheer enthusiasm and conviction rather than of altruism, but conviction is apt to convince and enthusiasm is apt to enthuse, and the circle of Browning and Wagner enthusiasts became respectively ever greater; the societies, lectures and pamphlets continued to exist long after there was any necessity for their services; at the present time it is difficult to believe that they were ever needed or called for.

And this brings me back once more to my theme; the larger public would no doubt have learnt ultimately to appreciate the work of these great men with or without societies for the propagation of their poetical and musical doctrine; we should have appreciated Browning in spite of his peculiarities and Wagner in spite of his theories, each for the glorious works they gave us. But there were doubtless many in those days when "Bells and Pomegranates" appeared to whom the name of Browning was hardly known, just as there were many when, for example, Wagner's "Tristan" was first produced in England to whom it was little more than a new opera. The enthusiasm that was then shown by the comparatively few who had heard their Wagner in Germany was of inestimable advantage to those who had yet to be initiated, and even to those who only knew the score in the piano arrangement.

In concluding this section, I would say that the untrained listener is dependent almost entirely on his powers of imagination, and while these may carry him far, the same result cannot be arrived at as would be the case had that imagination been developed along artistic lines with a sympathetic hand at the helm, guiding not merely a technical equipment, but also the appreciative

instinct.

#### III. THE TRAINED LISTENER

The last of these roughly classified groups, "the trained listener," brings us to an entirely different aspect of the subject, for it includes all those who exercise music as a profession, in addition to a comparatively small number of amateurs who have had a distinctive musical education; and again a certain number who, by force of circumstances, have listened to good music all their lives and who, without perhaps having any technical ability, have thus acquired very sound powers of discrimination and appreciation. For my present purpose, I will simply include these under the one heading. The points of view of the untrained music-lover and the trained listener cannot be other than entirely different; with the former it is simply a matter of appreciation or the reverse, entirely influenced by the emotional effect produced, whereas with the latter the critical faculty is bound to hold sway, possibly even to the extent of unconsciously subduing the force of the emotional effect. There are times when many a trained listener might wish that he could sit in absolute repose without hearing some of the technical matters that are involuntarily forced on his mental retina, especially when hearing something for the first time, and which are perhaps actually detracting from his enjoyment of the musical content; but the intellectual side is awake, and it is impossible—even should one wish it—to avoid the analytical and critical faculty taking hold. The obvious difficulty is one of keeping the balance so perfectly as to obtain a true result. Of Von Bülow, the famous pianist and conductor, Edward Dannreuther wrote both of his playing and conducting as having the distinctive peculiarity of a "passionate intellectuality":

One notices at every step that all details have been thought about and mastered down to the minutest particle; one feels that all effects have been analyzed and calculated with the utmost subtlety, and yet the whole leaves an impression of warm spontaneity.

Such an impression, however, could hardly have been made unless the true emotional inspiration had been present behind the intellectual force. It has been said that, whether or no Von Bülow had much talent for composition, the analytical faculty in him was so strong as hardly ever to allow him to be satisfied with anything he wrote without making so many alterations of all kinds that in the end the result would not be very satisfactory. It would seem that in this branch the inspiration which made itself felt in his conducting and playing was entirely absent, or if it was ever there that it was trodden under by being "thought about down to the minutest particle." It would not be difficult to divide musicians and music-lovers into two sections, the emotional intellectualist and the intellectual emotionalist; Von Bülow would surely be in the first of these, where the intellect is the predominating force, governing strong emotional power; amongst composers Brahms might be mentioned as in this group, while Chopin, to mention but one, would come into the latter category. Perhaps the completest example, among the old masters, of intellect and emotion going hand in hand is in Beethoven, especially in the Symphonies.

Just as with composers, conductors and performers, so also with listeners, one side or the other is nearly certain to predominate, the intellectual or the emotional; the perfect balance of the two is seldom vouchsafed to any individual, and, as far as music is concerned, the emotional—covering as it does a much wider and more easily accessible domain, from the most ordinary or sensational effects to the nobler and deeper sentiments—is not unnaturally far more in evidence. Both are subject to discipline; undisciplined intellect is of no more service to any one than undisciplined emotion; the one should be ordered by the other, or the results will probably be in the one case arid, or in the other, flamboyant. And here I come back once more, so to speak, to my base, and regard my subject from a point which embraces my three classes of listeners with the numerous subdivisions they are

doubtless capable of. The result is that one can only come to the conclusion that, while the appreciation of music is a gift which gives endless pleasure and happiness to those who are fortunate enough to possess it, this gift, like any plant, having once been set, must be cultivated and cared for to make it blossom and reach maturity. The necessary technical teaching should go hand in hand with a gradual and sympathetic revealing of the musical idea, until the determination to realize the latter should make the former a labour of love instead of a drudgery. Drudgery is like utter poverty; it kills the soul. The soul's very existence depends upon the light of day being cast upon it, and the musical soul depends upon the light of music, as opposed to technique, being shed upon it. Therefore to all those that have ears to hear and wish to hear, I would repeat:

Let knowledge grow from more to more But more of reverence in us dwell.

# A STUDY OF OLD ENGLISH SONG AND POPULAR MELODY PRIOR TO THE 19th CENTURY

## By FRANK KIDSON

I may be rather trite to reiterate the remark that a nation's character is embodied in its songs. Any one who studies the type of song which from time to time has been in general use in England and equally observes the contemporary English character as shown by the historical side lights that exist, will grant that full confirmation of the axiom can be found. It may also be noticed that while many new-born songs have had a transient popularity, yet they have not, unless in full accord with our nation's general feeling, retained any length of currency. Others have won their way into the confidence and affection of the English race and so become "National." Our English character has had its movements which like ripples on the surface of a lake have momentarily disturbed it, but the under surface has remained ever the same and the surface itself returned to its usual aspect as the extraneous influences passed away.

English song is neither hysterically patriotic, deeply melancholy nor too erotic in its love expression. It is not self-reflective, dwelling, like the songs of Irish birth, on its past glories or present misfortunes. Its general note is sanity and it ever gives forth a plain statement regarding the subject in hand. It sings its patriotism with cheerful confidence and proclaims England as the best place to live in and to fight for. It had once a confirmed belief that a Frenchman (the only enemy it deemed worth singing about) was a poor, weak creature whom it was the pleasurable duty of every British tar to sink, blow up, or to befriend when conquered.

We of the twentieth century laugh at such crude sentiments, but without doubt that type of song reflected the general feeling of the country in Nelson's time. The English love song is, in general, of a restrained, healthy character. It mainly points to an ultimate virtuous union, and addresses the lady in the soberest manner, breathing respectability in every line.

Perhaps we may grant some little exception for those bright verses that emanated from the Elizabethan poets, and from such writers as Herrick and Waller, where the object of passionate declaration is addressed as nothing less than divine. But charming as these productions are, they never really appealed to the general mass of English people: they were rather for the cultured, who regarded them as examples of clever but artificial verse. Our sporting songs mirror the delight of an Englishman in the green fields, the open air, the breath of morning, and the excitement of hunting the hare or the fox. No other country, so far as I am aware, has quite a similar class of song to call its own.

Even the English drinking song has its virtues. It is not a mere glorification of drinking to intoxication. It sings the charm of good fellowship, and contains something of wit, humour, and a

fantasy that relieves the grossness of the subject.

The airs to which all these classes of song are united are much on a par with the words; they possess the same restraint and sanity. They are removed from the passionate wail of many beautiful Irish airs. They do not possess that which makes the wild chants of Russia or of Hungary so terribly earnest. They have not the suavity and smoothness of the German Volkslied, or the peculiarity that distinguishes the melodies of the Lowland Scotch, or the melancholy of Highland airs. Nevertheless they have a quality and a beauty all their own. It is therefore a thousand pities that a certain section of nose-led people regard our pure English melody as inferior to that which springs from alien nations. Such is mere snobbery of culture, and has no value in criticism from a truly artistic point of view.

The first English song, Sumer is i cumen in, may or may not be a typical example of the ditties England sang during the 13th century; but it certainly proves that music of a light, lilting character and of a high order of melodic composition was current.

Also, that the beauty of an English Spring was a thing appreciated by some people amid the clash of arms and the internal struggle for mastery among the nobles and their followers, and that class that retained its Saxon feeling as opposed to the Norman element. As it is the first "Spring poem" (that dread of newspaper editors!), so also it may claim to be the earliest English folk-song of which we have record. It is not here the place to discuss the point whether the red cross which makes it into a round or "rota" has been added a hundred or more years after the manuscript was written, or whether it is contemporary. In the latter case the art of part-song is carried further back than many can believe.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>I disbelieve the assertion that it is the composition of the Monk o' Reading Abbey, though he noted it down and fitted Latin words to the tune under the original Saxon verse.

It would take up an inordinate space to deal with the many interesting English songs that still survive to us in manuscript, dating from the 13th century to the time when music began to be printed. Before Elizabeth's reign secular songs mainly existed traditionally, or in manuscript. They were passed onward from mouth to mouth by the unlearned, or in notation from musician to musician, or performer to performer in manuscript-transcriptions.

Music printing has always been a difficulty with printers, and before Elizabeth's day it was in its feeblest infancy. We can but identify little more than a couple of fragments of English secular music from the early English presses. There is the bass part of that book of twenty songs printed by Wykyn de Worde in 1530, and A New Interlude of the IIII Elements of nine or ten years later.

With these exceptions and such examples as may once have existed, but of which we have no record, before 1560 music printing was confined to collections of Psalm tunes and other church compositions; later came a few books of lute music.

The Madrigal Era began when English people had time to turn to other things than defence against Spanish invasion, and after 1588 many collections of madrigals poured from the London presses. It is probably true that the madrigal had its birth among Flemish composers, but it certainly had a kindly reception in Italy, and from Italy (as all things Italian were welcomed by civilized Europe) it came to England and elsewhere. Among the cultured poets and musicians of our country its particular form pleased. Here was opportunity for cleverness in the advancing art of part-writing. Also for imagination, in pleasing melody, and, for the poet, the chance of brilliant writing.

So after the Flemish and Italian musicians had shown the way of it, our own Morley, Gibbons, Wilbye, Weelkes, and others made the madrigal into an English art that lost none of its savour during the three and a quarter centuries of existence among English music. The solo song was certainly also not a neglected art. Dozens of pretty and dainty lyrics could be named that are of the choicest.

At no time in our song history has there been more witty, clever, and original verse wedded to equally excellent melody than in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign and in the few years that followed its close.

"Greensleeves," "Phillida flouts me," "Since first I saw your face," and many more will at once occur to the reader as sparkling examples of the songs of that period. The composition of instrumental music and its performance was carried forward with vigour.

Every man and woman of ordinary culture was possessed of cittern, or lute (in one or other of its varied forms), and knew how to play them more or less effectively—a task by no means simple, as any one may realise who attempts such performance today; hence light music and song became the amusement of all classes, and those who could not play could at least sing that which they had

heard the more skilled perform.

With the passing of Elizabeth and of the musicians of her period there came a lull in English music of all kinds. Whether people sang the old songs or not we have practically no information, but certainly few new ones appear to have come to light. It was an age of fierce religious controversy, and the devout solaced their souls with psalms and psalm tunes. There must have been a radical change in popular singing, for few musical collections were issued from the press until the Commonwealth was declared, when "Honest John Playford" led the way to a new musical England, for by his means a vast mass of secular music saw the light and remains to us today as a proof that musical England was still alive and healthy in spite of the injunction on the title pages of contemporary editions of the Book of Psalms, which suggested that "songs and ballads" were "ungodly" and "tend only to the nourishing of vice and corrupting of youth."

Monopolies for the printing of music had been granted by Elizabeth to Thomas Tallis and William Birde in 1575, and at a later date a press patent had been assigned to Thomas Morley. But all these had long ago been extinct when John Playford began his publishing career. English musicians had been patiently waiting for a man bold enough to risk, at least, paper and labour upon the issue of music books. What remuneration the composers and verse writers got for their work is not clear. It is, however, pretty evident that for a century or more they received little or nothing from the music publisher, though indirectly benefit would accrue

to them from the publication of their work.

But Playford appears to have won respect from the musical world in general, and he was favoured with copies of the compositions of the best musicians of his time. Thus we find that such composers as Henry Lawes, Dr. Charles Coleman, and Dr. John Wilson with some others were the men whose work filled the pages of the early publications of John Playford. It must be remembered that from 1650 to nearly the date of his death (which occurred in 1686) Playford was practically the sole publisher of secular music. Some few booksellers issued an odd volume or so of songs with notation, or a treatise on the theory of music,

or on the method of playing a particular instrument, but these, before the date I have named, were few and far between.

The first collection of songs published by Playford apart from that book of catches, Musick and Mirth, 1651, was Select Musicall Ayres and Dialogues, 1652. This was a composite gathering of songs by Coleman, Webb, Wilson, and Henry Lawes.

The extraordinary method of appropriating these compositions by even the worthiest of publishers, is indicated in the preface to a collection of Ayres and Dialogues for one two and three voyces, by Henry Lawes. First booke, 1653, issued by Playford. Lawes, with some degree of sarcasm, tells the reader that the "Stationer" [Playford] "hath lately made bold to print in one book above twenty of my songs, whereof I had no knowledge till his Book was in the presse, and it seems he found those so acceptable that he is ready for more. Therefore, now the question is, not whether or no my compositions shall be publick, but whether they shall come from me or from some other hand." Henry Lawes appears to have been on very friendly terms with his publisher notwithstanding the appropriation above referred to, for Playford published and republished all his music that saw the light.

It must be confessed that to most modern ears Henry Lawes does not shine in tuneful melody. He is distinctly "dry" in this matter. The songs he set are by such poets as Herrick, Waller, Francis Quarles, Sir William Davenant, and by Francis and Richard Lovelace. Needless to say, here was talent enough for any musician's art.

The preface to the above quoted book throws some interesting lights upon the taste of the day. The English have ever been prone to set light weight upon their nation's productions, and more particularly does this refer to the musical art. Today our glorification of other countries' music has ever had its prototype and has ever stifled our own native art or diverted it into a channel not naturally its own. Lawes tells us in his preface:

But wise men have observ'd our Generation so giddy that whatsoever is Native (be it never so excellent) must lose its taste because themselves have lost theirs. For my part, I professe (and such as know me can bear me witness) I desire to render every man his due, whether Strangers or Natives. I acknowledge the Italians the greatest Masters of Musick, but yet not all. And (without depressing the Honour of other Countries) I may say our own Nation hath had, and yet hath, as able Musitians as any in Europe . . . . But . . . . so to Musitians a man's next Neighbour is the farthest from him and none give so harsh a report of the English as the English themselves.

He goes on to say:

I never lov'd to set or sing words which I do not understand, and where I cannot I desir'd help of others who were able to interpret. But this present Generation is so sated with what's native that nothing takes their ear but what's sung in a language which (commonly) they understand as little as they do the Musick. And to make them a little sensible of this ridiculous humour, I took a Table or Index of old Italian Songs (for one two and three voyces) and this Index (which read together made a strange medley of Nonsense) I set to a varyed Ayre and gave out that it came from Italy, whereby it hath passed for a rare Italian song. This very song I have now here printed.

And so he has, with the title "Tavola."

Italian dominance remained much in English music until replaced after the death of Purcell by the Handelian flavour. Still, in spite of this, many a delightful and truly English song held its own among the people—the people who had neither axe to grind, professionally, nor pose of culture to uphold. Too little study has been accorded to the vocal compositions of the contemporaries of Henry Purcell. We are blinded by his lustre and fail to see the smaller beauty of the lesser lights. For example, John Barret (1674-1735) was a worthy upholder of English music—sane, solid, and tuneful, and most assuredly English in feeling. He had drunk at the same fount as Purcell, for he, too, was a pupil of Dr. Blow. John Eccles (1668-1735) was another composer whose merits have lain too long in obscurity, and there were others. Dr. John Blow is more recognised, perhaps from his association with the career of Purcell.

In the late 17th and early 18th century vocal music was kept alive by the theatre productions. Single songs, put forth on their own merits, often fell flat and were frequently ignored. The theatre gave itself over a good deal to the newly introduced form of entertainment, the opera, and the public, who wished for a reputation in taste, began to like, or pretend to like, the separate

opera songs.

It had tolerated Lewis Grabu in his setting of "Albion and Albanius" (1685) chiefly, perhaps, because it was under Royal patronage; and besides, Dryden had written the libretto. The imposing folio volume of its score had been bought in small quantity; but when Henry Purcell began his lengthy list of operas the public had had enough of Grabu and knew that here they had found something good. Thomas Cross was kept busy in engraving and printing many thousand sheet and half sheet songs from the operas that an eager public demanded. But Purcell died and with

him, save for one or two with whom he had been closely associated, died the composers of a type of song that had elevated English vocal composition to a height it had seldom before attained.

With the early years of the 18th century, many a robust song of purely English character saw the light. Some of these had been originally sung on the stage and others sprang from the unknown and from nameless composers. Take an example of the latter. Surely no tune embodies the best of English melody to a greater extent in sixteen bars than "Down among the dead men." We first know of its existence as a half sheet song where the only thing vouchsafed about it is that it was "Sung by Mr. Dyer at Bullock's booth at Southwark fair." This was about 1720-25. Speaking purely from a musical point of view, I may name two lesser known tunes of equal merit, "Of all the comforts I miscarried," and "The Riot Night," the last named beginning "As Tippling John was jogging on." These two tunes (I say nothing about the words) are of the best class of vocal melody peculiar to the juncture of the 17th and 18th centuries. Among English musicians who have produced this kind of robust work, too many of whom remain to us purely anonymous, there stand out such names as Henry Carey, Dr. Maurice Greene, and that long-lived actor, singer, and composer Richard Leveridge.

Carey produced a multitude of popular songs that were quite ephemeral, with one or two that deserved longer life. Greene, though chiefly engaged in church music, put forth one or two really delightful melodies, as "Sweet Annie frae the sea beach came," which simulated a Scotch song but gloriously failed, and was in consequence all the better and more truly English. Another of his songs is "Busy, curious, thirsty fly," and some others that might bear revival. Leveridge contributed at least one undying national melody—"The Roast Beef of Old England," and the lesser known, though very beautiful, setting of "Send home my long stray'd

eves."

In the "Beggar's Opera" (that "Excellent Choice," as one publication of the melodies is named) we get a capital epitome of tunes beloved of the English people in the early part of the 18th century. So well adapted to the English popular taste are these that the songs of the "Beggar's Opera," chiefly on account of the sterling tunes, remained in common remembrance or use for nearly a century and a half—for the opera died only with Sims Reeves.

It is not for me to here tell, for the thousandth and first time, the story of the "Beggar's Opera," but I cannot too clearly empha-

sise the tonic effect it had upon English song. After the death of Purcell, the stage was feeling about for something to replace his operas, and, by a rather unfortunate chance, it seized upon the Italian opera. Lady singers were imported, and men with artificially produced voices, and the Town was over-run with Italian sentiment, while the music shops were stocked with sheet songs from the operas. The lyrics were not only in Italian, but, except to a specially trained singer, were exceedingly difficult of execution. No wonder the sturdy race of Englishmen rebelled and the country squires, like Squire Western of "Tom Jones," were driven back to

"Old Sir Simon the King" and such bygone favourites.

The great success of the "Beggar's Opera" was based less upon its political satire than upon the fact that it recognised the want of an Englishman for the simple popular tunes that were ousted from their place by a foreign importation. It was currently said that the Italian opera was "being pelted off the stage with Lumps of Pudding," the last three words being the title of the final song in Gay's opera. The Italian opera died from the peltings of more than the "Beggar's Opera," for following it were any number of similar productions which, though trash so far as literary merit is concerned, kept alive the purely English tunes that comprised the musical part. Finally the ballad operas disappeared and vocal music had a fountain head at another source, viz. the public gardens.

English song now entered another phase from an influence which lasted almost to the middle of the 19th century. There can be no disputing the fact that Vauxhall, Mary-le-bone, and Ranelagh, with the smaller gardens, were the nurseries of the 18th century English song. Concerts, as we know them, were scarcely existent, and all public singers were either on the stage or at the gardens; frequently they filled a double position—theatre and gardens. The origin of the London pleasure gardens that formed such a feature in the 18th century social life was this: The craze for "taking the waters" began in the 17th century, and doctors and proprietors of fields, where a Chalybeate, or in fact any nastytasting spring occurred, were only too anxious to foster the belief in their good. As a consequence, owners and leaseholders of such lands provided accommodation for those who chose to take an evening walk from the city into the rural parts, that in those days were within half an hour's stroll from Temple Bar. At first benches and wooden buildings were placed, and here ale and cordials were sold "to take off the taste" as well as for general refreshment. Then a fiddler or a couple of performers added a little

amusement to the scene and brought more custom for the waters and, incidentally, for the ale and cordials. Other gardens which could not boast a spring depended for their first custom on rural beauty—groves and the song of birds; Vauxhall was originally of this character. Simple as these pleasures were, they worked a revolution in musical taste and English social life as they grew

from insignificance into importance.

It was in the "thirties" of the 18th century that the musical scheme of these gardens grew into something that was worthy of consideration and this increased year by year. Vauxhall and Marylebone were the leaders and each management spared no expense or thought to maintain their garden's music at a high standard. Later, in 1742, Ranelagh Gardens entered into competition with the two first named. These were the important London pleasure gardens but there were many minor ones, both in the London suburbs and in the provinces, that followed the lead set and helped to foster and popularise a certain class of English song—a type that, whatever its demerits may have been, was at least native born. Each place had an organ, a musical director and chief composer, with capable performers and vocalists—men and women among the first rank of native and English resident musicians.

The Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and Mary-le-bone songs generally aimed at being arch, lively (as liveliness was then understood) and charmingly simple. It is quite true, many of them were so artificial that to the present day reader the words appear somewhat ridiculous, but in judging we should put ourselves in the position of an 18th century audience, who were prepared to accept artificiality as part of a song's charm. Wit, fantasy, and delicate humour frequently were not absent.

For example, take a couple or so of verses of a song sung at

Ranelagh about the season of 1757:

While beaus to please the ladies write,
Or bards to get a dinner by 't
Their well feign'd passion tell;
Let me in humble verse proclaim
My love for her who bears the name
Of charming Kitty Fell.

That "Kitty's beautiful and young,"
That she has danc'd, that she has sung
Alas I know full well;
I feel, and I shall ever feel,
The dart more sharp than pointed steel
That came from Kitty Fell.

### The Musical Quarterly

Of late I hop'd by Reason's aid
To cure the wounds which love had made
And bade a long farewell.
But 'tother day she cross'd the green
I saw, I wish I had not seen,
My charming Kitty Fell.

I ask'd her why she passed that way?

"To church, she cried—I cannot stay;
Why don't you hear the bell?"

"To church! Oh, take me with thee there"
I pray'd; she would not hear my pray'r
Ah! cruel Kitty Fell!

and so forth.

Or again, take this as a type of Vauxhall lyric, one set by Dr. Arne:

Let others Damon's praise rehearse, Or Colin's at their will; I mean to sing in rustic verse, Young Strephon of the Hill.

As once I sat beneath a shade,
Beside a purling rill;
Who should my solitude invade
But Strephon of the Hill?
etc., etc.

He tap't my shoulder, snatch'd a kiss I could not take it ill;

For nothing sure is done amiss
By Strephon of the Hill.

etc., etc.

Still another of this type:

Young Molly who lives at the foot of the hill, Whose fame every Virgin with envy does fill, Of beauty is blessed with so ample a share That men call her "the lass with the delicate air." etc.

In spite of the puerility of this last song it has lately been revived and has delighted modern audiences. The exquisite music which Michael Arne, the talented son of Dr. Arne, wrote for it is no doubt the reason of its present day popularity. And besides, there is something of a charm in its innocent artificiality.

The musical history of the three famous London gardens, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and Marylebone, has never been written and those who have read only passing notices can have no idea of the interest that lies in the subject. Fully dealt with, it would cover

much of the musical history of the 18th century. Here were first heard many of our greatest singers and instrumental performers, and here many a famous song had its birth. Our greatest English composers were not ashamed to be associated with either of the three, and a lengthy list, ranging from Dr. Arne to Sir Henry Bishop, could be given. Of the singers there might be named Vernon, Beard, Lowe, and a dozen others of the period, at the middle of the 18th century. Charles Incledon came a little later, so did Dignum and in late days John Braham. I am not sure whether Sims Reeves did not sing at Vauxhall, certainly his most famous song, "My Pretty Jane," was originally sung there by Robinson, a once famous vocalist.

The list of lady singers who have sung at Vauxhall-all

stars of magnitude-would be a lengthy one.

Miss Stevenson, one of the most popular at the middle of the 18th century, and about whom little or nothing is known, sang here, and Miss Burchell, afterwards Mrs. Vincent, was her contemporary. This lady was originally a milkmaid employed by Tyers, the proprietor of the gardens. He had her instructed in music, but after her marriage she left Vauxhall to sing at its rival, Marylebone. Miss Brent, Dr. Arne's most famous pupil, had her seasons at Vauxhall. Then there was Mrs. Arne, and followed a long catalogue which would include Mrs. Baddeley, Mrs. Weichsell (mother of Mrs. Billington), Miss Wewitzer, Mrs. Wrighten, Mrs. Martyr, Mrs. Mountain, and the charming Mrs. Bland. who seems to have been able to render the typical Vauxhall song in all its charm. Mrs. Bland's career at Vauxhall dates from the first years of the 19th century, and contemporary with her was Mrs. Franklin. In the twenties of the 19th century, Madame Vestris appears and with her Horn's delightful cavatina, "Cherry Ripe." Miss Kitty Stephens was a Vauxhall singer, and the combination of her, Vestris, and John Braham was sufficient to send the prices of admission up to a high sum. Dr. John Worgan, the organist and musical director at Vauxhall, in the fifties of the 18th century provided much Vauxhall musical fare—a poet named "Mr. Boyee" (Samuel Boyee), John Cunningham, and a few others writing many of the songs. When James Hook held the musical management, from 1774 to 1820, many a pretty song was sung there. It was in the season of 1780 that his famous "Within a mile of Edinburgh Town" (founded on an earlier lyric by Tom D'Urfey) was first sung at the gardens by Mrs. Wrighten. Some few years later Charles Incledon sang Hook's other famous lyric, "The Lass of Richmond Hill."

Dwelling somewhat largely on Vauxhall I am wishful that the reader shall understand that these gardens were only doing, musically, the same as Marylebone, and Ranelagh, while the smaller places of open air entertainment followed in the wake of the larger ones. That they really dictated the fashion in English song cannot be doubted. Among the type there was of course the bad and the good, and could we but bring ourselves to look at life with all the simplicity of our ancestors, no doubt we should see a great deal more in the Vauxhall song than we can do at present.

Another great factor in the production of English song besides the gardens were the ballad operas. I mean the second period, commencing with "Love in a Village," 1762, and carried forward by the operas of Shield, Storace, Mazzinghi, Reeve, and the rest. Items from these pieces formed a good deal of the popular songs not only of the period of production, but for many years afterwards, and song books were filled with selections from them.

Among the operas that provided this fare may be mentioned, after "Love in a Village," Arne's "Thomas and Sally," 1760, and his "Artaxerxes," 1762, which latter contained that "genteelest of tunes" "Water parted," with "In infancy our hopes and fears," and "The Soldier's tired of war's alarms," "Midas," 1764 (from which "Pray Goody please to moderate the rancour of your tongue" was taken), and Arnold's "Maid of the Mill," 1765. Linley and Sheridan's opera "The Duenna," 1775, gave that charming song, "Had I a heart for falsehood framed," and two or three others that had a lesser degree of popularity. Dibdin's "Waterman," 1774, gave forth one or two songs which took the public ear. "The Jolly Young Waterman," and "Farewell My Trim Built Wherry" were at one time as well known as any of his later sea songs.

William Shield provided the singing public of his day with a large number of songs, notably "The Thorn," "Old Towler," "The Wolf," and the many songs from the ballad operas "composed and selected" by himself. In "Rosina," 1783, he gives us "When William at eve" and adapts Garth's glee into "When the rosy morn appearing." Shield's "Woodman," 1791, is extremely tuneful, and among other good things in it we find "The Streamlet" which, sung by Charles Incledon, was then pronounced one of the finest

of English ballads.

The fine song "The Arethusa" appears in "The Lock and Key," 1796. It was written upon a naval engagement in which the British ship, the Arethusa, took part and the verses describe with very tolerable accuracy, the circumstances of the fight; this

took place in 1778. The air is constantly ascribed to Shield, but this composer never claimed it; he distinctly stated he had "selected" the air. The tune is "The Princess Royal," and is claimed by the Irish as the production of Carolan—a claim which,

personally, I cannot accept.

The mention of "The Arethusa" brings us to the consideration of other songs that were called forth by the French war of the 18th century. The famous "Heart of Oak" formed an item in a sort of pantomime, "Harlequin's Invasion." David Garrick wrote the song, and Dr. Boyce the spirited air. It was sung by Mr. Champness in the eventful year 1759. In the matter of sea songs one naturally regards Charles Dibdin as being the one and only writer of sea songs in the 18th century, but Dibdin did not write the bulk of his sea songs until he had given the world a great deal of his muse on other topics. One of his earliest sea songs is "Blow high, blow low," from a dramatic entertainment called the "Seraglio," in date 1776. "Poor Jack," (Go patter to lubbers) was issued by Preston in 1789. "Poor Tom, or The Sailor's Epitaph" as it was originally named, though now better known as "Tom Bowling," is without doubt one of the most manly and yet most pathetic songs in the English language, with a melody that fits its mood and sentiment admirably. Dibdin wrote it on the death of his brother, Captain Thomas Dibdin, drowned at sea. It was sung by the composer in his entertainment "The Oddities," in 1789. "The Token," another of the excellencies of Dibdin's lyric muse, was sung in his entertainment "Castles in the Air," in 1793.

But all our best sea songs were not by Dibdin; "Lash'd to the helm" was by Hook, while "Loose every sail to the breeze," "The Topsails shiver in the wind," and "Farewell to old England," were set by Michael Arne to clever words by Captain Topham. The charming song, "The Heaving of the Lead," appears in the little opera "Hartford Bridge," 1792, the music of which was "selected and composed by Wm. Shield." "Sling the flowing bowl" is Thomas Linley's, from a pantomime called "Robinson Crusoe," 1781, and the words were probably written by Sheridan.

The rich field of 18th-century song can only be indicated, and the examples I have named are merely taken at random from the wealth that is called to the mind by the subject of this article. Any attempt to do more than give a desultory sketch of so large a subject must necessarily fail in the limited space of a magazine article.

Besides all these lyrics, which were by composers musically educated, there was a great under-current of song that never reached

what may be (rather snobbishly) referred to as the "cultured". or "superior" classes. This we now call "folk-song" and, strange as it may appear, this unnoted and unnoticed stream of song has passed downward entirely by tradition—from one singer's lips to another's, from one country fiddler to another rustic performernever even put upon paper. Also it is very probable that many examples of such ditties may vet survive, where songs that are apparently all that musical technique and verse-writing may demand will gradually sink into oblivion. Up to the past ten or fifteen years musicians as a body have ignored the simple melodies of the people—though practically such constitute our sole native music: that which has remained entirely uninfluenced by any culture save its own. Folk-song has sprung from an unlettered class: from a class which knows not even musical notation and is therefore not only unable to set before the public the compositions which have sprung from its brain but is, happily for the integrity and originality of its compositions, also unable to read or to be influenced by the musical work of others outside its range. These country ditties have been born in and passed down completely within the circle in which they were produced, and their greatest charm, and the quality which makes for their endurance is their perfect sincerity and good faith.

If it be a song that sings the delights of a country life, however doggered the verse, or ill-formed, we may be perfectly sure that the maker of the song and all singers of it among the folk-song singing class thoroughly believed in the sentiment that the song voices. It is a subtle thing, but there lies the soul of it. The professional song-maker may have an infinity of skill and know all the rules of the game, but if he lack the sincere belief in his production such will not survive, and the folk-song that truly means what its poor verse attempts will hold its own. And so in regard to the melody

that is fitted to it.

English folk-song has existed from all times. It has gone on its quiet way and amused the class for whom it was made and who produced it. Ignoring the songs of the musically educated, it found its audience by farm kitchen firesides, in snug corners of village ale houses, in byres—sung by girls milking—, in the fields, sung by plough men to while away the monotony of a hard day's ploughing, and in a thousand places where "culture" entered not. But however simple its character no sketch of English song can be complete or satisfactory that does not at least indicate its existence.

### A FRIEND OF DR. JOHNSON

### By LEWIS M. ISAACS

F the brilliant group of Englishmen who clustered about Dr. Johnson in the second half of the Eighteenth Century, there are few who are not familiar figures to latter-day readers. No other period of English literature has been so thoroughly exploited. From it emanates the greatest biography in the language, with its remarkably vivid pictures of contemporary life; and the diaries and letters of illustrious people of the age, in astonishing abundance, containing the most minute particulars of the daily régimes of the writers and covering whole decades of time, have yielded themselves freely to modern editors and biographers. Not only in letters, but in art, in politics, indeed in every sphere of human activity, the greatest men of the period are presented almost in the flesh, as, embalmed in contemporary records, they come down to us with every feature, every lineament, in a perfect state of preservation.

The remarkable coterie which time thus threw haphazard together, possessing the greatest and most diversified talent that England has produced since the Elizabethan era, improved their natural gifts by the stimulus of mutual intercourse. Membership in such society was no mere favor of fortune, but the coveted reward of merit. For the aristocracy of brains then ruled and was jealous of its prerogatives. Intimacy with Johnson was a badge of

highest nobility.

Dr. Charles Burney enjoyed that distinction to the fullest. He was welcomed and sought after by the choicest spirits of the age. How highly he was regarded by his literary and artistic contemporaries is shown in their many references to him. In matters pertaining to art or letters, his opinion was accepted as weighty; and his approval of an enterprise once secured, its success was certain. When Oliver Goldsmith planned the dictionary whose completion was interrupted by his death, he wrote to Garrick, who had enlisted Burney's services:

"It makes me very happy to find that Dr. Burney thinks my scheme of a dictionary useful; still more that he will be so kind as to adorn it with anything of his own. I beg you also will accept my gratitude for procuring me so valuable an acquisition."

Associated with Goldsmith in his plan were also Johnson, who was to write on ethics, Reynolds, on painting, and Garrick, on acting. Dr. Johnson's judgment of Burney is preserved in the record of a conversation at Mrs. Thrale's at Streatham:

"Dr. Burnev is a man for everybody to love. It is but natural to love him-I question if there be in the world such another man altogether for mind, intelligence and manners as Dr. Burney."

To call forth such a panegyric from the great lexicographer Burney's personality must have been one of unusual charm. especially as his vocation was music, to the appeal of which Johnson was singularly deaf. The critical Walpole, who entertained him and his daughter Fanny at Strawberry Hill, pronounced him both "lively and agreeable." In fact there seems to have been no dissent from the chorus of praise that surrounds him. Yet his claims on posterity's notice have been allowed to lapse. until now he seems to shine only by reflected glory. Burney's real strength was that of personality; like Johnson himself he was a magnetic, not a creative force. But unlike Johnson, he lacked a Boswell to keep his personality a living power. His daughter Fanny, the celebrated author of "Evelina." tried to supply this lack; but her "Memoirs of Dr. Burney," written at a time when her pen had lost its youthful spring, displays more filial devotion than literary charm, and its stilted and colorless pages are unread save by students of literary history.

The bare facts of Burney's life are easily told. twin-sister, the youngest of the large family of an impecunious portrait painter, were born at Shrewsbury in 1726. From his father the boy doubtless derived the art sense which was shown not only in his music, but in the broad love of art which made him a congenial spirit with Garrick, Johnson and Reynolds. received his earliest education in the care of a foster mother; but when he was thirteen he rejoined his parents, who had moved to Chester, and went to the public school at that place. His first music teacher was the organist of Chester Cathedral, and he soon made sufficient progress to be able to eke out the service when his teacher was ill. He also took singing lessons, and even made a public appearance at a concert when but fourteen years old. At Chester he first saw Händel and in one of the numerous autobiographical notes in his "History of Music" he records the event as memorable. "Being extremely curious to see so extraordinary a man, I watched him narrowly as long as he remained in Chester." Returning to Shrewsbury, he studied under his half brother James, organist at St. Mary's Church—a post he held for fifty

years. He tells how he was aroused by hearing some celebrated organ players who passed through the city. "They amazed and stimulated me so forcibly by their performance on the organ, as well as by their encouragement, that I thenceforward went to work with an ambition and fury that would hardly allow me to eat or sleep." The remarkable enthusiasm for work which possessed him all through his long life is illustrated by the story told of his youthful device to insure a full day's activity. He would tie one end of a ball of string to his big toe and let the ball drop through his bedroom window, within reach of a laboring boy who, he arranged, should pull it on his way to work in the

early morning.

His musical talent must have been unusual; for it attracted the attention of Dr. Arne, the most celebrated English musician of his day, who offered to take him to London as his pupil. Burney, of course, seized the opportunity and went to London full of ardor and aspiration. He remained with Arne three years and gained more socially than musically. Arne used his ready and indefatigable pupil to copy music for him and to perform other tasks more helpful to master than to scholar. At the same time, through Arne's sister, the celebrated actress Mrs. Cibber, he made the acquaintance of many interesting people, Garrick, Händel and Thomson among them; and thus began his intercourse with the artistic world of London. About this time, too, he met Fulke Greville, a gentleman and a bon vivant, a descendant of the celebrated friend of Sir Philip Sidney and a social lion. Greville had expressed contempt. for musicians as a class and was wont to inquire whether a man could be at once a gentleman and a musician. For answer, one of his friends introduced him to Burney. He was quickly taken with him and attached him to his household after the manner of the day, paying Arne £300 to cancel his articles of apprenticeship. The new set with which the young man was thus thrown enlarged his circle of friends and correspondingly his view of life. dissipated mode of living did not, happily for Burney, last long. His patron married soon after and Burney himself discovering an attachment, the two severed their connection.

Burney married in 1748, His wife, Esther Sleepe, was said to be "very attractive and very amiable." To what extent these admirable wifely qualities contributed to his material success does not appear; but it is certain that his prospects soon brightened. He was appointed organist of St. Dionis-Backchurch at the modest salary of £30 a year; but this was augmented by music lessons which the young man gave to a rapidly growing clientele.

His faculty of making friends stood him in good stead and he always had his hours filled. Hard work and close application undermined his health, and on the advice of his physician he gave up his work and moved to Lynn-Regis, Norfolk. Here he obtained the post of organist at St. Margaret's and his salary, officially the same, was increased by private emoluments to a fair competency. The organ, which was "execrably bad," was replaced by a fine new Everything moved smoothly for Burney and his instrument. growing family. His mental energy, far from being exhausted by professional duties, seemed to grow by what it fed on. began to plan his "History," he studied Italian poetry and otherwise sought cultural improvement. He found time also to watch achievements in the great world of London. On the publisher's announcement of the appearance of Johnson's Dictionary, he wrote to him in appreciative terms, begging to be informed whether he could subscribe for it for himself and some friends. He received

a cordial reply, which started their lasting friendship.

Nine years of country living freed Burney from his threatened weakness and he returned to London in 1760. He rapidly established himself as a music teacher and soon had his days occupied with lessons from early morning till night. He became a fad. One fashionable and ancient dame who wanted to place herself under his tutelage was informed that his time from eight in the morning was completely filled. "Come to me then at seven," was her reply. Despite his teaching, he found time for original work; and besides some sonatas for harpsichord, he composed a setting for a burlesque "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," performed at Ranelagh with great éclat. In 1761 Mrs. Burney died, leaving him with a family of six children, the oldest but twelve, the youngest a baby. Her loss was deeply felt by Burney, who after a time sought to divert his mind by attempting a prose translation of Dante. A visit to Paris in 1764, where he placed two of his daughters at school, brought him in contact with Rousseau's "Devin du Village"; and on his return, at Garrick's suggestion, he translated and adapted the operetta for the English stage. It was not, however, a great success.

In 1767 Burney married again, his second wife being the widow of a wealthy wine merchant of Lynn, and a close friend of his first wife. Intelligent and well read, she encouraged her husband in his artistic and literary pursuits and presided ably over the celebrated salon that became the recognized meeting-place of the élite of England. Fanny Burney's diary has preserved a lasting and almost photographic record of the events that took place under the Burney roof. The chronicle bears the strongest

testimony to the considerable place Burney now held in the art life of the time. It shows plainly, too, how his personality and conversational charm won all with whom he came in contact. Two years after his second marriage Burney received the degree of doctor of music at Cambridge. His "exercise" was an anthem which had the distinction of being performed later in Hamburg under the direction of Carl Philip Emanuel Bach. The energetic doctor also brought forth this same year "An Essay towards a History of Comets," and about this time began the serious preparation of his magnum opus, the "History of Music." His daughter Fanny was his willing secretary. He soon felt the necessity of acquiring at first hand data which could be procured only by a visit to the Continent. Armed with powerful letters of introduction, he left in June, 1770, making a six months' tour in Italy, France and Switzerland. From Naples he wrote to Garrick (October 17, 1770):

"I must say that my treatment among these men of learning and genius throughout my journey has been to the last degree flattering. . . . I am almost ashamed to tell you how many men of eminence both in the literary and musical world have interested themselves in my enterprise— When I left England I had two objects in view. The one was to get from the libraries to the viva voce conversation of the learned what information I could relative to the music of the ancients; and the other was to judge with my own eyes of the present state of modern music in the places through which I should pass from the performance and

conversation of the first musicians of Italy."

Among the illustrious men he visited were Diderot, Rousseau and Voltaire. On his return, he published an account of his tour, which attracted the admiring attention of Dr. Johnson, who later acknowledged his indebtedness in writing his own "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland" to "that clever dog Burney." Encouraged by the success of his first trip, Burney made another in 1772, to Germany and the Netherlands, preparing for it by studying in advance the German language. He had interviews with Gluck, Hasse, C. P. E. Bach and other musicians only less prominent, and everywhere was well received. Musical libraries and private records were placed at his disposal and he collected a large mass of original material. The only mishap occurred on his return trip in December, when he was compelled to repeat a stormy Channel passage, because, overcome by nausea, he had fallen asleep on the boat's arrival, and was unknowingly carried back to the French coast. This unenviable experience, which would have daunted the spirit of ordinary men, did not conquer Burney's; and although made severely ill by the strain and confined to his bed, he dictated an account of his trip to his daughters. This book of travels appeared in print the following Spring, and was received even more warmly than its predecessor. It prompted Johnson to say to the author, "Sir, the public is always disappointed in books of travel, except yours." In the same year Burney was elected a Fellow of

the Royal Society of London.

The Burneys now moved to more commodious quarters in St. Martin's Street, taking the house formerly occupied by Sir Isaac Newton. The family was deeply impressed by the atmosphere of the place and soberly endeavored to be worthy of A small wooden turret its great predecessor's habitation. thought to be Sir Isaac's observatory was the chosen retreat of Fanny, who there "popped down" her thoughts and unbosomed herself in the famous diary. Here the Burney salon grew and expanded until it became the most celebrated of meeting places in London. Johnson, Garrick and Reynolds were frequent visitors. All the celebrities in the world of music flocked eagerly to these functions and were proud to be asked to participate. The reigning stage favorites, Agujari, Ranuzzini, Pacchierotti, and others, gave of their best to enliven the evenings. There were also such notables as the Society Islander Omai (Cowper's "gentle savage"), Alexis Orloff, the Russian "man mountain" as Fanny calls him, and the explorer James Bruce. All are faithfully reproduced to the dot by the talented daughter, both in her diary and in her news-letters to "Daddy" Crisp, her correspondent. In her father's house she had extraordinary opportunities for the exercise of her unusual gifts. Thus Burney is responsible for some of the most delightful pictures of Eighteenth Century life that have been handed down to posterity. And painted vividly, though in the background, is the unusual personality of the master of the house, who had gathered about him such a remarkable and variegated array of talents.

The crowning event of Dr. Burney's life was the publication of his "History of Music." It was awaited with scarcely less eagerness on the part of literary England than Johnson's "Dictionary" itself. By royal permission, the dedication was to Queen Charlotte, the wife of George the Third; and the long list of subscribers was headed by the Prince of Wales. Rousseau, Metastasio, C. P. E. Bach, Reynolds, Garrick, Warren Hastings and Sir John Hawkins, the rival historian of music, were on the list. The first volume appeared in 1776, and it was read or at least skimmed, by the entire literary and fashionable world. Even

Horace Walpole delved into it, and though he found the first part "absolute Hebrew" confessed that the work "was not barren of entertainment." Six years elapsed before the second volume appeared; the third and fourth volumes were issued together in 1789.

In 1778 the Burneys were thrown into a flutter of excitement by the discovery that one of their number had become a novelist and had set all of London by the ears with "Evelina." Published anonymously, its authorship was soon traced. The frankness and spontaneity of the character drawing, its fidelity to life, its graphic power, were at once recognized. Dr. Johnson's admiration knew no bounds and put the sensitive and bashful Fanny into many a quiver of modest fear. Dr. Burney, his brain teeming with projects of his own, was rather slow to appreciate the fact that his shy little secretary was a successful writer of fiction and destined to fill a place in the literary life of her time no less considerable than his own. But he gradually summoned his enthusiasm and shared in the general rejoicing over the event. Thenceforth, too, he

became Fanny's chief adviser and aid.

In 1783 he received at the hands of Burke, then in the cabinet, the post of organist of Chelsea College. It was Burke's last official act, and the gracefulness with which it was tendered was as pleasing to Burney as the gift itself. The following year he was elected a member of the celebrated Literary Club of which Johnson and Reynolds were the founders. The Club, originally consisting of nine members, was soon increased to thirty-five. It included practically all the literary lights of the time. As illustrative of the exclusive spirit that prevailed may be cited a story told by Boswell. It seems that Reynolds spoke to Garrick about joining and he replied: "I think I shall be of you." When Johnson heard of this he said: "He'll be of us; how does he know we will permit him? The first duke in England has no right to hold such language." But later he relented and Garrick was accepted as a member. In this company Burney was welcomed as heartily as any. better evidence could be given of his position among the elect of the day. In 1785 he wrote an account of the first Händel Festival at Westminster Abbey-a really valuable piece of work.

Haydn's visit to London in 1791 stirred Burney's enthusiasm to fever heat, and, as not infrequently happened on such occasions, he eased his mind by writing a verse or two on the event. A warm friendship sprang up between them, and on Haydn's second visit, three years later, they spent several days together in close companionship. Burney was instrumental in procuring a number of

subscribers to the first edition of the "Creation."

While at Chelsea College, he found leisure to write a life of Metastasio and to collect materials for a dictionary of music. never published. He also contributed the musical articles for an encyclopedia, for which he is said to have received £1000. He thought seriously of writing a biography of Dr. Johnson, but gave up the idea, of which others had already taken hold. He was favored by another administration in 1806, when Fox secured for him a pension of £300 a year. He suffered a paralytic stroke the following year, but recovered; and with his wonted energy set. about preparing an autobiography. In 1810 he was elected a Foreign Member of the Institute of France. He was now well on towards ninety years of age; but his interest in music and the affairs of the world remained unabated. Johnson and the rest of his contemporaries were gone. He alone survived, keeper of the traditions of those memorable days. A vigorous correspondence now sprang up between Burney and Samuel Wesley on the subject of J. S. Bach. Burney knew and admired the English Bach, so called, and also C. P. E. Bach, both sons of the great Leipzig cantor; but the father he had failed to comprehend. Wesley sought to show him the error of his ways. It is significant of the man's breadth and openness of mind that even at this age he was ready to acknowledge his mistake; and it is pleasant to note that his conversion was quite complete. Wesley, in a paroxysm of delight, writes to a friend: "Dr. Burney is stark, staring mad to hear Sebastian's Sonatas."

Little has been said of Dr. Burney's creative musical gifts. Considering the busy life he led, his compositions bulk large enough, and a number of them attained a popular success. But judged by the usual standards of musical criticism his talent in this direction was slight. He claimed to have originated the idea of the pianoforte duet, and the claim is probably a just one. He published a set of "Four Sonatas or Duets for two performers on the Pianoforte or Harpsichord" and prefaced it with a dissertation on the subject. He also tried his hand at fugues for the organ, and following in the direction of the great Bach, wrote a series "alphabetically arranged in all the keys that are most perfectly in tune upon that instrument." The "History of Music" was a serious and admirable effort to treat a subject of which little had up to that time been written. It has been largely superseded by the results of modern research, but still bears eloquent testimony to the persevering energy and enthusiastic love of the subject which prompted it. In historical perspective it is very faulty; but the survey of contemporary musical activity in the various parts of Europe, the result of the author's original and first-hand observations, is even yet of great value to students of musical history.

Burney died April 14th, 1814, at the ripe age of eighty-eight. He was buried at Chelsea College and a tablet was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. All England mourned the loss. Fanny, then Mme. D'Arblay, survived her father twenty-six years. Several other members of the family made their mark and have found places in the "Dictionary of National Biography." James entered the navy and sailed around the world with Captain Cooke. He was the friend of Lamb, Hazlitt and Southey, and died an admiral. Charles became an eminent Greek scholar. sannah and Sarah both had literary gifts of no mean order. The oldest daughter. Hetty or Esther, was a skilled harpsichord player and appeared as a vouthful prodigy at a public concert when she was nine years old. She was always to be counted upon for a "piece" at the Burney evenings at home, and was sure to receive the sincere applause of the famous musicians present.

If Dr. Burney's life story left room for doubt as to his unusual qualities, it would be dispelled by a glance at the splendid portrait painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in which they are clearly discerned. The bright eye and high forehead betoken the alert and ever active mentality, the firm but pleasing lines of the mouth and jaw evidence steadfastness of purpose, the posture shows the reposeful yet energetic worker, while over all there is the atmosphere of genial humor and broad culture that were his unfailing charm. The portrait tells the story of Burney's great personal magnetism

better than words.

# MUSICAL MEMORY IN PIANO PLAYING AND PIANO STUDY

### By EDWIN HUGHES

VER since the time when the feat of playing whole programs without the notes originated among the great virtuosi of the first half of the nineteenth century, musical memory has occupied an important place in piano playing and in all serious piano study. Today the frequenters of concert-halls have come to take it quite for granted that all public performers on the instrument shall play from memory, so much so in fact that to have seen Vladimir de Pachmann with the notes of the Chopin F minor Concerto in front of him on the music-rack, or the late Raoul Pugno tripping gaily out onto the platform with the music of the Italian Concerto in his hand, was to have experienced a slight shock to one's accustomed sense of the fitness of things. Entirely aside from any feeling among the artists themselves as to the advantages or disadvantages of playing from memory, their audiences have quite decided that they want their Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, and all the rest performed without reference to the printed page, so that it well behooves the young aspirant for public pianistic honors to question himself about the quality of his musical memory.

The possession of a reliable musical memory is valuable to all musicians, is important to some and is an absolute necessity to others. The composer who can retain his own musical ideas, wherever and whenever they may occur to him, without the use of his cuff or a scrap of paper, may well rejoice in his independence of material aids. The critic who is able when placed face to face with the first performance of a novelty to hold in his mind's ear the subject matter of importance as the work develops will be in a position to write an intelligent account of what he has heard.

The orchestral conductor has thus far been immune from any widely outspoken desire on the part of concert audiences to see him lead without the score, although there is no reason why he should not be expected to so do if he is expected to know his scores well at all. The task of learning a symphonic score well enough

to conduct it from memory does not compare in difficulty with that of memorizing a piano sonata and playing it in public. The conductor is never under the anxiety that the proper course of the symphony will be broken if his memory fail him for an instant. A lost inner voice can be picked up after a measure or two and the whole performance will be none the worse off. I have been told that even Toscanini, who has accomplished the feat of memorizing whole Wagner operas sufficiently well to be able to conduct performances of them, nods just a trifle at times. There are occasional moments when the men in the orchestral pit feel that he has lost the thread for a bar or two, but the men play on, and of course it is quickly found again. The fact is that no conductor can have absolute control of his men unless he can look them in the eye every minute of the time. This is impossible when a large part of the conductor's attention is occupied with the printed notes of the score, and it is encouraging to note that most of the big men among the present-day conductors realize this and conduct largely, some of them entirely, with the exception of accompaniments, without the score. A little pressure on the part of the public might aid this movement for a better knowledge on the part of orchestral leaders of the works which they attempt to interpret, for we want virtuoso performances of great orchestral works just as we want virtuoso performances of great piano compositions, and the first requisite for this is such a detailed knowledge of the work that a performance without reference to the score is a natural consequence. Those of us whose ears are a trifle above the average in sensitiveness do not want to hear the Symphonic Etudes played by an "all-'round" musician, and we also prefer to have the Brahms C minor Symphony conducted by one who is a virtuoso of his craft.

From the singer's point of view musical memory is absolutely necessary or merely important, as the case may be. The opera singer must of necessity possess a goodly amount of memory ability, and with the singer of songs the ability to appear on the platform without a bundle of music in his hands and to deliver his message to the audience without having to peer into the printed page at the end of each line of verse, in order to know what happens in the coming line, gives him a large advantage over his colleague who has to lean on a bit of sheet-music for support when appearing in public. How kind are concert audiences towards singers with their notes, when the self-same members of such audiences attending a theatrical performance would leave at the first opportunity if the actors came on the stage each with his little play-book in hand!

When the violinist and 'cellist appear before the public as soloists we like to hear them play from memory and there is a

general compliance with this preference.

Of all these musical specialists (how specialized music-making has become since the days of Mozart and Beethoven!) the pianist it is whose task, from the standpoint of musical memory, is the most difficult. The singer in memorizing has merely the one melodic line on which he must focus his attention, the matter of the accompanying background taking a position of importance in this respect only in such cases as the later Wagner operas and some of the Wolf Lieder. For the violinist and 'cellist the problem is practically the same, except for occasional double-stops and chords. For the conductor absolute accuracy in the memorizing of every single voice of the orchestral texture is not unconditionally necessary.

The pianist has almost constantly to do with a many-voiced musical texture, and he must not only be able, as the orchestral conductor, to hear the various parts, but must be able at the same time to execute them himself. He is melodist and accompanist at once; he is soprano, alto, tenor and bass of the quartet of voices in a Bach fugue. In the mere matter of the number of notes to the measure, the pianist's task is ten-fold that of the singer. addition to these differences in kind comes the fact of the enormous difference in quantity, due to the immense literature for the instrument, far exceeding in size that of any other branch of musical composition. And the pianist as reproductive artist must be eclectic in taste and versatile in execution. have delved into every nook and corner of the vast pianoforte literature, and it behooves him to carry around in his noddle a goodly portion of that literature at all times.

Although there are pianists with such natural gifts in memorizing that the process of learning to play without reference to the notes is accomplished with remarkable facility, still I am quite certain that in the case of most pianists who play in public this process is, aside from all musical problems concerned, the subject of a good deal of patient effort and careful study. Blind Toms and persons who can read a composition over once, away from the instrument, and then go to the piano and play it through without a mistake are rare birds in the musical world. Such deeds are interesting, just as are the lightning calculations of the gentleman at the variety-show who tells you without thinking twice about the matter, exactly what the result is of 796,431 times 28,172. But they are not of the slightest assistance to less gifted persons.

Now the fact that all pianists have taken upon themselves this additional burden of memorizing all the solo numbers which they play in public, thus developing a very decided taste among their audiences for just this sort of thing, must have back of it a reason other than the mere joy of the pianist at being able to show his hearers that he is capable of the "stunt" of playing so and so many pieces by heart. Absolute freedom of expression and the most direct psychological connection with the audience are prime necessities to effective piano playing, and these things would be immensely hindered by a bundle of notes upon the piano rack. They overbalance by far any consideration of the fact that some fine day the performer's memory may play him a scurvy trick at a most inopportune moment, something which happens now and then with even the most routined concert pianist. Occasionally a protest appears in print against the now time-honored custom of playing long programs and piano-concertos from memory, urging the point of view that such mental gymnastics are unnecessary to a highly effective performance. If playing with the music happened to be so common as to afford any means for comparison with the popular way of doing without the notes entirely, the results would be not long in confirming the very evident advantages of the general custom.

By far the best way of attaining an excellent musical memory is, of course, to be born with it, and those of us who ever expect to reach anything of pre-eminence in this respect must in fact bring a good deal of it with us when we are first placed upon the pianostool. For others less gifted there is hope up to a certain point,

provided the necessary amount of will-power is at hand.

Elaborate psychological discussions of memory are of as little practical use to the pianist seeking to improve his prowess in this direction as are the tales of the imbecile who could recite by heart a whole oration of Cicero in the original, or the farmer who could remember the state of the weather on every day for forty-two years. In distinguishing between susceptibility, retentiveness and readiness, however, the seeker for mnemonic improvement may better be able to discover just where his weak points lie.

In dealing with a pupil who is possessed naturally of an excellent musical memory it is worse than a waste of time to attempt any analysis of the processes of the faculty. Any discussion of this most wonderful function would only tend to invite anxiety that perhaps the magic perfection of its workings might after all fail at some important moment. Those readers then who have been well taken care of in this respect, may, if they have already reached this point in the discussion, well skip to the next article.

For those who have the courage to continue let us write the word CONCENTRATION in big letters. In memorizing music, as anything else, it is the principal, the one most necessary factor. If one possesses it in any sort of degree one must cherish it, exercise it regularly and use every effort of the will to improve it.

The susceptibility of the memory, its sensitiveness to the reception of new images, is directly proportionate to the intenseness of concentration and the degree of interest which one

brings to the subject at hand.

Retentiveness in piano study depends largely on the strength of the impression made during the first attempts to master a new composition, also to a great extent on systematic repetition of the composition at longer or shorter intervals, after it has become a fixture in the repertoire.

Readiness means for the pianist the combination of a perfect mental image of the composition to be reproduced with a certain agility of thought in bringing the flow of musical ideas from their mental storehouse in proper order. Reflex action plays of course a large part in the process, as does the assurance given by an

adequate technical equipment.

In all the processes of memorizing and of reproducing from memory one's physical condition is a most important consideration. A sleepless night or a nervous headache mean death to concentration, upon which susceptibility and readiness are alike dependent.

Nervousness in playing from memory in public is largely a result of the mental defect of lack of concentration, when it is not directly caused by a run-down physical condition. When the mental image of a composition and the ability to reproduce it falls to pieces like a house of cards the minute the attempt is made to play before an audience, large or small, it is a pretty good sign that the performer is not accustomed to a sufficiently Spartan discipline in concentration during his study hours. It is so easy, after the memorizing of a piano composition has progressed to a certain point, to leave nine-tenths of the work to the purely reflex action of finger memory. This is one of the worst hindrances to the acquisition of sureness in memory work. Every effort must be made to secure the clear and uninterrupted focus of conscious thought on the matter at hand during the practise periods.

At the first public airing of a piece learned entirely by finger memory, this slipshod method of study revenges itself at once upon the performer. The moment the pianist plays for other listeners than himself, conscious thought is brought to an uncomfortably sharp focus not felt at all when playing alone, and there come, more likely than not, those awful moments of mental helplessness when everything seems a blank. A slight nervousness, induced by one thing or another, is sufficient to destroy the mental poise of which the player seems so sure when he is by himself. Reflex action can never take the place of conscious knowledge at such moments, which come at times to even the most practised concert pianist. The player can only regain his grip if he is able to say to himself with complete assurance, "I know that I know every note."

This brings us to the point of the various methods which may be employed in memorizing piano music. In the first place it is quite important to know that there is no one best way of memorizing, for the memory faculty is so different in different individuals that each must seek his own salvation in the matter along the lines of least resistance. The teacher who thinks that he has found the only way to memorize and then tries to apply it to all of his pupils indiscriminately will not achieve very much better results in this respect probably than the piano pedagogue who upon being asked by one of his class, "How do you memorize?" replied, "Oh! I memorize very easily."

Piano music may be memorized in three ways: by ear, by visual memory, either of the notes on the printed page or the notes on the keyboard, and by finger memory or reflex action. On one or both of the first two ways are dependent the very useful and important methods of learning the harmonic and formal structure of the composition to be memorized and of being able to say the notes, or at least to bring up a very distinct mental picture of them.

The bringing to the pupil's attention of these various methods, and the discovery or invention of ways and means of making them more rapid, accurate and dependable will enable the student to find out for himself that method of memorizing which is the easiest and surest for him.

I think that most persons who are especially gifted in memorizing and who are at the same time highly musical rely to a very great extent on pure ear memory, the ability to hear a composition in the mind's ear and to find the outward expression of it easily at the keyboard. I am quite sure that all Wunderkinder memorize in this manner. This, together with the gift of utter and complete confidence which such talents usually possess, would render any sort of analysis in memorizing perfectly superfluous for them, and it may be that, even after such gifted children are grown-up enough to have lost their unconsciousness, they adopt other methods of memorizing only as an extra precaution for absolute surety when playing in public.

For the average mnemonic ability, however, some sort of analysis is always necessary, although I am not at all of the opinion of many musicians who pretend to look down with scorn on memorizing "by ear." In fact I believe that memorizing by ear is, after all, not only the most natural way of memorizing, but also the most musical way, and that teachers should take every opportunity for developing this faculty in their pupils, even with those who possess only slight ability in this line. A course of eartraining is very necessary for such development, as well as for the general musical well-being of every piano student, and piano teachers as a class should interest themselves to a far greater extent in this matter than they do.

Visual memory of the notes of a composition on the keyboard is one of the commonest methods of memorizing. It is the readiest and quickest way of memorizing for most of those who are less gifted musically than the ear memorizers. One notes the position of the hands and fingers, the look of the chords as they are struck and the pattern which the various figures make upon the keyboard as they are played. Muscular feeling also plays quite a part in this manner of learning by memory, for which reason it is advantageous to practise with the eyes closed, or looking away from the instrument, seeking to gage accurately the positions and distances remembered in the mental vision of the keyboard.

I had always been in the habit of considering the method of memorizing by learning to visualize the notes on the printed page as one of comparatively little importance until recently a very well-known concert-pianist, one who has accomplished some prodigious feats of memory, informed me that he depended to a very great extent on this method. He assured me also that he would never be able to conduct an orchestral score from memory were it not for his almost complete reliance on this form of memorizing. I have also known a number of other persons who play the piano who have told me that visualizing the printed notes was their mainstay in memorizing. Persons who memorize most easily in this manner have a gift similar to those who learn a poem most readily by recalling the look of the printed words, in distinction to learning the sound of the words or the meaning of the lines, which of course they may, and very probably do do, in addition. In memorizing music after this fashion, the additional mental action is involved of transferring the visual image of the printed symbols from the page to the actual keys under the fingers, and it would seem therefore that this method would be more complicated than that of learning to visualize directly on the

keyboard in the first place. However, each individual must be a law unto himself in the matter.

In any case visual memorizing, in order to be completely trustworthy, must be carried to the extent that one can say off the notes of a composition away from the instrument, or at least go over them in his mind's eye with a great deal of certainty. As one of the greatest aids to this sort of memorizing must be mentioned the study of the printed page away from the piano. This is most important, whether one memorizes printed notes or keyboard patterns. Students who possess any aptitude at all for the mental hearing of printed music should be urged to give part of their daily study to such sort of practise, in order to improve this faculty, which is a most important aid in memorizing, as well as a necessity, from a general point of view, to every educated musician.

No really intelligent memorizing is possible without a knowledge of harmony and musical form, and, for the stricter polyphonic forms of composition, of counterpoint and fugue as well. For the reproductive artist, of course, this way of memorizing can never take the place of the other methods, but must be looked on as a valuable supplement to them, to make sureness more sure. The writing out of the chord progressions under the notes will prove of assistance to some.

Finger memory, the least reliable and most unscientific of all, is still something which the pianist cannot possibly dispense with. Fatal as it would be to rely on it entirely, one must always leave a good deal to reflex action in actual performance.

In fast passage playing for example, it is quite impossible to say over, even to think over, all the notes with perfect accuracy at the proper tempo. At any rate it is impossible for the average talent, although a few particularly sparkling intellects may be able to compass such a task. For such intellects of course this article was not written, as they are not in the slightest need of any discussion of the matter of musical memory. One may in rapid passage playing visualize the notes by groups, and if they happen to occur in scale or chord form, even approximately, the task will be so much the easier.

However, finger memory must always be bolstered up by one of the other methods of memorizing. There must always be the feeling of perfect assurance that, if finger memory go back on the performer for a moment, he can fall back on one of the other methods. The safest way is of course to have all the above mentioned methods to fall back on, to know the composition well by ear, hearing the piece unfold in advance of the fingers, to know

it by visual memory of the keys or the printed page, and also from

a harmonic and formal standpoint.

When one is perfectly sure of knowing a piece thoroughly after several different methods of memorizing, one can leave the matter of its reproduction more and more to finger memory. Freedom in execution and a concentration of one's attention on the interpretation, so necessary to a beautiful and effective reading of a composition, are in fact only possible when one is able to leave the more mechanical details of reproduction to a very large extent to reflex action. The controlling conscious thought must of course be always present and alert in the background, but the constant thinking of chord and key changes, of figuration patterns and the other technical details of memorizing would mean a hampering of the player's fantasy and feeling, and a taking away of his attention from the finer details of interpretation.

In beginning the study of a new composition one must play it through once or twice to get its meaning as a whole, to become familiar with its character, its form and any striking peculiarities. At this point the work of memorizing should begin, and should be carried on simultaneously with the study of the phrasing, shading, fingering, pedalling and so forth, for these things must all be memorized as well as the mere notes. One may go about the memorizing in two ways, either slowly and analytically, proceeding bar by bar or phrase by phrase, or in the more haphazard fashion of merely practising the piece with a view to technical mastery, letting the memorizing come of itself without giving it any special study.

I mention both these ways because I know that both of them seem to work equally well with different individuals. Those who choose the latter method must, if their memorizing is to be successful, possess considerable faculty for learning by heart quickly. And in order to attain surety, they must set aside some time daily for practise away from the instrument, be it during the afternoon walk or a quiet hour with closed eyes in the arm-chair, and must be able to mentally go through the compositions studied with as little hesitation as when seated before the instrument. Every opportunity should in fact be taken for this mental practise, for the pianist who plays in public must live with his pieces constantly. He must know them, and not simply remember them. They must be a very part of him.

In proceeding by the analytical method, one takes a bar or two, perhaps a whole phrase, but in no case more than one can easily compass mentally, and learns it from the printed page, memorizing notes, fingering, pedalling, shading, phrasing and everything else that musically goes with the passage at the same time and trying it over once on the keyboard after a mental image of it has been made. If the first trial is not a complete success, one reads over the passage once more until one can finally reproduce it perfectly, proceeding then to the next bar or two. Perhaps the next day the mental picture may have become a trifle hazy. If so, one must repeat the process. The reward of such painstaking study is the fact that pieces so learned have an undeniable tendency to stick by the player for a long period of time. They may be taken out of their corners again after months, sometimes years of disuse, and after a bit of brushing up they are as good as new.

An excellent plan in such sort of study is to throw the notes over the music-rack on the top of the instrument, so that one is compelled to get up every time in order to take a look at them. This cultivates a more intense sort of concentration, to obviate the trouble of having to jump up and down too often. Even a few lines learned in this thorough manner daily will amount up in the course of a month or two to quite a small-sized repertoire. In studying after this manner or in the one first discussed, one must have in mind the ways of memorizing mentioned earlier in the article; namely, by ear, by visual memory, by knowing the harmonic structure and by being able to say over the notes, so that these may be of mutual aid to each other. Finger memory does not need to come in for consideration, as it is perfectly able to take care of itself. No amount of thinking about finger memory will help it in the least, and it cannot possibly be neglected because it is in itself a perfectly automatic process.

When one is quite certain of a piece, one must be able to stop anywhere during the course of the composition and to begin again where one left off without the slightest hesitation. To test one's ability in the matter it is an excellent exercise to stop suddenly in the midst of a melodic phrase or a difficult passage, get up from the instrument, walk around the room once and then see if one can take up the thread of the composition again just where it was left off. Or, when studying away from the piano, it is good to try if one can begin at various points during the course of the piece and still keep the continuity of the composition clearly in mind.

When a composition has been completely memorized it is often well in practising to try it over as a test just once, no matter if it is perfectly done or not, leaving it then and coming back to it again later for another single repetition. In public performance remember that there is only one time; and therefore, before one airs a piece before an audience, one must be able to

get up at three o'clock in the morning, if necessary, and go through it without either fear or trembling for the result. It is good to try to imagine sometimes that there are other listeners in the room besides one's self when playing over memorized compositions. Leschetizky used to recommend calling in anybody for an audience, even the cook, as soon as a piece had been learned by heart. Trying it on the dog is in any case a very beneficial process for the performer, as it shows up any weak spots that may exist: or, if the trial be quite successful, gives him that confidence in himself which is so eminently necessary to successful public performance,

In order to keep a large repertoire in trim there must be a systematic arrangement of practise. Pieces most recently learned will require more frequent repetition, those which have been played for a longer time, less, particularly if they have been through successful appearances on the concert stage. Compositions learned early in one's pianistic career, especially those studied in the later 'teens and early twenties, seem to enjoy a particularly long lease of memory life—a hint as to the best years of one's life for

accumulating a large repertoire.

There is a curious superstition among many people, even among persons musical enough to know better, that the possession of an exceptional gift of musical memory entitles a pianist to a place among the great in art. "Have you heard so-and-so? Wonderful! He can play anything you ask him for in the whole pianoforte literature." Who among us has not heard such an effusion at one time or another? It is as though there happened to be an actor whose mnemonic powers were so elastic that he could recite the whole of Aeschylus, Seneca, Molière, Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare, Sheridan and Bernard Shaw by heart, and for this reason we placed him among the Thespian gods. One of the ablest vocal artists of the nineteenth century, Frau Schroeder-Devrient, had the greatest difficulty in learning a new rôle from memory, and many other such examples among gifted opera-singers could be cited.

I have known several pianists, excellent musicans in the general sense of the word, who were possessed of the most remarkable memories and perfectly adequate technic to boot, to whose playing it was most painful for any one with a pianistically educated ear to listen.

Memory is one of the technical requisites of the pianist, but in itself it has as little to do with art as have fleet fingers and supple wrists. Let us recognize its importance, but let us not rate it too high nor those who happen to possess it in especial abundance.

After all, when it comes to the matter of repertoire and absolute certainty in reproduction, we must all of us make place for our

greatest rival in all such technical matters, the pianola.

Musical memory is usually no longer a very reliable factor after a pianist has reached fifty years or thereabouts, although there are exceptions of course. Rubinstein abandoned the concert stage mainly on account of the fact that he could no longer depend on his memory in public performance, and many other well-known virtuosi have followed his example, leaving the concert platform when they were otherwise at the very height of their artistic

powers.

The most routined players are not absolutely immune from occasional lapses of memory, even the younger ones. I remember once hearing a very well-known pianist play himself into a maze in the midst of such a lucid composition as the Beethoven G major Rondo. Another concert I remember where the player wandered off into a false key during the Schumann Fantasie. Fortunately he was musician enough to be able to extricate himself very cleverly from the situation. On still another occasion a pianist whom I had always given the credit of possessing a remarkably clear mental grip was playing the Haendel-Brahms Variations. After he had done about two pages of the Fugue-Finale he completely lost himself, but saved the day by calmly beginning the Fugue all over again and going through it this time without the slightest hesitation. A pianist who enjoys in certain countries quite a reputation as a Beethoven player once became so tangled up during the slow movement of that composer's G major Concerto that both he and the conductor of the orchestra had a most painful few minutes straightening matters out. These are all examples from the pianistic elect, men whose names are known wherever the art of piano playing is appreciated, and it is really only a wonder that such lapses are not more frequent. The study and memorizing of a great part of the pianoforte literature makes such extraordinary requirements on mental capacity that the training for the mind which it gives can hardly be overestimated, its value in this respect being fully equal, if not superior, to the study of the dead languages.

## THE RENAISSANCE ATTITUDE TOWARDS MUSIC

### By HUGO LEICHTENTRITT

THE Renaissance period in Italy, so fertile for the growth and ripening of arts and literature in general, has also its particular significance in the history of music. Whereas, however, the study of this fascinating epoch has attained to definite, detailed results in the domains of literature, architecture, painting and sculpture, the Renaissance attitude towards music is still a problem. This problem seems to become more intricate, the more profoundly we enter into the knowledge of its details, which are being accumulated by modern historical research. The purpose of this study is to present the different sides of this problem, to show which parts of it have been answered with certainty or at least probability, to present a critical estimate of the different modern theories which at present tend to give an entirely new aspect to this

part of the history of music.

It is necessary at the outset to define what is meant by the Renaissance epoch; all the more so, since older historians have treated this question with considerable vagueness. Ambros, without doubt the most authoritative writer of the last generation, whose history of music, as far as it goes, is still unsurpassed, held the opinion that the Renaissance spirit in music became effective generations too late, long after the other arts had gone through the Renaissance development. This curious opinion of Ambros is founded on the belief of his generation that Italian music up to 1500 meant no more than an infantile stammering, that the 16th century in Italy was most profoundly influenced by the traditions of the Dutch school, and that really original Italian music did not exist before the second half of the 16th century. The acme of this national uprising in music, according to this older view, was reached in the so-called reform of Italian music towards 1600, by the introduction of dramatic music, opera, of monody, thorough bass accompaniment, instrumental solo music, etc. By 1600, however, all the other arts were past their youthful vigor and freshness, the Renaissance spirit had already been superseded by the destructive tendencies of the baroque style, and amidst this general decline music alone maintained the ideals of the Renaissance spirit.

This theory of Ambros can no longer be maintained. None of its assumptions can hold its ground in the light of modern research. We know at present that in the 15th and even the 14th century Italy possessed a national, original and valuable musical literature of its own, that the influence of Dutch style on Italian music has been largely overrated, that the reform of 1600 loses its startling aspect and a good deal of its historical importance by recent discoveries, that even the rise of the dramatic style is not due as much to the pure Renaissance ideal as to its continuation, the baroque.

In this way, the natural development is restored and the curious, erroneous opinion of Ambros is done away with, that music limped a hundred years after all the other arts in its application of ideas, modern at that time. It is certain at present that also music was imbued with the Renaissance spirit from the start, like all the other arts, that the Renaissance ideal was one and the same in the entire artistic and spiritual life of the Italian nation.

In recent years the entire estimate of the Italian Renaissance epoch has undergone some changes. No doubt there has been an overrating of Renaissance art, and correspondingly an underrating of the preceding and following periods, the end of Gothic art and the rise of baroque. This judgment is due in considerable measure to J. Burckhardt's famous books "Culture of the Renaissance in Italy," and "Cicerone," which for two generations have been most influential. Burckhardt's wonderful appreciation of Renaissance art will always retain its value, even if his exaggeration and his lack of justice to the art of the 17th century cannot fail to appear clearly at present.

The modern science of Art has changed the limits of the different styles considerably. Each new, rising style is necessitated by a new mode of life, a new aspect of the world, new ideas. The Gothic style is the most perfect expression of mediaeval thought, in its grandeur of typical sentiment rather than individualism, its subordination of the individual to the community in state, religion, art, its unsurpassably lofty expression of religious feeling, the feeling of a congregation, nay even of the whole mass of the people. The baroque style marks the beginning of modern tendencies in art and leads straight down to our own times. Between the mediaeval Gothic and the modern baroque extends the Renaissance style as a connecting link between old and new, continuing and bringing to solution some of the mediaeval problems, but also foreshadowing a number of modern tendencies.

Applied to music, the historical facts, according to this modern view, would have to be grouped somewhat as follows:

Mediaeval music, corresponding to Romanic and Gothic art, comprises Gregorian chant (which was practically brought to an end towards the 12th century), the troubadours' songs, the beginning of polyphonic music in France and England (the different kinds of organum, discantus, faux-bourdon, conductus, the old French motet).

Towards 1300, the so-called "ars nova" in Italy marks the beginning of the Renaissance period. This period has its name from the revival of classical studies; but this "new birth" of antique literature and art is only one characteristic trait of the whole epoch, and perhaps not even the most significant one. The importance of the individual, the personality of the artist, becomes the most salient characteristic of this new Renaissance spirit. Mediaeval art, music, architecture, poetry, painting, lack this charm of individuality; in most cases not even the name of the artist is known.

The rise of Italian literature in the 13th and 14th centuries (St. Francis of Assisi, Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio) marks the end of mediaeval and the beginning of Renaissance art. Closely connected with this first unfolding of poetry is the astonishing development of Italian music after 1300. Thanks to the studies of Johannes Wolff, Hugo Riemann, Friedrich Ludwig and others, this Florentine "ars nova" is now for the first time presented to us, and though there remains still some doubt as to the proper interpretation of this early Florentine art, one is justified in saying that its discovery is one of the most important results of modern historical research.

One of the most beautiful paintings of the famous "campo santo" in Pisa is Orcagna's (died 1368) "Triumph of Death." In one corner a group of the blessed in paradise is represented, a little gathering of ladies and gentlemen; evidently a portrayal of the social entertainments of nobility at that time. Some are engaged in conversation, others are seated with pet-dogs and falcons in their arms: they listen to the music: a young man, playing the viola, accompanied by a lady playing the psalterium, a sort of guitar, similar to the sounding board of the gypsy cymbal or of our piano, What kind of music might they have been listening to? No doubt to some of the Florentine madrigals of the 14th century, to some composition of the "ars nova," the modern, fashionable art of that epoch. Glancing over Dante Gabriel Rossetti's wonderful English translation of Dante's "Vita nuova" and the early Italian poets, we find the kind of poetry set to music by the composers of that time.

Boccaccio in a beautiful sonnet speaks of Fiammetta singing:

And then I heard a song as glad as love, So sweet, that never yet the like thereof Was heard in any mortal company. A nymph, a goddess, or an angel sings Unto herself, within this chosen place Of ancient loves; so said I at that sound. And there my lady, 'mid the shadowings Of myrrh trees, 'mid flowers and grassy space, Singing I saw, with others who sat round."

These lines might be put as a motto under Orcagna's painting. The song of course is accompanied by instruments, in this case by viola and psalterium, which play preludes and interludes and

adorn the melody with flourishes.

Dante in "La vita nuova" tells of his vision of a youth advising him what to do in order to attract the attention of his beloved Beatrice: "And so write these things, that they shall seem rather to be spoken by a third person . . . but have them fitted with a pleasant music, into the which I will pass whensoever it needeth."

Folgore da San Geminiano in his twelve sonnets, "Of the

months," mentions music among the pleasures of April:

Provençal songs and dances that surpass; And quaint French mummings; and through hollow brass A sound of German music on the air.

Whoever has passed attentively through the cathedrals and galleries of Italy and the old world in general will have noticed thousands of pictures of the time from about 1300 to 1600 which contain musical representations of many kinds and give evidence of the musical culture of the Renaissance. Only within the last few years has the testimony of these pictures been utilized for the increase of our historical knowledge. One of the most remarkable results of this study has been the establishment of the fact that instruments were used much more extensively than had been supposed formerly. The older text-books of musical history consider the rise of instrumental music one of the great results of the reform of 1600. According to our present knowledge instrumental music merely passed into a new phase of its development after 1600, after having been practised most extensively for centuries. Hardly less important was the part instrumental music played in the accompaniment of one or several voices. Until a few years ago the entire literature of the 15th and 16th

centuries was supposed to have been written for several voices a cappella, i. e. without any accompaniment. Nowadays evidence tends to prove that a cappella music was limited only to a small part of the literature, and that a great number of the pieces which were considered a cappella formerly, were, more or less, written for a combination of voices and instruments, combinations of the kinds we see in old pictures. Flute and lute, lute and viola, harp and viola, flute and harp, two lutes and viola, flute, harp, little hand organ (portative), clavichord, with other instruments, are some of the most frequent combinations; but beside these duos and trios, quartettes, quintettes and even little orchestras are by no means unusual. As early as in the 14th century combinations like the following are found:

			Organ	
Viola	Lute	Flute	Flute	Lute
		Organ	Flute	Psalterium

Similar to the arrangement in this picture of an unknown painter (Coronation of the Virgin, Venice, Academy), is a painting by Jacopo Avanzi (14th century) in the Pinacoteca of Bologna, which shows two groups of angels playing the following instruments:

Right side: Left side: two trumpets, two lutes, psalterium, viola, double flute

One of the most beautiful musical representations is given by Hans Memlinck in his marvellous altar picture (about 1480) in the museum at Antwerp:

Three singers, chalumeau, trombone, lute, monochord, little organ, psalterium.

RIGHT SIDE

Three singers, viola, harp, little organ, trombone, long trumpet.

The discovery and close examination of 14th century music has brought to light many new and interesting facts. Johannes Wolff, professor at the University of Berlin, has contributed perhaps most to our present knowledge of this Italian literature by his fundamental studies on the notation of the "ars antiqua" and "ars nova," which laid open all the hitherto undeciphered intricacies of the so-called "mensural notation." All the libraries of Europe were searched for manuscripts of these early centuries, and at present a number of experts are occupied

in translating this music into our notation. This problem being solved satisfactorily, a number of new problems make their appearance. The interpretation of the early Renaissance music gives rise to different views. Hugo Riemann, the well-known Leipsic professor, and Arnold Schering of the Leipsic University are the main authorities on this subject. Riemann was struck by the fact that most of these early Italian compositions contained extended passage work, fiorituras of exaggerated length, hardly possible for singing. Utilizing his knowledge of the early Italian poetic literature and fine arts, Riemann finally came to an interpretation which has great probability in its favour. He distributes the music between a solo voice and accompanying (mainly stringed) instruments. The solo voice sings the plain melodic parts, with little or no ornamental passage work, which is reserved for the instruments in preludes, interludes, postludes.

Schering likewise is convinced of extended instrumental collaboration in this style. He even claims that this early Italian music is mainly instrumental, and that most of these pieces are written for organ, the organ being the most important instrument of those times. This does not exclude the fact that voices frequently took part, singing the melody, the cantus firmus, in its plain form, while the organ accompanied in its ornamental style, embellishing the melody by all sorts of "diminutions," trills,

figurations.

This view also has a good deal of probability. It will be the next problem of historical science to decide which of these two interpretations comes nearest the truth, or whether there is still a third way out of the difficulty. I myself am inclined to take a middle point of view, considering both interpretations as satisfactory, without however accepting either one exclusively: the early Italian music seems to me of manifold character, partly vocal, partly instrumental, often intended for the organ, but just as frequently for various other instruments or combinations of instruments.

It is necessary at this point to explain more in detail the character of "ars nova." This term occurs for the first time on the title-page of a musical treatise by *Philippe de Vitry* (died 1362 as bishop of Meaux). Formerly de Vitry was credited with a number of important inventions in notation, theory and composition. Modern research has divested him of most of his glory; his principal merit seems to have consisted in his introduction of modern Italian practice and theory into France. This "new art" of music stands in close connection with the rise of Italian language and

literature in the 12th and 13th centuries, in Sicily at the court of Emperor Frederick II, in Florence and Bologna. Quittone d'Arezzo, Guido Guinicelli, Jacopone da Todi, are the forerunners in the 13th century, and the next generation produced poets of the first rank like Dante, Petrarca, Boccaccio. Music had its share of this splendid development. The earliest madrigal composer was Pietro Casella, whose name has been immortalized by Dante in the "Purgatorio," though of his compositions nothing has come to light so far. During the first half of the 14th century lived Johannes de Florentia (Giovanni da Cascia), organist of the Florence cathedral, later in Verona, the first classical representative of the early Florentine madrigal style. Other masters of fame are Jacopo de Bologna, Laurentius de Florentia, Ghirardellus de Florentia, Gratiosus de Padua, the blind organist of Florence Francesco Landino.

Principally three forms were cultivated by this school: the madrigal, caccia, ballata. French Provençal influence is visible in the ballata, the dance song which has more or less similarity to the songs of the Provençal troubadours. The early madrigal, the pastourelle (not to be confounded with the madrigal of the 16th century, altogether different in character) also shows some slight traces of Provençal origan. The "caccia" seems to have been entirely original, purely Italian. It represents a hunting scene and regularly makes use of the canon, one voice chasing the other. All of these forms, however, whatever their origin may have been, were treated in a manner independent of foreign models; they are the first flowers in the garden of Italian music, imbued with peculiarly Italian beauty, characterized by that vivid movability, that alertness, grace and balance of form which have always distinguished Italian art.

The fifteenth century brought the rise of music in the Netherlands. The merit of the first Dutch school seems to have been that its masters developed the sense of harmony in the modern meaning, of euphony in the combination of several parts. Another important discovery of this age was the principle of "imitation." A melodic phrase is taken up successively by two or several voices, either exactly alike, in strict imitation, or approximately, free imitation. By this procedure the several parts of a composition gain a more logical coherence, a theme of conversation, in which all voices partake more or less. Vocal music especially gains an advantage in this new technique, inasmuch as the same words are retained for the imitating phrases in different voices, and thus the architectural structure of the whole composition gets more

clearness and compactness. The imitative style is distinguished from the older canon by its use of short phrases, whereas canon brings long stretches of melody which are taken up by the voices in succession. Both imitation and canon were developed in an astonishing degree by the masters of the Dutch school, Okeghem, Josquin, etc. This new Dutch style conquered the world. All countries of Europe were influenced profoundly by this new art, all the important positions in foreign countries also were in the hands of Netherlandish masters, who thus became the teachers of the world. The consequence was that towards 1500 music began to look so alike everywhere in Europe, that the distinct national traits of Italy, as well as of France, Spain, England, Germany were covered more or less by the uniform modern Dutch style.

As regards Italy, it is most interesting to observe the struggle between the innate Italian genius and the Dutch invasion. Till about 1530 it seemed as if Dutch music was to be victorious along the whole line. But from about that time the Italian musical sense begins to colour and to transform more and more the Dutch forms, until they are changed so thoroughly that they appear as something new, essentially different from the Dutch models. This is seen best in the efforts of the Venetian and also the Roman school.

Venice became an important centre of musical culture about 1530, when the famous Netherlandish master Adrian Willaert was appointed commander-in-chief of the musical forces in the venerable chapel of St. Mark. The spirit of Venice seems to have imbued this Dutch master. The wonderful sense of colour which we admire in the paintings of Bellini, Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, had its reflection in music. The school of Willaert is unrivalled in its art of producing effects of gorgeous colour by human voices. A principal means towards this end was the use of double choruses. St. Mark's Cathedral contains two chapels situated opposite each other. Willaert made effective use of this architectural peculiarity: he placed a chorus in each chapel, made these two choruses sing in dialogue, or both together at the climaxes of the composition. He and his followers developed this idea of double chorus to its ultimate possibilities. In the works of Claudio Merulo, Andrea and Giovanni Gabrieli, we admire the results of this technique. Eight voices are divided into two equal choruses of four voices each, or a chorus of low voices is opposed to one of high voices; three, four, even five choruses are placed against each other in a similar way; not voice is led against voice, as in Dutch composition, but chorus against chorus.

The difference between this style and the former polyphonic way of writing is like that between Raphael and Titian: in one case the purity of line, the beauty of delicate contour, in the other a broad brush of paint, drawing in opposition to painting. The delicate beauty of individual voice-leading, of drawing, which distinguishes the Palestrina style is given up in favour of the picturesque manner, the blending of gorgeous tone colours.

Religious music in Italy was brought to its most sublime heights by Palestrina and the Roman school. It is interesting to observe the influence of Italian spirit in Palestrina's music. which, though entirely Dutch in technique, is thoroughly Italian in sentiment. The sense of beauty of sound, fine balance of all parts, just proportions, is a characteristic Italian trait. In these particulars Palestrina surpasses his Dutch teachers, and he adds as the most precious element of his personality a loftiness of emotion, a purity and seraphic sweetness of temper, a craving for angelic beauty, which make his works incomparable specimens of church music, a music which has the power to elevate the soul above earthly things. There is nothing however of revolutionary tendencies in this essentially conservative art, none of those traits which gave Venetian music so interesting an aspect after 1550, not to mention at all the new aspect given to music by basso continuo, by monodic and dramatic style towards 1600.

One may say that the older Dutch schools, Dufay, Okeghem, Josquin de Près, Brumel, Obrecht and many others represented in music the northern. Gothic style at a time when in Italy the Renaissance spirit had already been awakened also in music. This Dutch, Gothic art, when it was imported into Italy about 1500, underwent so considerable a change that it appears as something altogether new, though founded on the technical principles of Dutch art. It shows the characteristics of Renaissance art in its clearness, purity of line, perfect proportions, its sense of cultured forms, and even foreshadows the tendencies of baroque This is seen occasionally in Palestrina's works and still more distinctly in those of the Roman school from about 1600 and later. The example given by Venice-double and triple chorus-was taken up by Rome, but developed in the direction of mass effect, four and even five choruses singing together, later on solo voices with several orchestras added, a display of masses which culminated in Orazio Benevoli's Festival mass for the inauguration of the new cathedral in Salzburg (1628). In this gigantic score, the biggest in existence, Renaissance ideals are already entirely abandoned in favour of the new, pompous and "grand" baroque

style. The colouristic instincts shown in the Venetian mixing of high and low voices in double chorus became manifest more and more distinctly. Another most effective means towards this end was the refined use of new harmonies. The sober dignity of the ancient diatonic church scales, the Doric, Lydian, Phrygian scales, etc., did not offer sufficient opportunities to these passionate lovers of colour. Chromatic harmony—which is wrongly claimed as a modern, 19th century invention—was discovered about 1550 and within fifty to seventy-five years reached a climax which was not equalled until almost 1900. Here, as often in the development of music, we find the curious fact that a reputedly modern means of expression was already in use centuries ago, was however neglected and forgotten later on and had to be discovered a second time, centuries afterwards.

About the middle of the 16th century a new form of vocal music sprang up in Italy, the madrigal. This new madrigal style is not to be confounded with the madrigal of the 13th and 14th century already mentioned. The new madrigal applied the polyphonic technique of the Dutch style to secular music, but remodelled it in a peculiarly characteristic Italian fashion. The madrigal, the French and Netherlandish chanson, the German Lied, the motet and mass, all followed the same technical principle of composition: the text of the composition was divided into sections and each section of the text had its own musical motive worked out polyphonically through all the voices. The main difference between the chanson and Lied on the one hand and the madrigal on the other lies in the fact that the madrigal music is an entirely free invention of the composer, whereas chanson and Lied are almost always founded on some cantus firmus, a folksong melody. The Italian madrigal is not at all popular in character; it appeals only to connoisseurs, to the refined company of artists and highly cultivated amateurs. The rise of Italian poetic literature in the 15th and 16th centuries furnished an ample supply of poems fit for music. The sonetti and canzoni of Petrarca were prime favourites among composers, but also Tasso, Ariosto, the pastoral poets Sannazzaro, Guarini and hosts of minor authors came in for their share. This poetry demanded means of musical expression quite different from those used in the simpler and less artificial (as regards the words) Dutch and German part-songs. Chromatic harmony was discovered as a most effective means to give shadings of expression hitherto unattainable.

Three madrigal composers are to be mentioned above others as masters of the chromatic style: Luca Marenzio, Gesualdo

principe di Venosa and Claudio Monteverdi, three composers of the first rank, who have produced works of immortal beauty. Alas, they are little known at present and will be generally recognized only when our singers and conductors of choruses will be better prepared to grapple with the considerable difficulties piled up in these works. Italian madrigal literature, even at its average, leaving out of consideration these extraordinary masters, shows a standard of musical culture in higher society hardly reached nowadays. All these difficult and complicated madrigals were sung in the palaces and houses of aristocratic society and of the better class of citizens. Ten thousands of madrigals have come down to our day, and this mass of literature shows that considerable demand existed for high-class music. In fact, every gentleman and every lady was expected to be able to do justice to his part when a madrigal was sung at sight as an entertainment for the company.

Baldassare Castiglione in his famous book "Il cortegiano" (Venice, 1528) gives us a clear notion of the important place accorded to music in the higher Italian society of his time. Music, singing as well as playing, was an indispensable feature of education.

This high general standard of musicianship in turn influenced the production, and was itself influenced by the leading composers. Musicians like Marenzio, Gesualdo, Monteverdi were encouraged to search for more and more refined ways of expression, and thus they finally arrived at their harmonic innovations, which prove

a surprise even to modern ears.

Luca Marenzio, "il cigno il più dolce" as he was calleda compliment paid to him with the words of Arcadelt's celebrated madrigal "Il dolce e bianco cigno cantando more"-has left about six hundred madrigals, of which hardly twenty are accessible in modern score. The assertion is not exaggerated that nobody ever equalled Marenzio in the delicate beauty, the noble quality of sound he knew how to obtain from a few voices; his madrigals will indeed remain "a joy forever" for the happy few who know how to appreciate this wonderful art of voice treatment. Chromatic harmony he uses very daringly with an astonishing effect. In a five-part madrigal (published 1599) to words of Pretarca's "Solo e pensoso" Wagner's famous "Erda" harmonies in "Rheingold" and "Siegfried" are anticipated by 250 years. The resemblance is striking in the long stretch of chromatic harmonies at the beginning, rising half step by half step until the climax is reached with wonderful effect, and then gradually descending.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Published entire in Torchi's "L'arte musicale in Italia," in part in Ambros-Leichtentritt's "History of Music," IV, 113.

Gesualdo, prince of Venosa has published a collection of madrigals which belongs among the greatest treasures of musical libraries, being one of the first, if not the first full score ever printed. whereas only separate parts were usually printed up to his time. These six books of madrigals are among the greatest curiosities of musical literature. Their harmony is so unusual, even eccentric, that it could not be appreciated before the 20th century, because it surpassed in strangeness anything that had been produced up to our own age. Only at present, in the age of Richard Strauss, Debussy, Scriabine, Busoni, can one see that this great impressionist Gesualdo is akin to these modern masters, their brother. He is three centuries ahead of his time in his novel and extremely daring use of tonality or rather lack of tonality, his bewildering manner of modulation, his fine sense of colour in harmony-somewhat like Leonardo da Vinci, who in his sketches anticipated a good many modern ideas in engineering, mechanics, navigation, etc.

The great Claudio Monteverdi is the third member of this brotherhood of geniuses. His merits are still more considerable since he was master of several styles. He is generally appreciated only as dramatic composer. But his scarcely known madrigals are perhaps the most perfect productions of his genius. Lately two volumes of the Peters edition (published by the writer of these lines and Arnold Mendelssohn) have been brought out which give a fair idea of Monteverdi's powers as a madrigalist. These twenty-four selected madrigals belong to the most beautiful and fascinating vocal music in existence. They are full of daring harmonic innovations, surprising even for our time, powerful, striking modulations, sudden transitions into distant keys, strange and fascinating chains of parallel fifths, foreshadowing Debussy, original cadences and most wonderful treatment of voices.

One of the most salient traits of Renaissance life was the joy in masquerades, ballets and theatrical performances. Long before the first opera was ever thought of, music played a considerable part in these festive entertainments. The first faint trace of opera is visible in the tragedy "Orfeo" by Angelo Poliziano, the great scholar and poet at the court of Lorenzo di Medici in Florence. For Cardinal Francesco Gonzaga of Mantua he wrote in 1471 his "Orfeo," which is important as being the earliest specimen of Renaissance drama modelled after the classical Greek dramas; instead of the biblical subjects treated in the earlier "sacre rappresentazioni" since the Middle Ages, a subject from Greek mythology was here used for the first time. The preference forthese mythological subjects became characteristic of Renaissance

drama, and was indeed preserved far beyond the Renaissance epoch, until the latter part of the 18th century. Music was used to a certain extent in Poliziano's "Orfeo." Performances of this sort at the princely courts became gradually more frequent. Italian literature is full of descriptions relating in detail the splendour of these festivals. The music, being only a supplementary part, has in most cases not been preserved, but numerous text-books are at our disposal which show clearly the part attributed to music here—the libraries of Venice for instance possess more than fifty text-books relating to festivities in Venice from 1571 to 1605.

One kind of these entertainments has become of special importance for music, namely the so-called "intermezzi." They were dramatic scenes inserted between the acts of a drama, a sort of entr'acte music and dramatic performance which had nothing in common with the drama proper. The intermezzi in fact soon became the prime favourites of the Italian public, on account of their splendid stage-setting, their entertaining contents, their ballets and music. They were often the chief attraction, much more so than the drama. Italian authors abound in praise and admiring descriptions of these intermezzi. Baldassare Castiglione has written a famous letter describing the performance of Bibbiena's "Calandra" in Urbino, 1510. He dwells on the art and luxury of scenic decoration, gives a detailed description of the intermezzi which treated of the myth of Jason, Neptune, Juno, Venus. Filippo Baldinucci, an author of the 17th century, has written a book entitled "Notizie dei professori del disegno da Cimabue in qua." which contains critical estimates of Italian Renaissance artists. An entire chapter is dedicated to the Florentine architect Bernardo Buontalenti, who built the Teatro Medici, and here is inserted a most detailed description of the theatre itself and the festival performances of 1569, when "L'amico fido," and intermezzi with music by Alessandro Striggio were given. Striggio is known in the history of music as a madrigal writer of unusual brilliancy. His masterpiece is the madrigal comedy "Il cicalamento delle donne al bucato" (1567) of which more will have to be said further on. What Baldinucci relates about the theatre and the music is of greatest interest. One is reminded of Richard Wagner's "Ring der Nibelungen," as regards wealth of imagination, splendour of scenic effects, complicated stage machinery. The caves of the lower world are represented in one scene, in the others a roaring

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> To quote the entire chapter here would take too much space. A full German translation is given in Vol. IV of H. Leichtentritt's new edition of Ambros's History of Music, pages 245-251,

thunderstorm, green woods and meadows, the singing of birds, Thetis with her companions and tritons rising out of the sea, Juno on her chariot drawn by peacocks, with a rainbow of splendid colours as a frame around the whole stage-picture. Nearly thirty years before the first opera, a model of mise-en-scène was given here which had its effect up to the eighteenth century. Here we find the curious "macchina," the great machine which effects the opening of the clouds, the descent of gods or semigods from the sky: "il ciel aperto"—the open sky—became an indispensable requisite of opera for a hundred and fifty years and longer.

Beside the intermezzi the predecessors of opera are of various kinds: incidental music to tragedies and comedies, generally choruses, the masquerades, ballets, pantomimes, the favola

pastorale, madrigal comedy.

For masquerades there was ample opportunity during the carnival, which in Italy was of no little importance in public and private life. Music had to give its share also. Heinrich Isaak, one of the earliest masters who brought the Dutch style to Italy, wrote a collection of "canti carnascialeschi" (carnival songs) before 1500! In the works of Orlando di Lasso we find a number of part-songs composed expressly for these "mascherate." Their text generally has reference to the disguise of the singers. "Zingari siamo" (We are gypsies) or "Ninfe siamo" (We are nymphs) they sang while marching disguised as gypsies or nymphs. Madrigals, villanelles, moresche, dialogues, echo pieces, partly sung, partly played, were the usual forms of music employed for these entertainments. The madrigal has been mentioned; the "villanella" was a sort of rustic song, more popular and simpler than the madrigal; the "moresca" was originally a Moorish dance, a relic of the Saracen period in Sicily. Both villanella and moresca were often employed as a sort of mimic solo scene. music combined with dance, singing, acting. "Dialogo" was a class of madrigal which by its treatment in dialogue form became a predecessor of oratorio and cantata, in a certain sense also of dramatic music. The echo-effect was in great favour in all kinds of music, up to the time of Bach.

Giorgio Vasari in his great work on the lives of artists has written a most interesting chapter on "Piero di Cosimo and the Florentine masquerades," which gives an extremely vivid picture of these carnival festivities. "The chariot of Death was represented by this masquerade, which passed through the streets of Florence at night: a big black chariot pulled by buffaloes, painted

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> German translation in Ambros-Leichtentritt's History of Music, IV, p. 262-264.

with skeletons and white crosses; on it mighty "Death" was sitting with a scythe in his hand, round about him many tombs, out of which skeletons arose covered with black cloth; glaring torchlight and lugubrious music of muted trumpets had their share in the effect. Sitting on their tombstones these skeletons sang a melancholy canzona: "Dolor, pianto e penitenze." A large suite of knights with black flags, riding on horseback around the chariot,

sang with trembling voices the "Miserere."

Another step towards opera was the so-called "favola pastorale." The earliest master of this "pastoral fable" was Alfonso della Viola of Ferrara, who lived about the middle of the 16th century. In Alfonso's music to Agostino Beccari's "Sacrificio" (1554), which is partly preserved, we find distinct traces of monody, recitative, chorus. The new element in this pastoral play consisted in the setting to music of one or more prominent scenes in their entirety, whereas generally music in plays was confined to some chorus or dance here and there.

Torchi in the third volume of his "L'arte musicale in Italia" has published a complete score of a favola pastorale: "I fidi amanti," text by Ascanio Ordei, music by Gasparo Torelli (1600)

which gives a fair specimen of this style.

Much more interesting and valuable from a musical point of view, however, is the madrigal comedy which was in vogue from about 1565 till 1610. An attempt is here made to write music to entire dramatic scenes, and the means employed is the polyphonic madrigal style. Each person is represented not by a solo voice but by several voices, a whole chorus. Dialogue of course is largely employed. Like our oratorio this madrigal comedy is not intended for acting on a stage, but rather for concert performance. Alessandro Striggio, Giovanni Croce, Orazio Vecchi and Adriano Banchieri are the chief masters of this witty and burlesque genre. Striggio's masterpiece is: "Il cicalamento delle donne al bucato" (The chattering of women at the washtub) an extended composition full of good humour and perfect musicianship. The poet is listening to the conversation of women working at their washtubs. They are telling of their lovers; in another scene a bird of prey is carrying off a chicken, to the great excitement of the women, who try to frighten the bird by screaming ai, ai, while the poor chicken's piteous "più, più" is heard all the time. Several groups in animated discussion at the same time, a dramatic ensemble, two different conversations together. Another scene depicts a quarrel between the women; in a very realistic way two opposing groups are formed, very much as at the beginning of "Carmen," defending their friend against opponents; passionate scolding; finally the two fighting women are separated from each other, shouts of the spectators, laughing, calling, at last one hears: "Give peace and let us sing a song"; a popular melody is here with great art woven into the complicated texture of the music. The quarrel ceases as quickly as it had begun, the opponents are reconciled, they all go home bidding each other good-bye in amiable words.

One more composition of this kind may be mentioned here, because it is one of the most curious works in existence and a masterpiece of humourous and burlesque music: Orazio Vecchi's "Amfiparnaso," published in 1579. Edw. J. Dent of Cambridge (England) has lately written a remarkable study which clears up this hitherto problematic composition.1 According to Dent, Vecchi here set to music the popular "comedy of masks," as it was familiar to the Italian public of his time, in a variation due to the Bolognese poet Guilio Cesare Croce. To the familiar characters of Pantalone, the Venetian merchant, the Bolognese Doctor Graziano, Arlechino and Brighella, the two Bergamask buffoons (here they are named differently), Croce adds the courtesan Hortensia, a Spanish captain, a chorus of Jewish pawnbrokers and two pairs of lovers. To this funny comedy in three acts Vecchi wrote fourteen five-part madrigals without accompaniment. The music is partly serious and of great beauty, partly of a genial burlesque humour, which in its special kind has never been surpassed. The doctor's madrigal in the third act, a parody of Cipriano de Rore's "Ancor che partire," reminds one strongly of Beckmesser's effusions, in its nonsensical parodying of the original text. The piece following had to wait for its equal until Richard Strauss wrote his famous "quintette of Jews" in Salome. Francatrippa, the servant of Pantalone, wants to pawn a diamond; he knocks at the door of the pawnbroker's house, in which a whole company of Jews is assembled celebrating the Sabbath. The parodying of Hebrew words, of Jewish synagogue-melodies, is extremely comical in effect, admirable moreover in its constructive ingenuity and musical skill.

Italian carnival music of the Renaissance of the most characteristic burlesque kind is shown in Adriano Banchieri's "Festino nella sera del giovedì grasso avanti cena," published in Venice 1608. It consists of a series of madrigals intended to be sung by the masks. The craziest part of the whole is perhaps the "Contrapunto bestiale alla mente," which is explained as follows: "A

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> In "Sammelbände" of International Society of Music, 1910-11, p. 330ff: "Notes on the 'Amfiparnaso' of Orazio Vecchi."

dog, a cuckoo, a cat and an owl have their fun in improvising a counterpoint on a given theme." Cuccu, babbau, gnao, chiù, are mixed together in intricate counterpoint against a Latin cantus

firmus in the style of Beckmesser.

Looking over all the different topics treated here, one can easily see how the ground was gradually prepared for what was formerly called the great "revolution" of music towards 1600. It appeared as a revolution because one did not then see the single steps which led up to it in natural and logical manner. Operasolo singing with instrumental accompaniment, a new harmonic system, were the principal elements which seemed to inaugurate an entirely new era of art. Modern natural science tends to prove that there is no leap, no sudden transition in nature. And the same law holds good in the development of art. Never in the history of music has there been a revolution in the strict sense of the word, a sudden overthrow of what had been considered good a short time before. New ideas were never born out of nothing, but always evolved from the things already existing. It is the task of history to search for these connecting links, these gradual transitions from one style to another. Applying the results of modern research to the "revolution" of 1600 it becomes evident that opera was a necessary, inevitable consequence of the state of things in music about 1590. Every one of the elements of the new style had been developed, more or less, previous to 1600; even the declamatory style of singing recitative had its root in Gregorian chant as well as in certain tendencies of madrigal composing. Solo singing was not so new about 1600 as has been believed by musical historians of the past generation. As has been shown above, the early Italian madrigal of the 14th century was mainly written for solo voices, and when afterwards Dutch polyphony had its great influence on Italian writing the old traditions of solo singing with instrumental accompaniment were not forgotten. Every motet or madrigal could be performed in various ways, either by several voices singing without accompaniment, i. e. a cappella, or by one or several solo voices with various instruments, as is shown by the pictures of the Renaissance epoch. A portion of the literature hardly known at present, the lute music, furnishes considerable contributions to the chapter solo voice with accompaniment. The lute, being the favourite instrument of those times, was to be found in almost every house, like our pianoforte. The vast literature for the lute is, however, not immediately available for our study, because lute-music is not written in the ordinary notation but in a special so-called lute-tablature. To read it one must first find the key, which is not always easy, and then translate note for note into our notation, which is very troublesome.

As to the importance which organ and piano had in the music of the 14th and 15th centuries, a most thorough and instructive study has been written by Otto Kinkeldey1, the most valuable contribution to the history of early music made so far by an American. The continuous practice of instrumental accompaniment finally led to a handy and practical way of writing accompaniments which we find for the first time applied in Lodovico Viadana's "Concerti ecclesiastici" of 1602. The "thorough-bass" (basso continuo) which makes its first appearance here proved so useful and convenient that it was taken over into the new monodic style and into opera, in fact into every kind of music, and it is well known how thorough-bass ruled all music for more than 150 years, up to the time of Bach and Händel. Thoroughbass is an abridgement of notation. Instead of writing down every single note of an instrumental accompaniment, as we are accustomed to do at present, only the bass part was written by the composer. A few signs and figures were often added. and on this "figured bass" the players improvised a full threeor four-part accompaniment according to certain rules of experience and tradition. This manner of improvising likewise had been practised most extensively in the 17th century. "Diminution," as it was called in organ-music, meaning all sorts of improvised ornamentation and development, was used most extensively, and a large literature is left to us regarding this subject, which may be studied conveniently in Kinkeldey's book just mentioned. The harmonic discoveries of the madrigalist's chromatic harmony have been spoken of already. This new harmony also found its way into opera; notably Monteverdi's "Orfeo" and "Incoronazione di Poppea" are full of the most surprising. effective harmonic devices. The connection of music and drama during the 15th and 16th centuries has been pointed out, likewise the great art of scenic decoration exhibited in the intermezzi.

All this taken together will show how well the ground was prepared for the great so-called "innovation," the opera. The history of its origin is too well known to need repetition here. That Florentine company of finely cultivated men of letters and artists who towards 1590 resolved in true Renaissance fashion to revive the Greek classical drama evidently did not have the ambition to create anew every detail of their work of art. They

 $<sup>^{\</sup>rm 1}$  "Orgel und Klavier in der Musik des 16. Jahrhunderts," Leipsic, Breitkopf und Härtel.

made use of those elements of music which were adaptive for their purpose, remodelled them to suit the new aims and thus arrived at opera which was new and reformatory only in so far as it gave prominence to certain elements of musical expression which had hitherto been employed in a secondary manner only. This idea of music-drama may be called the last accomplishment of the Renaissance spirit in music: only a few years later baroque tendencies, which in fact are discernible as early as the 16th century. became prevalent to such a degree that the original Renaissance sentiment became less and less distinct. The lefty ideal of musicdrama which found its most perfect expression in Monteverdi was soon abolished in favour of one-sided virtuoso tendencies, resulting in an extraordinary development of the art of singing, which became the distinctive trait of the 17th and 18th centuries. As in all the other arts, so in music the Renaissance ideal lost its vitality towards 1600. After a glorious existence of three centuries Renaissance art had fully accomplished its mission.

# THE AMERICAN COLLEGE MAN-IN MUSIC

By W. J. BALTZELL

In the spring of 1914 an incident occurred which has great significance for music in the United States in that it shows, very definitely, the change in the attitude toward Music which has come about in educational institutions, and therefore reflects a similar change in the attitude toward Music and musical activities on the part of many persons who shape their opinions upon the stand taken by institutions of high prominence and those who conduct them.

David Bispham, then on a concert tour, and singing in vaudeville, received a letter from the President of his Alma Mater, Haverford College, stating that the Board of Managers had decided to confer upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Mr. Bispham's surprise was great, perhaps even greater than that of musicians who read later the announcement that the degree had been conferred. Had it ever occurred in these United States that a man prominent in the profession of music as an executive artist should be honored thus for distinguished services to Art? To quote from Mr. Bispham's address on The Ministry of Music, delivered on the occasion of the conferring of the degree, will give an idea of the significance which Mr. Bispham attached to the letter:

To say that I was surprised does not convey in any adequate manner an idea of the state of my feelings. That I. . . . a grand opera singer, a concert singer, and a vaudeville artist, I, whose life had been so unusual in regard to its public activities, should find myself being honored by my former companions and by the friends of my parents, by being made a Doctor of Laws by the college which, of almost all those in America, has upheld religion and scholarship at the expense of music, was astounding.

Had anything happened to me, or was it that something had happened to Haverford? Nothing had happened to me except the daily, monthly, yearly, continual application of a mind that could do nothing else, to musical and histrionic pursuits. Therefore something must have happened to Haverford! The rising generation and those of the former generation who still remain upon its governing board had

lived to see the time, not contemplated by the founders of our Alma Mater, when Music and the Drama and those who occupy themselves therewith had become recognized factors in the daily life of the community. No longer are they to be looked upon as wicked, or at least idle pastimes, but as educators—educators as much as a school is an educator—and therefore the musician and the actor may be looked upon as educators.

In 1872 when Mr. Bispham entered Haverford, and during his four years there, no musical instrument was allowed within its walls. And this prohibition against music also applied to choral song, to be relaxed largely through his influence just before he graduated, when a glee club was organized, with a

dramatic association, sub rosa.

As Mr. Bispham suggests in his address, this attitude toward music on the part of the authorities at Haverford was more severe than was the case at some other institutions; but in the main it indicates a point of view which was characteristic of a great many American colleges and universities. Music was tolerated as a means of entertainment or diversion for the young men students, but was not considered as having any claim upon the serious study of the educated man, or as offering a satisfactory

and honorable career for the college graduate.

But a great change in this attitude has come over all educational institutions during the past forty years, especially in colleges and universities for men. The Glee Club is an established institution which assists in making valuable propaganda for the college, not so much so perhaps, but in the same way as the football team, that is, general publicity. A number of colleges and universities have orchestras and choral organizations, and find them helpful to the social and general interests of the school. Few, indeed, are the institutions which do not maintain a series of musical events during the year, quite a number even making a specialty of a Spring Music Festival. Professorships of music are being established, generally connected with departments of music to give technical instruction in singing, piano, organ, violin playing, etc., as well as the theoretical training necessary to form the well-equipped musician. At the present time Music has a recognized place in the curriculum, and the various courses offered receive ample credit toward the Bachelor of Arts degree. When one surveys these changes in music education in relation to American colleges and universities for men he cannot but feel that they are wonderfully significant of a change in attitude toward the fine arts in the lives of the American people.

Some fifteen years ago the president of a woman's college consulted a man prominent in musical affairs in regard to securing a director for the music department of his school. He explained that he desired a musician who was a competent executive artist. a man of good personality, social tact, and one whose educational training was equal to that of the professors in other departments. In other words he was looking for a man who was not only a trained musician, but also a college or university graduate, a combination which was almost wholly unknown a generation ago. Fortunately for the progress of music education in the United States, men with the training described above may be found, for American college men have gone into music, and are to be met in colleges and universities, in conservatories, in the private studio, in important positions with the great daily press and other journalistic enterprises, as composers of high reputation, and as authors of works in musical literature as well as textbooks for the use of students.

First of all let us look at certain facts in regard to college men and the kind of work which they are doing, as well as the rewards which music offers to men who are ready to choose it as a career. Such figures as are given are not meant to be taken as complete, although they include men from a large number of colleges and universities in various sections of the country. The writer of this article sent letters to nearly all institutions likely to have students engaged in musical work, and regrets that the response to his inquiries was not more detailed and inclusive. A study of alumni registers, biographical dictionaries, and information secured from a number of persons, most of them college men and musicians, has resulted in the information which follows.

The number of college men who are engaged in pursuits which are connected with music and concerning whom it was possible to secure definite information is above 300. This total, owing to lack of printed records, does not include men who have taken up a musical career during the last year or two. Of course compared with the total number graduated from the institutions represented during the years when the men in question were at their studies, the percentage of men who went into music seems small, indeed pitifully small. And yet the number mentioned will doubtless surprise the general reader who has given but little thought to the subject. Compared with the number of college men who were working in lines connected with music, say a score of years ago, the increase is marked.

A survey of the facts in regard to the lines of activity represented by the men about whom information was secured shows that practically all kinds of musical work are included, namely, composition, authorship, musical journalism, criticism, conducting, teaching in university, college, conservatory, and the private studio, the executive pursuits such as singing, piano and organ playing, the playing of the stringed instruments, not a few being busy in several lines. Of late years a new field of labor has been

entered by college men, that of public school music.

It is not astonishing that a very large proportion of musicians who received their general education in colleges and universities should show a marked leaning toward musical composition. In the first place most of them feel a very definite call to a musical career, generally the result of pronounced musical talent, in which the creative faculty is apt to be included. Musical composition calls into use the training which the student received in his literary studies, particularly in English composition. The principles of the two are analogous, closely so. The writer of poetry. of dramatic works, of fiction, of works of the essay type and pure reasoning, must have the ability to think in words which have an accepted meaning, and to put his material together clearly and interestingly. The composer must have the power to think in terms of music, to fill this indefinite material with the power to evoke from the hearer emotional activity which shall give the music definite appeal, and to handle his material according to the broad constructive principles which maintain in all the fine arts.

To the composer the value of a college education is marked. Not that it alone will suffice to carry a man to success. The creative instinct, the faculty for self-expression through music, the dominating desire for an art outlet for thoughts and feelings, must be in the man. That we grant. But composition of the finer and larger types demands more than that. There must be technical skill and understanding as to the best and surest methods of using the material which the composer's mind has brought into

consciousness.

The acquisition of this necessary technic is most readily secured by means of systematic training, just as is the case with the student who seeks a technic for literary writing. The composer's technic is based on intellectual laws and perceptions and can be taught and apprehended. If the one is a suitable subject for university teaching so is the other. For many years we have been taught that the poet is born not made; a statement which may reasonably be considered to include the one who writes

dramatic literature. At the present time more than one American university offers courses in dramatic writing. It is the technic of an art that the student needs to acquire, and the composer needs a full measure of it. In spite of the pose affected by some there is no mystery about musical composition. The composer has musical ideas which come to him as ideas in words come to other men. To give them intelligible and artistic shape or form demands methods which are the outgrowth of the laws governing the action of the intellect. This is particularly the case in respect to works in the larger forms, which we find constructed according to esthetic principles observed and formulated centuries ago, and still regarded even today when they may seem to be set aside by radical modernists. The student should know form and law before he sets himself above them.

Therefore the college trained man who aspires toward creative work in music has before him a field in which he can use to the full his finest native powers and the sum of his training along intellectual lines. The character of the work of the composers to be mentioned in a later paragraph is ample proof of the statement just made, for the American composer and college man has done significant work in the various lines of composition, for voices and for instruments, in the small forms such as songs, pieces for piano, organ, violin, etc., and also in the large forms which demand solid constructive principles and fine esthetic discrimination, such as chamber music, works for the orchestra, cyclical forms for piano and organ, and choral works with accompaniment for the orchestra.

Among composers who have attended American colleges and universities, to cite some of the best-known names, are: J. C. D. Parker, Arthur Foote, Frederick S. Converse, Clayton Johns, Victor Harris, Ethelbert Nevin, George B. Nevin, C. C. Converse, Reginald De Koven, John A. Carpenter, Arthur Farwell, Philip Greeley Clapp, W. H. Humiston, Edward B. Hill, Blair Fairchild, David Stanley Smith, Paul Bliss, A. Walter Kramer, Rossetter G. Cole, Deems Taylor, J. Morris Class, and Paul Allen, names not the least significant in American music.

When we turn to work of a musico-literary character we find a product of considerable proportions, coming from men who have made a big impression upon the musical literature of the United States, including works of historical, biographical, and critical character, essays, esthetics, pedagogics, text-books covering the field of music education, with a great variety and volume of writing for the musical press as well as contributions to the secular

press and the many periodicals which make more or less of a feature of musical material. It is but natural that men who have had training along the lines of good writing should use their skill to add to the number of books about music and musicians. The man who has learned to write feels the impulse to put on paper his thoughts and experiences in relation to his art and its practice, and thus reach the wide field of persons who can be brought into touch with the written word instead of limiting their usefulness to the narrow circle of those with whom he can come into personal contact, in the classroom or studio. The literary phase of the musician's activity is one for which the college-trained man is peculiarly fitted, and each year witnesses worthy additions to the stock of musical literature by American college-bred authors.

Without undertaking to name all who have used their pens to promote the cause of music it is worth while to call attention to the work of the following men, splendid in quality, considerable in volume, and covering nearly every field of musicology: Henry T. Finck, in biography and criticism, the latter especially, appearing in the New York Evening Post1; W. J. Henderson, in general musical literature, history, and criticism, in the New York Times in former years, more recently in the Sun; Philip Hale, of the Boston Herald: H. T. Parker, whose articles on music and musicians in the Boston Transcript, signed H. T. P., are valued for their scholarship and wide information as well as discriminating judgment; Richard Aldrich, at one time connected with the New York Tribune, now with the Times; Daniel Gregory Mason, who has contributed articles of special value and critical acumen to The Outlook; George P. Upton, dean of Chicago music critics, and author of a series of handbooks on the master works in music; Karleton Hackett, another Chicago critic and writer on musical topics; and the critical articles in the daily and musical press by W. H. Humiston, Gustav Kobbé, E. B. Hill, Arthur Elson, who has a list of four or five fine books to his credit; Arthur Farwell; W. B. Chase; Caryl B. Storrs, of Minneapolis, who forsook medicine for art, Max Smith, and Philip Goepp, whose works on the great symphonies are a boon to the student of music. To this list we must add the work of such writers as Edward Dickinson, of Oberlin, whose latest book on "Music and the

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Some readers may miss here the name of Henry Edward Krehbiel of the New York Tribune. The distinguished critic and historian, so he informed me, began his career, indeed, as a student of law at Cincinnati, but, as was quite common in America forty years ago, he "read law" in a law office, not at a College.—Ed.

Higher Education" is a definite proof of the central thought of this paper, Waldo S. Pratt, C. H. Farnsworth, Rupert Hughes, Clarence G. Hamilton, George C. Gow, J. S. Van Cleve, Arthur Foote, W. R. Spalding, L. A. Coerne, T. W. Surette, Francis L. York, Sigmund Spaeth, A. L. Manchester, and Oscar G. Sonneck. The work of the men mentioned in this paragraph embraces a very large proportion of the works on music written and published in the United States.

The men in charge of music criticism for the great daily papers in the important music centers of the United States, with but few exceptions, are college graduates. They have given special study to the art and science of music, and their work has exerted a splendid and vitalizing influence upon the public taste, as a result of which the appreciation of the best art in music has been greatly increased. To their devoted efforts is due the large body of discriminating music lovers which may be found in the

leading music centers of this country.

The educational work in music in the United States is rapidly going into the hands of college men with special musical training, who also bring to their duties a quality of general scholarship which enables them to stand upon equal ground with their colleagues in the other departments of college instruction. If music is to be a college study it is manifestly an advantage to an institution to have at the head of the work in music a man who has had a college training and experience, who is in accord with college methods of instruction, who is able to plan his courses of study along college lines, and substantiate the claims that it is a study which has disciplinary value and the power to quicken intellectually which justify a place in the curriculum. To give it the greatest possible educational value it is plain that it must be administered on the lines which have proven satisfactory in other departments of study. Therefore it seems fair to claim that the future of music teaching in the institutions for higher learning in the United States is to be in the hands of college trained musicians. Prominent among those engaged in college work in music, who are graduates of American institutions we note: George C. Gow and John C. Griggs at Vassar; W. R. Spalding, E. B. Hill, A. T. Davison, and W. C. Heilman, at Harvard; H. D. Sleeper, at Smith; Clarence G. Hamilton, at Wellesley; Philip G. Clapp, at Dartmouth; W. P. Bigelow, at Amherst; Sumner Salter, at Williams; Waldo S. Pratt, at Hartford Theological Seminary; L. B. McWhood, at Drew Seminary; Charles N. Boyd, at Western Theological Seminary; Daniel Gregory Mason, at Columbia, and C. H. Farnsworth at Teachers' College, Columbia; Leo R. Lewis, at Tufts; David Stanley Smith, at Yale; Charles S. Skilton, at Kansas State; P. W. Dykema, at Wisconsin; Leon Ryder Maxwell, at Tulane, Charles L. Seeger, at the University of California; H. T.

Henry, Overbrook Seminary, Pa.

Public school music has some notable representatives among college men, and the prediction is here made that the next decade will show a marked increase in the number of college-trained men to enter this very important and attractive field of labor. It is essential that one whose work is in the secondary and elementary schools shall have an acquaintance with the ideas and methods of education, and the mind trained to apprehend the possibilities of his field of labor. A vital element in pedagogy is the understanding and practical assimilation of the principles of psychology, which, in its fullest form, is peculiarly a university study. Public school work must be carefully and effectively organized, and for this work of planning broadly and practically on psychological lines the college man is better fitted than the one who lacks the educational discipline mentioned.

Here are the names of a few college men who are in the public school music work: E. B. Birge, Ralph L. Baldwin, Wm. J. Kraft, G. B. Matthews, Edward R. Hawley, Harold B. Maryott, F. H.

Bishop, and R. Valentine.

A large number of men have been drawn to the organ as their principal instrument. It has been taking a larger and larger place in the musical life of the college, and today nearly every institution of any importance has an official organist who may also be in charge of all the musical activities of the school. Organ music has pronounced intellectual characteristics which appeal to the trained mind, and the thorough theoretical training received by the college musician is well suited to the organ and its music. Space will not permit the mention of those who are officially connected with colleges and universities as organists. Suffice it to say that nearly all of the men engaged in college musical work are organists. In addition we may find college trained men filling positions as organists in prominent churches in Boston, New York, and other large cities.

The piano is said to be the composer's instrument, par excellence. In the case of the composer with college training this principle also holds good. Most of them are pianists of more than average skill, and have done good work as teachers. But some have gone farther than others and are known as artists of high standing. Musicianship is a sine qua non of a high grade

of executive ability, and the college music studies give this important requisite. In the interpretation of music in the large forms intellectual processes are involved. The artist must appreciate the structural character of the music he presents to his auditors, and he must apprehend the emotional and poetic content which the composer has placed in the musical forms. Having been trained in the processes of musical composition the college man is well-fitted to reproduce the message of the creator of the music, a statement which applies to the college men who have devoted special study to the piano and its music. Think of the work of the following: Arthur Foote, J. S. Van Cleve, John H. Powell, Henry G. Hanchett, Harold Henry, Henry P. Eames, Victor Garwood, Charles S. Skilton, Carl Paige Wood, J. H. Densmore, J. C. Alden, Edward Ballantine, Alexander Russell, Arthur Howell Wilson, W. P. Price, Harrison A. Stevens, Frank L. Waller, Henry D. Tovey, and Charles Huerter.

When we turn to the singer's career we find a splendid showing. A full list of names would make the college singer who aspires to a professional career as a concert artist feel that he will be in very good company. It may be that American college men more or less naturally turn to singing; perhaps it is due to the influence of the glee club. At any rate many of them sing, some fairly and others well; and a small proportion of them are sufficiently gifted in voice and the special lyric feeling which marks the singer to keep on with their technical study and finally take up

the singer's profession.

One can readily understand why the college trained man should make a success of his art as a singer. The study of English literature, of the principles of poetry, the elements of language, the familiarity with the subtle shades of meaning contained in words, an experience in public speaking, furnish the basis for an illuminating interpretation of a song text, whether it be lyric or Then the study of esthetics with its application in criticism tends to sharpen the sense of esthetic values, making the singer discriminating in his choice of the means whereby he may realize the art ideals he has in mind. In the former days when sensuous beauty of voice and the ability to do sensational things were prized the text was not at all important. But to-day, when the pendulum has swung in the opposite direction, the singer must present the meaning of the poetic text; and to do this the college man, by virtue of his special training, is well-fitted. The following names of singers who attended American colleges are worth noting: David Bispham, George L. Osgood, Carl Martin. Carl Dufft, Francis Rogers, Lambert Murphy, Gardner Lamson, Herbert Witherspoon, Reinald Werrenrath, Walter L. Bogert, M. W. Whitney, George Harris, John Barnes Wells, Franklin Lawson, Glenn Hall, Philip Spooner, G. Ralph Osborne, Romilly Johnson, Leverett B. Merrill, Richards Hale, Bennett Challis, Lyman Wells Clary, T. Morgan Phillips, William Wheeler, and Frank Croxton.

In the field of instrumental music, aside from the piano and organ, we find only a few college men. With the remarkable increase in the interest displayed in the orchestra there has come an evident desire on the part of college men to take part in the orchestra. But to make a violin player you must catch him before he goes to college. And that is being done now in the preparatory schools which are adding teachers of the violin to their corps of instructors. As a result when the boys go to college they are likely to keep on with their violin and 'cello study for the sake of the opportunity to play in the college orchestra. Within the past years several college men have found places in important symphony orchestras.

The commercial side of music has not been overlooked by college men, as is shown by the fact that in certain piano and music publishing houses college men are to be found. And just

recently one has entered the managerial business.

The facts which have been cited show with considerable emphasis that college men have made careers in music, and have indicated the lines of activity in which they have worked. The splendid reputation won by many of them is a guarantee that their efforts have had public approval and that the seal of success has been placed upon their work. There is a career in music to-day for the man who includes its study in his college course, an honorable career, a useful career, one in which the rewards are probably as certain and as ample as the average in other lines of professional activity. It is seldom that a musician of this type is limited to one kind of work, as shown by the men named in previous paragraphs, many of whom combine several. He is a teacher, an organist, perhaps a festival conductor, a lecturer and writer on musical subjects, an author of text-books or general musical literature, and a composer. Each one of these activities represents earning power, the aggregate of income footing up quite satisfactorily, and the work is, in all cases, such as commands respect and gives dignity to the man.

But it is not the purpose of the present writer to lay stress only on the rewards of a financial kind. There is that other reward which appeals most powerfully to the educated man; namely, the knowledge that one is doing a work in every way worth while; also the high standing, professional as well as personal, which the college man of good sense and sound judgment may gain for himself in a community. He is able to represent his art and his profession in any circle in which he may chance to be; he is welcomed in social organizations; and may be, should be, a force in the circle of his friends and neighbors. While education will not always ensure that quality of personal character which we admire, nevertheless the college trained man in music is likely to loom up large in any community in which he is working.

In connection with this subject it seems fair to recognize the work of certain men who studied at institutions in Europe, but whose work, for the most part, has been carried on in the United States. The regret of the writer is that the list is not more inclusive than as it stands now. There must be considerably more than the number mentioned below, especially among clerical musicians, but records were not available:

De Guichard, Arthur, Sorbonne, Paris; De Koven, Reginald, Oxford, Eng.; Brueschweiler, Frederick, a Swiss college; Busch, Carl, Univ. Copenhagen; Freund, John C., Oxford, Eng.; Owst, W. G., Cambridge, Eng.; Phillips, Harold D., Cambridge, Eng.; Sonneck, Oscar G., Heidelberg and Munich; Bonvin, Ludwig, Vienna; Fairclough, George H., Toronto.

In conclusion, at least two men are on record with a university training partly American and partly European who have gained distinction in the musical life of Europe: the well-known composer and historian, Hugo Leichtentritt of Harvard and Berlin; and Otto Kinkeldey, of Columbia and Berlin, until recently Professor of musical history at the University of Breslau and now the musical librarian of the New York Public Library.

## A TENTATIVE LIST OF AMERICAN COLLEGE MEN IN MUSIC<sup>1</sup>

### ALBANY UNIVERSITY:

CONVERSE, C. C.

#### AMHERST:

BIGELOW, W. P.; DICKINSON, ED-WARD; HARRIS, GEORGE; OLMSTEAD, R. E. S.; SALTER, SUMNER; SLEEPER, JAMES T.

### BATES:

BRUNNER, —; DAVIS, H. P.; MATTHEWS, G. B.; MERRILL, JOHN S.; PIERCE, —.

## BELOIT:

HOLT, GEORGE N.; WHEELER, WM.

<sup>1</sup>The author realizes that this list is not complete, partly owing to disinclination of some college men to answer his questions promptly. The author will welcome corrections and additions addressed to him: 150 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

### BOWDOIN:

JOHNSON, ROMILLY; KENDRIE, FRANK E.; WEED, FRANK J.

BROOKLYN POLYTECHNIC: BROCKWAY, HOWARD.

### BROWN:

ASHTON, JOSEPH N.; BALLOU, HARRY M.; BIRGE, E. B.; CHAFFIN, LUCIEN G.; ELLIOT, RICHARD M.; GILMAN, PHILLIPS S.; GOW, GEORGE COLEMAN; GUNN, WILFORD J.; HAMILTON, CLARENCE G.; LANGLEY, ALFRED G.; MARYOTT, HAROLD B.; MUNGER, EDMUND B.; PARKER, GEORGE; PROCTOR, NILLO G.; UPTON, GEORGE P.; WARE, GENE; WILLEMIN, LOUIS P.

# CAMPBELL COLLEGE: SCHOEBEL, O. M.

## CARLETON COLLEGE:

STRONG, EDWARD.

CHICAGO, UNIVERSITY OF: CHALLIS, BENNETT; HALL, GLENN; LEIGH, F. P.

CINCINNATI, UNIVERSITY OF: BRADY, S. WILLIAM; BURKE, DANIEL L.; HOFFMAN, CLARENCE LEE; ROBIN-SON, BURTON E.

## COLUMBIA (N. Y. C.)

BALSAM, JAMES; BANGS, E. ORLO; BELLINGER, FRANZ; BISHOP, F. H.; BOGERT, WALTER L.; BREITENFELD, EMIL; ERSKINE, ROBERT S.; FUCHS, HENRY H.; GERSTLEY, H. S.; GLOVER, CALVIN S.; GOLDSTEIN, WALTER; HAISCH, W. LEROY; HALE, RICHARDS; HALL, CECIL J.; KILENYI, EDWARD; KING, EMANUEL W.; KOBBÉ, GUSTAV; KRAFT, W. J.; KUGEL, ADOLPH; LOCKWOOD, S. P.; LORENZ, KARL K.; MANNING, EDWARD B.; McWHOOD, L. B.; NORDEN, N. LINDSAY; PEYSER, H. F.; PIKE, SAMUEL M.; TURNER, GEORGE C.; WARD, FRANK E.; WILSON, WM. H.

### COLUMBIAN:

CLOUGH-LEIGHTER, H.

## CORNELL:

CORTELYOU, GEORGE B., JR.

### DENISON:

PHILLIPS, T. MORGAN.

#### DARTMOUTH:

ANDREWS, ADDISON F.; LARNED, RICHARD M.

### FARIBAULT:

ABBOTT, FRANK D.

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL: BOWERS, ROBERT H.; WHITMER, T. CARL.

## GRINNELL:

PECK, WILLYS.

# HANOVER (IND.): BRITAN, H. H.

### HARVARD:

ABBOTT, ERNEST HAMLIN; ABORN, J. A.; ALDRICH, RICHARD; ALLEN. PAUL; ATHERTON, PERCY LEE; BAL-LANTINE, EDWARD; BARRY, FRED-ERICK; BLOOMFIELD, DANIEL; BRUEG-GER, FREDERICK; BURDETT, GEORGE A.; CARPENTER, JOHN A.; CHASE, W.; CLAPP, PHILIP G.; CLASS, F. MORRIS; CLIFTON, CHALMERS; COERNE, L. A.; COLBURN, S. C.; CONVERSE, FRED-ERICK S.; DAVISON, A. T.; DENS-MORE, J. H.; ELSON, ARTHUR; FAIR-CHILD, BLAIR; FINCK, HENRY T .; FITZ-GERALD, B. J.; FLETCHER, E. H.; FOOTE, ARTHUR; GIDEON, HENRY L.; GOEPP, PHILIP; GRINNELL, ED-MUND; GRÜNBERG, MAURICE; HAN-COCK, FRANK R.; HEILMAN, W. C.; HILL, E. B.; HUGHES, ROBERT W.; HYDE, ARTHUR S.; JACKSON, J. K.; JOHNS, CLAYTON; JOHNSON, F. H.; LAMSON, GARDNER; LANG, MALCOLM; LEWIS, LEO R.; LOCKE, ARTHUR W.; LOCKE, WARREN A.; LODGE, JOHN ELLERTON; LONGFELLOW, W. P. P.; LOUD, JOHN ADAMS; LUSK, TH. VON DER; LYNES, TWINING; MASON, DANIEL GREGORY; MASON, HENRY L.; MILLET, J. B.; MODERWELL, H. K.; MURPHY, LAMBERT; NICHOLS, NA-THANIEL G.; OSBORNE, G. R.; OSGOOD, GEORGE L.; PARKER, H. T.; PARKER, J. C. D.; POORE, C. P.; PRICE, W. P.;

## A Tentative List of American College Men in Music 635

## HARVARD (Continued)

RIX, FRANK R.; ROEPPER, C. B.;
ROGERS, FRANCIS; ROYCE, EDWARD;
SAFFORD, CHARLES L.; SANBORN,
PITTS; SEEGER, CHARLES LOUIS;
SLEEPER, H. D.; SMITH, C. H.; SPALDING, W. R.; STONE, HENRY LEROY;
SURETTE, T. W.; SWEET, REGINALD;
TRYON, WINTHROP; TWEEDY, DONALD;
VALENTINE, R.; WALDO, FULLERTON;
WESTON, G. B.; WHITNEY, M. W.;
WILLIAMS. LEWIS; WOOD, CARL PAIGE.

### HAVERFORD:

BISPHAM, DAVID; SEILER, C. LINN; SPAETH, SIGMUND.

## HIGHLAND:

DOX, HOWARD E.

### JOHNS HOPKINS:

HOUGHTON, J. ALAN; OHEM, ARTHUR; TURNBULL, EDWIN L.

## KANSAS, UNIVERSITY OF:

HENRY, HAROLD; MANNING, JOHN C.

## KNOX:

TOVEY, HENRY D.

## LAFAYETTE:

NEVIN, GEORGE B.

#### LAKE FOREST:

HUMISTON, W. H.

### LEHIGH:

BITTING, O. F.; CORBIN, J. ROSS; HARNED, ALBERT W.; HOWE, M. A. DE WOLFE; KOCHER, C. H.; RAU, ALBERT G.; WILSON, CHARLES F.

#### MANHATTAN:

WILKES, ROBERT W.

# MASS. INST. OF TECHNOLOGY: FARWELL, ARTHUR.

## MICHIGAN, UNIVERSITY OF:

BIGGS, RICHARD K.; BOUGHTON, WILLOUGHBY D.; COLE, ROSSETTER G.; DYKEMA, P. W.; ERICKSON, FREDERICK W.; MOORE, EARLE V.; STEVENS, HARRISON A.; TENBOOR, MARTIN; WELCH, ROY D.; YORK, FRANCIS L.

## MINNESOTA, UNIVERSITY OF:

BIBB, FRANK; MEADE, GEORGE; MIL-NOR, AUGUSTUS; NORTON, W. W.

## MOUNT VERNON:

WILSON, ARTHUR.

## NEW YORK CITY, COLLEGE OF:

DAMROSCH, FRANK; GARTLAN, GEORGE H.; GOLDMARK, RUBIN; HARRIS, VIC-TOR; KRAMER, A. WALTER.

## NEW YORK UNIVERSITY:

FERRIS, ROBERT; TAYLOR, DEEMS; WERRENRATH, REINALD.

## NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY: DICKINSON, CLARENCE; DOANE, JOHN

W.

### NOTRE DAME:

O'BRIEN, J. VICK.

### OBERLIN:

ANDREWS, GEORGE W.; BENTLEY, WILLIAM F.; CADY, CALVIN B.; THOMPSON, J. W.

## OHIO WESLEYAN:

GATES, W. F.; GILBERT, CHARLES; VAN CLEVE, J. S.

## PENN STATE:

GARWOOD, VICTOR.

### PENNINGTON:

MANCHESTER, ARTHUR L.

### PENNSYLVANIA, UNIVERSITY OF:

BALTZELL, W. J.; HENRY, H. T.; HINCKLEY, ALLEN; KEMPF, PAUL M.; OREM, PRESTON WARE; WILSON, ARTHUR H.

### PRINCETON:

BLISS, PAUL; CARTER, ERNEST T.; CLARK, KENNETH S.; HENDERSON, W. J.; LE MASSENA, C. E.; MILLER, RUSSELL KING; PEASE, F. L.; SCHAUF-FLER, ROBERT H.; SCHIRMER, G., JR.; SCHIRMER, R. E.; SHEA, GEORGE E.; VOIGT, E. R.; WHITE, G. J. S.

# ROBERT (American College at Constantinople):

FARNSWORTH, CHARLES H.

PITTSBURGH, UNIVERSITY OF: WESLEYAN (Continued) BOYD, CHARLES N.

ST. FIDELIS:

BREIL, JOSEPH C.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S:

CAMPBELL, JOSEPH; DONNELLY, JO-

SOUTH DAKOTA, UNIVERSITY OF: AAEN, OLE; BALLASEYUS, FRANZ A.

#### SYRACUSE:

CHASE, W. B.: CLARY, LYMAN WELLS; ELTINGE, ARTHUR; HAMILTON, W. C.; HUERTER, CHARLES; PHILLIPS, LOUIS B.; RUSSELL, ALEXANDER; SCHLIE-DER, FREDERICK; SEITER, JOSEPH C .; VIBBARD, HARRY L.; WELLS, JOHN BARNES; DOUGLAS, CHARLES WINFRED.

TRANSYLVANIA, CROXTON, FRANK.

## TUFTS:

FRANCIS, ROY WILLIAMS; LAMONT, RICHARD ROY; MAXWELL, LEON R.

UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH: KREBS, T. L.

VERMONT, UNIVERSITY OF: HOPKINS, E. JEROME.

VIRGINIA, UNIVERSITY OF: DABNEY, THOMAS LLOYD; HARRISON, WILLIAM B.; POWELL, JOHN H.

## WESLEYAN:

BEEBE, -; BROWN, JOHN N.; HARRINGTON, KARL P.; INGRAHAM,

GEORGE; LEFFINGWELL, ALSOP; PRICE. CARL F.; SMITH, CHARLES.

WESTERN RESERVE: HUGHES, RUPERT.

### WILLIAMS:

HALE, EDWARD D.; LANSING, ABRAM W.; MERRILL, LEVERETT B.; PRATT, WALDO S.

## WILLISTON SEMINARY: BALDWIN, RALPH L.; DANA, WM. H.

WISCONSIN, UNIVERSITY OF: SPOONER, PHILIP; WALLER, FRANK.

## WOOSTER:

BRADLEY, KENNETH; CONRAD, D. F .: MCAFEE, C. E.; NEES, J. GILBERT: OLIVER, ARTHUR; ORR, JAMES L. SCHWARTZ, G. F.; THORPE, H. C .: TOWNSEND, L. L.

## WYOMING SEMINARY: COGSWELL, HAMLIN E.

### YALE:

BARNES, EDWARD S.; GRIGGS, JOHN C.: HAWLEY, EDWARD R.; HAESCHE, W. E.; HALE, PHILIP; JEPSON, HARRY B .: JONES, DANIEL; LORENZ, E. S.; MacLANE, W. B.; MOORE, EDWARD C .; SKILTON, C. S.; SMITH, DAVID STAN-LEY; SMITH, MAX; WITHERSPOON, HERBERT.

(The following hold medical degrees: CAMP, JOHN S.; DAVIS, WILLIAM B.; DUFFT, CARL; LAWSON, FRANKLIN; MAR-TIN, CARL; STORRS, CARYL B.)

## RHYTHM: THE LIFE OF MUSIC

## By GEORGE COLEMAN GOW

AT the outset we have to remind ourselves that rhythm is not a factor essentially musical. Psychologically it is the apotheosis of the act of attention—attention at its greatest tension. It suggests motion, and can find expression through any of the senses with more or less efficiency. The identical pattern in time may be conveyed to the ear, to the eye, to the organs of touch, taste or smell with approximately equal certainty. The general nature of rhythm and the number of ways in which it may be displayed has direct bearing upon the development of music, since it explains the close connection of music with speech, with the dance and all forms of social activity.

RHYTHM AND NOISE. Mere noise can bring a rhythm vividly before one; and the shock of the reiterated sounds in contrasting loudnesses may stimulate the bodily organism to a high degree of responsiveness. Indeed the ease with which one is caught and held by such bald thrusting of the time-pattern upon his attention must be the excuse for the common conception of rhythm as the emotional element in music. A very simple experiment will,

I think, prove quite the contrary.

If you listen to a loud tone sustained for a long time, for example upon the organ, you will find that the pleasurable feeling soon passes to pain; while if the same tone be broken into a rhythmic pattern of sounds and silences it becomes endurable and even pleasurable for a much longer time. That is, it is the tone that is the emotional factor, while it is the rhythm that controls and modifies the former to good uses. A little experiment with the imagination can prove the same point. Listen mentally to the sound of drums afar off. Create for the drums the catchiest patter you can conceive. As you listen, inevitably you will imagine the drums to come nearer. In order to render the rhythm vivid you demand a volume of sound. That is, the emotional stimulus which you instinctively desire cannot be reached without aid from tone. To hold the drums in thought still far away calls for a distinct mental effort. It is, then, the peculiarity and fascination of musical rhythm that it renders sound endurable and so reduces painful noise to pleasurable tone. A further consideration to the same end is that in the use of tom-toms, drums and other percussion instruments valued in so-called primitive music, the excitement increases in proportion to the volume or to the approach to continuity (rapidity). The instinctive desire to reduce a rapid rhythm to lower terms (larger units) is the protest against this too strenuous approach to continuity. Even the act of attention, so powerfully stimulated by rhythmic repetition, cannot be forced to be constant, but insists on a suitable ebb and flow. On the other hand, the most engaging patter could be advanced to whirlwind speed without excitement if held at pianissimo. A goodly noise and yet more noise is the receipt for that sort of emotional orgy in which the primitive lover of rhythmic sound is wont to indulge.

RHYTHM AND TONE. But more is needed than the alliance of rhythm with sound to produce music. If one uses the phrase "the music of a voice" it is in recognition of something in addition to time keeping and sound, namely what is known as "tone," from which arises melos, that combination of musical timbre with the effect of rise and fall in pitch, that gives an immediate sensuous delight. When the characteristics of tone, namely pitch, volume and timbre were first consciously prized, rhythm was already at hand to avail itself of them for the creation of music, and, using them successively or in combination, to make of them a thousand different shapes, to swing them into a thousand fascinating forms, to lure them along a thousand enticing paths. But one must remember that rhythm is the means of handling the material, not the material itself. C. Abdy Williams states the case aptly when he says:

The Art of Music consists, therefore, of combining pleasant sounds in a way that appeals to the ear, and of regulating them through rhythm in a way that makes appeal to the intellect. The pleasure we derive from mere musical sound is elementary and external: it is sensation only. The satisfaction that is given us when musical sound is allied to Rhythm is intellectual. Hence these two elements in music are always combined.

RHYTHMS IN MUSIC. In considering the rhythms of music it is needful to notice more particularly the musical material—tone. All of its characteristics admit of many emotional gradations. The positive and negative extremes are easily seen. High pitch, great volume and complex timbre bring the quicker and more pronounced nervous reactions. The opportunity that musical rhythm affords for exploiting these qualities of tone in connection

with the time pattern creates, therefore, a more intense as well as a more differentiated treatment than would be obtainable otherwise. One might from the physical side alone almost define music as an art-use of tone by means of vivid and varied rhythms.

Lovers of the dance are well aware that half of the exaltation of its rhythm is lost when dissociated from its music. Poetry not only demands a quasi musical rhythm of its own, but frequently tempts to the creation of actual music as a way of heightening its expressiveness. That half-way station to independent music which springs from the appreciation of musical values in speech held the mind of the world almost exclusively for many centuries. Indeed, speech rhythm has its own fascination—a fascination that has caused it to be retained absolutely in certain types of vocal music—notably the Gregorian chant and the recitative; while even the vocal delivery of measured music demands a yielding in some degree to the natural accent and grouping of the speech values, and holds out a constant invitation to deviate a little from the true regularity of the musical pulse in order to fit the varying size and stress of syllables.

But the real character of free musical rhythm is seen when we note the distinction between the syllabic and the tonal lengths; that of the syllable never greatly altered and somewhat indeterminate, that of the tone modified up to wide limits and itself subjected to the measurement of the regular pulsation. For example, the upper melody-tone that begins the accompanying illustration if heard alone could furnish no clue as to its meaning until at last it is linked with its measured successors, but given



forth as Bach presents it, in conjunction with a bass melody that proceeds with pendulum-like regularity from tone to tone, it is alive with interest, and gathers a wealth of significance through the nine half-pulses of its continuance, and then slips over into the graceful melodic curve of the resulting phrase with a rhythmical authority that is a delight to feel.

Basis of Musical Rhythm. Musical rhythm, thus, bases itself upon the regular heart-beat of a uniform time-unit, and

derives its satisfactions from the many and subtle combinations of pulse-groupings that can be developed upon this, and from the increasingly varied means for their expression. Hence it has a more definite as well as a more flexible standard than speech There are, to be sure, no large number of fundamental types. Beats grouped by twos, fours or sixes, by threes, nines or twelves. more rarely by fives or sevens, constitute nearly all the useful rhythmical moulds (accent-groups). One finds here a limitation similar to that in the case of pitch. Out of the innumerable vibration-rates possible to musical tones the European system has gradually adjusted itself to twelve in the octave, and in spite of suggestion and experiment seems to prefer to exhaust the marvelous resources of this number rather than to subdivide and modify them. Both our rhythmical and our pitch formulas appear not so much to be final as to be practical and efficient. We are the heirs to materials that by long testing have proved of value, much as have those of architects and painters. It may be wise to extend usage, shift balance, make new applications of material; but we shall not be likely to abandon what on the face of it is so useful, in most cases so convincing.

MEANS OF ESTABLISHING MUSICAL RHYTHM. comes that the supreme interest to the student of music lies not so much in observing the number and variety of the rhythmical formulas as in noting the methods by which composers have established their rhythms. It is in these latter that the vitality of a rhythm is determined. By these the rhythmically sensitive person recognizes the genius. The savage may pound out gong patters by the hour; we, of broader vision, demand a wider range of rhythmical interest. Professor Edward Dickinson says "Composers who have pushed the art of music onward have done so by enlarging the resources of rhythm, and producing works which were beyond the ability of most of their contemporaries to grasp with intelligent satisfaction." Just how that enlargement comes about by readjustment, substituting the elusive for the obvious, the indirect for the direct, the complex for the simple when occasion permits, is essential to an understanding of the progress of music.

LACK OF ADEQUATE NOTATION. In attempting a study of musical rhythm we are met unfortunately with a grave inadequacy of notation. Those who are at all familiar with the history of musical orthography are aware of what a labyrinth of dark,

blind, clumsy, incoherent, complex paths had to be wandered through before even our present comparatively logical signs were reached; and in no respect was that complexity more incomprehensible than in the notation of rhythm. Composers have always given proof of the urgency of their musical message by a willingness to put up with the most awkward, the most unfortunate of written symbols. One who desires to interpret music must always draw nearer to the heart of its creator than the page of music alone can indicate. Pedagogues and editors have from the first engaged in a desperate struggle to force writers to be as exact as they are exacting. Only a few geniuses like Bach can at the same time be illuminating teachers of their own generation and write music for centuries to come. Much that is written, therefore, could have a far better notation than its composer chose for it. In fact, the best of our earlier music is constantly recast, either to supply deficiencies in the first writing or to utilize the clearer modern characters.

Yet, much as the entire revision of our system of notation may be desired, it is at least true that pitch symbols now are fairly exact, though often so clumsy that frequent misspelling of chords still takes place, and the matter of signatures is far from settled. The notation of volume, too, if not yet complete, is not seriously subject to misunderstanding. Rhythm, however, has a notation today both incomplete and misleading.

Take, for example, the various phases of the musical foot (three of them in three-time (1, 2, 3,) (3, 1, 2,) (2, 3, 1,), four of them in four-time, etc.). These have as distinct an individuality as do the separate poetical metres, such as the Trochaic—and the Iambic—. Yet our measure notation and time signatures afford no possibility of distinguishing such wholly different rhythms as those of the following examples:



Failure to recognize the rhythmical structure of music patterned after the latter group-form gave rise to that ridiculous remark so often on the lips of teachers "When the music begins with an incomplete measure you will find the remainder of it at the end." As well say, "When you see a short brick at this end of a wall look for the rest of the brick at the other end!"

One must confess that the metres of poetry have no specific notation; but that is preferable to a misleading one. It is for this, as well as for other reasons, that modern musicians are beginning to query whether the bar line should not be done away with, so that the accent-group need no longer be confused with

the measure, as it so often now is.

VOLUME, LENGTH, PITCH AND FIGURE ACCENT. It is the glory of the developing art of music that in place of the obvious and mechanical time-pattern there has come into being an art of rhythm as varied and supple as is the thought of man. It has found new channels by an instinct sure, and it ever holds out the lure of the unknown. The primitive effects possible to sound without definite pitch afforded but two methods of rhythmic grouping, that by volume accent and that by variation in the time value from attack to attack. Each of these methods is retained in music and is still to be met in modern music. But how far we have come from constant reliance upon them is easily noted by the annoyance we feel when volume-accent is overdone, and by the small number of pieces in which volume-accent is required. Indeed, the most frequent indication of rhythmic stupidity is when a player cannot keep time without resorting to the primitive method of loud thumps at the beginnings of measures. It is only where there is suggestion of community action, as in the march or the dance, that we welcome the extra stress of the intermittent emphatic noise. Such a song as the Schumann "Wanderlied" may use it, for it delights us by a hint



of joyous tramping. Such a song as the Brahms "Vom verwundeten Knaben" may need it to hold us in the grip of its



foreboding by the plod-plod of a death march. But seldom else-

where are these thrusts of tone enjoyable.

More frequently alterations in the length of the tones fix the accent of the rhythmic group. There is a steadiness of pulsation that becomes an expectation and a suspense at the same time in the Schumann "Ich hab' im Traum geweinet." This has an unmistakable word-accent, to be sure; but it needs no volumeemphasis to make clear the nature of the group, so definitely do the longer tones establish the rhythm.



In his "Marie" Franz on the contrary utilizes the short tones to do the same service of accent, and so engagingly does he accomplish this that we feel the lilt of a graceful dance and are easily tricked into the use also of volume-accent.



None of the great composers, however, have been often contented with one or even two methods of establishing the pulse and the group. Besides length and volume they use positives of pitch, repetition of figure, change of harmony, and the doublerhythm, together with all the devices of syncopation, whose first effect always is to strengthen the underlying, fundamental pulsation and group-form.

Notice, for example, in the Schumann "Arabesque" how the longer tone, the higher tone and the tone at the moment of changing the chord all unite to render unmistakable the rhythmic accent.



Notice the use of long tone, pitch-positive, chord-change, volume-accent, and repetition of figure, all serving to enforce the rhythm in the Grieg "Illusion."



Notice how the harmonic potency of the theme from the Beethoven Violin Sonata, Op. 30, No. 2, reinforces the melodic stress, to render certain what would not otherwise so forcefully establish itself.



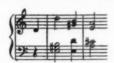
Harmonic and Color Accent. The contribution made by harmony and color to the means for announcing rhythms deserves a special paragraph because of the peculiar relationship this bears to the nature of tone itself. In the last analysis harmony is but a selective palette of colors. It is pitch in two dimensions, quality (timbre) magnified and simplified, an enlargement of the single tone. Harmonies are classified roughly into the restful or consonant chords, made up approximately from the lower partial tones of the chord of nature, and unrestful or dissonant chords, made up of further selections from higher partial tones of the chord of nature. (If one questions this explanation please observe that it is but an application of the idea upon which this whole article is grounded, namely that the development of music has followed in almost every particular the line of increasing sensitiveness to the underlying nature of tone.)

Chords are valuable, first for their own intrinsic beauty, second for their effect on melody, and third for their effect on rhythm. The first use needs no explanation here. The second use, that of defining and emphasizing melody, may have a brief illustration. Take the following bit of melody. Supported by

the chords here given this allies itself to a scale which has its own emotional background.



Supported by these other chords the melody has changed its scale relations and heightened suprisingly its feeling-tone.



But by far the most important function of the dissonant chord is to carry the music onward by the device known as resolution, that is, by intelligible motion into a suitable following chord. Thus the dissonant chord may become an active rhythmic factor; while the consonant chord is essentially a passive factor. In other words, the rhythm has to lift the consonant chord onward with it, while the dissonant chord can itself carry forward the rhythm. Harmony is, then, an important enlargement of the vocabulary of rhythm. Its force added to the other means of producing accent gives irresistible swing to the group; used as an alternative for other means it affords a welcome variety.

Schumann, Novellette, Op. 21, No. 6.



That color, both in the single tone and in the chord, through the special arrangement and emphasis of its individual tones, can be used likewise to enhance the effectiveness of a musical rhythm is becoming recognized to a certain extent. But the exploitation of this tonal characteristic has come last historically. The nineteenth century is sometimes called the century of the chord. It is possible that the twentieth century will be the century of musical color. One finds some reason for this belief in the fact that the greatest of present day composers are putting more stress than ever before upon musical color.

Enough at least has already been done to make it possible to assert dogmatically that musical rhythm has reached out its arms to every peculiarity of tone, and in proportion as it has become understood as an effect of beauty rhythm has adopted this beauty as its own. Rhythm thus enters into the life of the entire musical organism.

Double Rhythms. The one great step forward in the use of musical rhythms from the primitive sound-patterns came in the possibility of holding more than one rhythmic scheme in the mind at the same time. Williams makes a distinction between Primary Rhythms, which use tone values mainly as long as the beat or longer, and Secondary Rhythms, which are based on divisions of the beat. Two simultaneous melodies, or a melody and its accompaniment are frequently found to supplement each other in the use of these two species of rhythmic pattern. He declares that this usage is characteristic of the best music. In view of the examples already quoted, most of which are in one rhythm only, and of many others of the same nature, this statement must be regarded as too sweeping. It is, however, something to be noticed especially, that a large proportion of the literature of music consists of pieces in which hold is kept upon two or

even more pace-units at once.

To appreciate this one needs to recognize two facts about rhythm in general, already hinted at. The first is the readiness with which regular pulsations become automatic. Now it is the characteristic feature of rhythm that it strives constantly and successfully against this tendency. The rhythm is a thing to be enjoyed, not to be relegated to subconsciousness. It does not wish to be forgotten or ignored, as one ignores the motions in walking. Hence it is that the rhythmic pattern seeks variation in its moments of initial shock, or (with music) in its methods of inducing the shock. Not the dullest of savages can content himself with a simple tapping like the tick of a clock. It is the beat, then, that does speedily become automatic. This alone it is that may properly be called by Professor Britan "mechanical, not intellectual or appreciative." On the contrary the group, which is the rhythm, welcomes every variety that is compatible with the underlying pulse. The second fact is that pace has a great influence upon the rhythm. Very rapid pace of the pulse permits less variety in the pattern; very slow pulse permits and to some extent induces wide variety in the pattern. Moreover, there are definite limits to the rapidity or slowness of the pulse, and in the case of musical rhythm a certain mode of correcting the rate works almost automatically. If the underlying pulse is at nearly the rate of the heart-beat music seems to be of normal rapidity, neither fast nor slow. Wide deviation from this rate brings into the music the sensation of being positively fast or negatively slow. This feeling of rapidity attaches itself chiefly to the rate of pulsation, not to the actual speed with which tones succeed one another. So true is this that an illusion of change of rapidity can be induced merely by changing the number of notes that belong to a single pulse; and, more important still for the musician, if the pulses come too frequently the mind can restore a sense of the normal by assuming a slower rate of pulses to which the former are reckoned as subdivisions, while if the beats are too slow a similar restoration to normal can come through subdivision of the pulse into a group of beats.

An interesting illustration of the effect of pace upon pulse sensation is to be found in the little Haydn Presto from the pianoforte sonata in E minor. This is marked \( \frac{6}{8} \). If one takes this too fast it is well nigh impossible to avoid turning it into a moderate in double beat.



It is not at all a difficult thing to make this shift of pulsationrate in the midst of a piece of music, or to carry as many as three pulsation-rates simultaneously in the mind, one fast, one medium, and one slow, especially if they conform to one series. Nor is it very difficult to do this latter when one of the pulsation-rates crosses the path of the others. Cross-rhythm has become almost a commonplace of recent writers.

Illustrations of the double rhythm abound. Those which conform to a single series usually are accepted without notice. Thus, in the Schumann "Arabesque," already quoted, two pulsation-rates can be kept in mind, one based on the quarter-note, one on the sixteenth. Later in the piece there comes a new theme in eighth-notes that could easily seem the main pulsation-rate. But manifestly the quarter-note beat is the important thing to hold to, as Schumann indicates by his time signature.

In the Chopin Prelude in B flat the use of the double rhythm takes on more significance. At the outset the rapid beat in sixes plays the rôle wholly of accompaniment to the melody in a pulse rate of threes, but, when the climax approaches, the rapid beat comes to the front as a distinct aid to the excitement, quite obliterating for the time the slower pulse. Notice here, too, one of our confusions in notation. There is no time signature for the group of six pulses compounded by three pairs of beats. Yet musically it is as valuable and well nigh as frequent in occurrence as is the group of sixes compounded from two triplets.



In the Dvořák "Sixth Humoresque," Op. 101, one finds places in which three pulsations-rates are carried on, and much of the distinction of the music depends upon feeling this sharply.



Many examples could be added, both of the subtle shift of pulse rate while still keeping a uniform note stride, and of the carrying on of two or more rates simultaneously, one or another of which is allowed to slip into the background when desired.

RHYTHM AND SYNCOPATION. Still further, the interest that arises from omission of accent or misplaced accent, already perceived in the rhythms of percussion, is utilized both more subtly and more extensively in the rhythms of music. Mr. Williams says, "Though a hard and fast line cannot be drawn, it may be said in a general way that when Rhythms begin to omit any of their accents they begin to appeal to the imagination and the intellect more than to the physical faculties. For it

requires a higher degree of culture to recognize a thing that is only hinted at than a thing that is plainly set before one." A mere catalogue of the delicate shadings, omissions, cross purposes, and complicated suggestions that the nineteenth century has made familiar to musicians would extend this article beyond limits.

Syncopation is the piquant in rhythm. It is not in truth a misplaced accent, but an additional one, unexpected and frequently associated with an apparent, though not real, obscuration of the grammatical accent. It is not in the least difficult to understand, and is employed freely in primitive music and in folk-music of all ages. It becomes of greater value to the composer when it takes the form of double rhythms, either by setting the metrical group at odds with itself, or by juxtaposition of opposed metres (cross-rhythm).

The Bach "Two-part Invention," No. 6, has a syncopation rhythm that lags a half-beat behind the principal rhythm.



The first part of the Brahms "Ballade," Op. 10, No. 2, carries on a simple group syncopation for a long time without reverting once to the original rhythm.



The Schumann song "Mein Wagen rollet langsam" is a remarkable example of the happy adaptation of this type of syncopation to suggest the mood of the poem.



Cross-Rhythm. A still more popular sort of syncopation in the nineteenth century is that known as cross-rhythm. This is an easy form of the double pulse idea, where the main accents coincide but the beat pulsations are at variance with each other. It is hardly necessary to give quotations, so well known are many of the compositions which do this. Two particularly striking examples are the Schumann "Des Abends" which uses three pulses against two, and the Chopin "Etude in A major" which has threes against fours. Dvořák's Gipsy song "Die Alte Mutter" is a notable illustration, in that the accompaniment is both in cross-rhythm to the voice and itself is full of simple syncopations.



INTERPOLATED RHYTHMS. It is but another application of the idea of syncopation and cross-rhythm when we find Brahms making a shift of group without changing the pulse itself, as in the "Minnelied," where measures eight and nine are in fact a sudden interpolation of three measures of two-time for the apparent two measures of three-time.



Schumann had already done this, as what had he not done in the way of rhythmic evasions and subtleties! One could hardly find a more perfect test of his power to appreciate the delicate stresses of rhythm than in the "Abend-musik," Op. 99. After a brief introduction and a lovely straightforward theme Schumann begins his trick of cross-rhythms by putting metres of two in the place of threes, making recovery at the cadences. Afterwards he returns to the simple rhythm and theme, perhaps to settle one firmly in the saddle, and then without warning plunges us into a new key and a cross-rhythm most astounding—for it consists in jumping the group one beat ahead without the slightest help in retaining the original rhythm, whose strong beat is never once struck throughout the section. To the person who can hold the sense of the original swing and so can conceive this as a true syncopation the effect is entrancing. Otherwise it disappears completely.

OTHER IRREGULARITIES. One may easily see that the logic of such procedures will justify also many another irregularity. It is not surprising to find such irregularities scattered along the path of the history of rhythm. Redundant or incomplete metrical groups, for instance, appear in early music mainly as slips due to failure to observe metrical distinctions, and recur in modern music as conscious attempts to "recapture the first fine careless rapture." It is no uncommon thing to find twentieth century writers changing time signatures almost from measure to measure in order to attain this freedom. Illustrations of surprising effectiveness in use of the occasional missing or superfluous beat might be given; for example, the Sinding song "Es schrie ein Vogel."



Rhythm and Form. A larger rhythmical problem of intense interest to the composer deals with the entire phrase (cadence group). The instinctive length of a musical line or phrase is two, four or eight measures (accent groups). Yet soon this becomes tiresome, and the best composers have always found means to avoid the irritating regularity. Mendelssohn is a master in the art of elision or of extension of the cadence group. His "Songs without Words" are full of constructive charm, and, though familiar, nevertheless deserve careful study. Such enticing devices as the three-measure phrases in the Mozart "Minuetto" from the G minor Symphony, and as the five-measure phrases in the Brahms "Rhapsodie," Op. 119, No. 4, are refreshing examples of this freedom in cadence group formation.

But rhythm, which starts as an expression of motor activity, finds its most exalted task in supplying the basis of form. The illustrations just cited were problems of form as much as of rhythm. It is at this point that tonality and harmony take the

place of rhythm and solve the difficulties it cannot wholly meet. The welcome flexibility in larger rhythms is prevented from seeming lawless by the contrasts of key and by the harmonic goals that mark the onward sweep of the music. With these factors becoming more important the delight in rhythm frequently shows itself as much by the elusive, almost subconscious changes which a composer knows how to weave into his web of beauty. It may be evident that certain tendencies of the present day point toward an abandonment of both rhythm and form, but at least it is true that these stand or fall together, for they are manifestations of the same spirit in music. It is also clear that rhythm ultimately merges into the larger architectural problems of music.

That this vast and complicated extension of a simple periodic motion to be the informing force of a glorious art is an intellectual process should go without saying. It is none the less an emotional process; for, though music without rhythm be dead, its life is the embodiment of the vibrant tone, which has in every way put itself at the disposal of rhythm. Though the object of life be far other than mere existence, one may still glow with the pleasure of the healthful organism and rejoice in its possession. Certainly we are justified in concluding, with Professor Dickinson, that:

These forms, that rival the living forms of nature in affluence and beauty, are to music what the nervous system is to the human organism. Through this vibrating network the soul of music is revealed. It is not merely the means of obtaining unity amid diversity, it is the very life of music itself.



